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MEMOIR

OF

THE LIFE

OF

RICHARD PHILLIPS.

"HE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

LONDON:

SEELEY AND BURNSIDE,

54, FLEET STREET.

—

1841.

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E

TO

THE MEMORY

OF

A MOST AFFECTIONATE AND TENDER

FATHER,

THIS IMPERFECT DELINEATION

OF

HIS PIETY,

DOMESTIC VIRTUES, AND PHILANTHROPIC LABOURS,

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS DAUGHTER.

PREFATORY NOTE.

ONE of the most instructive points of view in which we can contemplate the course of those who have been consistent Christians, through the vicissitudes of a long and active life, is that which displays to us the way by which they have been led, the moral discipline by which they have been gradually moulded, and the various means by which Divine Grace has made them followers of Jesus.

The subject of this Sketch was, indeed, led about, as through the Wilderness, to prepare him for the station in society which he so long occupied, as a Minister of the Gospel, and a Philanthropist; but he kept no Diary, and left scarcely any materials by which we can trace his progress. Such as remain are little more than the gleanings of his conversations, assisted by a few early Letters, and some Papers, which the kindness of a dear friend of his has permitted me to use; and the retracing of occurrences deeply graven upon the memory of her, who now deems it to be her duty to throw them together, and to present them to the

surviving friends, whose affectionate reminiscences are bound up with the name of Richard Phillips.

I sensibly feel my own inability to pourtray the character of an eminent Christian: but I would address myself, in simplicity, to accomplish a task which I view in the light of a sacred deposit; trusting that the blessing of Him, who commended one formerly for having "done what she could," will not be wholly withheld from me, in the performance of the delightful, though arduous employment.

If, in the course of its fulfilment, I appear to dwell too long upon the ancestry of my father, I would remind my readers of the injunction of the Apostle Paul: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."[1] And I hope it may be permitted to me thus to record the virtues of those departed ones, who were favoured, in their day, to exhibit some of these Christian traits.

I would deprecate the imputation of improper complacency on my part, while sketching the outlines of their characters by reminding myself and others, that the virtues of our ancestors do but create a stronger

(1) Phil. iv. 8.

claim upon their descendants, to run well, and speak with a louder voice, in proportion to their excellencies, to us, that we bring not disgrace upon the fair name which they have transmitted to us.

I have amplified upon some subjects more than may appear becoming; but they were topics of frequent conversation with my revered Father; and, in the absence of his actual words upon them, I have ventured thus to commit to paper the sentiments which I doubtless, in a great measure, imbibed from him. It is the shadow of his mantle—but, oh, how faint!—which I would fain shelter myself beneath.

Even with considerable materials, it is often a work of no small difficulty to trace the footsteps of the faithful and devoted servants of Christ: their life is hid with Christ in God: like the track of a vessel, as she traverses the wide waste of stormy waters in her onward course, their path is but faintly discernible, or perceptible only as we discover the fruits of those labours which have been blessed with increase, or were of a nature to meet the eye of their fellow-travellers.

Many and deeply-important labours of love are, in their nature, transactions to which no human ear has listened, save the one recipient: their results diffuse themselves imperceptibly around; and are revealed by their beneficial effects, as the presence of the fertilizing current of a little stream of water through a parched

meadow is indicated by the surrounding verdure: while their accomplishment is noiseless and viewless, as the falling of the refreshing dew on the mown grass. Such are many of the efforts to which pure and undefiled Religion prompts: and even those who dwell in social and every-day intercourse with these faithful labourers, know but a small portion of their works, or their trials and conflicts.

Some truly-devoted Christians have little public work assigned them: it is more by the silent, but impressive, teaching of example that they contribute to disseminate their Master's precepts: they stand as unobtrusive, but bright and steady beacons, to mark the path of safety and of peace; while others are selected, and, when sufficiently trained, are brought forward, as conspicuously efficient workers, together with God, in His vineyard.

Our Heavenly Father, who works no unnecessary miracle, chooses those for different departments whose natural dispositions render them most easily accommodated to them; sanctifying and consecrating their natural talents, and tempering, rather than changing, the whole tenour of their souls.

"The vast variety of dispositions which are found amongst mankind, are, by some authors, supposed to be formed by the mixture and predominance of one or other of the different temperaments, which the

operations of grace do not destroy, but purify and direct: so that the lively, in a state of nature, will be found lively in a state of grace; and the zealous in nature will be found zealous in grace; but lively in a different pursuit, and zealous for the attainment of a different object. When the heavenly principle is in dominion, this variety, which in fallen nature tends to disorder, is reduced into harmony, and forms a body, or whole, inexpressibly beautiful. How wonderful are the ways of Providence! How gracious His designs!"[2]

In the absence of a journal, by which I might have traced my father's footsteps from year to year with more or less minuteness, according to the interesting events which its pages would have afforded, I have pursued the plan which appeared to open before me. The Memoir, as I proceeded, resolved itself into three divisions: — 1st, His progress in divine things, until he became "a new creature in Christ Jesus." 2dly, His consistent walk through a

(2) See Remarks upon the Testimony of Hartford Monthly Meeting, prefixed to the Diary of Samuel Scott; published in that work, in 1809; and which contain some beautiful and striking observations upon the different natural temperaments of Christians, particularly those of the melancholic order. These were written by Richard Phillips, though his initials only are appended to them.

busy and useful life. 3dly, His almost total withdrawal from those active labours, which had, indeed, become very precious to him; and the proofs he then gave of that gradual ripening for Heaven, which often reminded me of the Christian whom Dr. Watts thus describes,

> When he comes nearer to finish his race,
> Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
> And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
> Of rising in brighter array.

M. P.

1841.

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ERRATA.

P. 1, line 8, for *Griffiths* read *Webb*.
P. 145, heading, for *shots* read *shot*.

[Some errors crept into the References to the Selections from Letters and Papers at the end of the Volume: but these have been rectified, by placing in the Appendix the page of the Work in which the reference occurs.]

MEMOIR.

MEMOIR

OF

RICHARD PHILLIPS.

CHAP. I.

RICHARD PHILLIPS, the subject of this Memoir, was the son of John and Mary Phillips, who, at the time of his birth, resided in Fisher Street, in the town of Swansea, Glamorganshire. His paternal grandfather, Richard Phillips, was of Cornish extraction, and a member of the Society of Friends. He died at the Hot Wells at Clifton, 4 mo. 30. 1753; and was buried at Swansea. His wife, Esther Griffiths, was united to the same religious community before her marriage with him. She died, a widow, 3 mo. 13. 1773, at the advanced age of ninety-six. Catherine Phillips, in her Journal, remarks, that "she was an exercised woman; and I believe finished her course with joy, about the ninety-seventh year of her age; and, except her hearing, she retained her faculties to admiration."[1] With her, the hoary head was truly a crown of glory, being found in the paths of righteousness: a consistent member of

([1]) C. Phillips's Memoirs, p. 241.

the religious body with whom a sense of duty had led her to connect herself, she nevertheless exercised a spirit of true christian liberality, towards those of a different persuasion; manifesting that divine grace was the governing principle of her conduct, by the beautiful fruits of christian charity, meekness, and active benevolence, to the utmost limits of her ability. She was not in affluent circumstances; but her charitable acts were often surprising to those around her; and the sorrow of the poor, when she was laid in her quiet grave, was such as to afford an indubitable proof of the efficacy of her labours, in relieving and soothing their distresses and cares.

Some, who are not rich in this world's goods, are, perhaps, too soon discouraged from practising active benevolence, by the notion that they cannot do aught to lighten the many trials under which they grieve to see their neighbours suffering. But this is a great mistake. We are formed to depend upon the sympathy and kind feeling of our fellow-beings. The judicious expression of companionship in their griefs; the kind, but firm, rousing of their mental energies; the instructing them in christian principles, and guiding them in their social duties, often confer a far higher portion of good on the heavy-laden poor, than the most lavish gift of money could ever accomplish.

The mere desire to bestow comfort is a boon of no mean value; and this balm is frequently all the assis-

tance which we can offer to the sufferer, in our own walks of life. But there are those who have drunk deeply of the cup of affliction, who can indeed bear testimony to the soothing efficacy of affectionate sympathy!

The memory of Esther Phillips was thus embalmed in the hearts of the poor: and one little anecdote, which her grandchildren tell, is so characteristic of her, and of the manners of those past days, that, though trifling, I may be permitted to relate it here. When, as was usual in Welsh families, the ale was brewed which was designed for domestic consumption, she always sent a message to the parish poor-house; and the inmates of that asylum of calamity and old age brought their little pitchers, for the portion which she bestowed upon them; while she cheerfully remarked, that her little store reminded her of the widow's cruse.

The placid sweetness of an aged person is a most beautiful object of contemplation, when we are warranted in concluding that no dangerous apathy mingles with its quiet atmosphere,—when we can feel convinced it is based upon those hopes which are sure and steadfast, because they emanate from divine grace in the heart,—when, at the latter stage of a long and busy life, the toil-worn frame sinks gradually into decay, and the chastened spirit is meekly waiting its summons to enter into the desired haven. Such a hallowed old age was that of Esther Phillips. The children of her son John, from the circumstance of their parents

residing a short distance from the town of Swansea, were much with her, after they had passed the period of their infancy, for the convenience of their attending schools; and many are the fondly-cherished little proofs, which they remember, of her kindness of disposition.

I must relate one, as a sweet contrast to the distressing peevishness which perhaps, at last, from constitutional causes and long uncombated habits, in some instances, unavoidably attends the evening of life, and which so painfully interrupts the harmony we are peculiarly desirous to preserve unbroken at such periods. Esther Phillips often fell into a gentle slumber by her fire-side; when the youngest child would hasten to stand beside her, and carefully place her little shoulder so as to support her beloved grandmother's head; standing quietly and patiently, till the old lady, awakening, exclaimed, in her own pleasant tones, "O, Hetty![2] is it thee?" There surely must have been much of true loveliness in the character, which could thus forcibly attract a most lively, though affectionate, little child to a very old woman! My father was the only boy of his family who was preserved from the early grave to which four other boys and two girls were consigned; and was, of course, fondly cherished by his grandmother. Many were the distinguishing little tokens of her affection for him. They are of too

(2) An abbreviation of *Hester*, as the Welsh commonly call *Esther*.

domestic a character to detail here; but they furnished delightful reminiscences to her family; and I have often known the recital of them shed a pleasant gleam over the mind of my father, when, exhausted by the every-day cares of life, he reposed in the peaceful atmosphere of his own little domestic circle. Indeed, not one of the least valuable blessings attendant on the treasure bequeathed to us, in the character of a pious and heavenly-minded parent, is the power of producing such hallowed moments of quiet refreshment, by making their virtues pass, as it were, in review before us; such seasons as I have seen created by the retrospect of the "sweet charities of life" which had been originated and shared in by the ancestors of my parents!

How invaluable is the legacy of such treasures, when contemplated in higher points of view! How encouraging it is to pious parents, to consider, when wearily labouring here, in how many ways they shall hereafter, "being dead, yet speak," to those, for whose eternal as well as temporal interests their deepest solicitudes are constraining them to watch and pray, when no human eye beholds them!—a precious bequest of holy efficacy to leave with their mourning family, when they are called away, to dwell with "the justified in Jesus"!

The second child, and eldest son of Richard and Esther Phillips, was William Phillips; who married, for his second wife, Catherine Payton. They resided at

Redruth; and she was a valued Minister among the Society of Friends. The record of her experience and christian labours, from which I have already quoted, was published in 1797, under the title of "Memoirs of the Life of Catherine Phillips: to which are added some of her Epistles."

John, the youngest child of Richard and Esther Phillips, was a person possessing many amiable qualities; and his talents for cheerful conversation rendered his society peculiarly acceptable to his friends. He was, during the last six or seven years of his life, the agent of some copper-works at a place called White Rock, situated on the river, about a mile from the town of Swansea. Those who have lived in districts where the labouring population is brought, in masses, into contact with the middle and higher ranks will best comprehend the proof of his virtues, which my father loved to dwell upon;—the tears and lamentations of the poor men over whom he had been placed, when he was taken from them in 1774, in his fiftieth year —and how the concourse of them who voluntarily attended his funeral spoke, more loudly than words, their just appreciation of his character. Even within the last twenty years, some of them were still living, who remembered and spoke of John Phillips with grateful affection.

Much of the kindly feeling which formerly subsisted between workmen and their employers is now, unhap-

pily, unknown; and the interchange of humane attention on the one side, and of grateful attachment on the other, is, in too many cases, neither bestowed nor appreciated: but I trust there still exist many "hearts of native proof," and much good old British feeling, in our peasantry, which needs but the judicious and fostering hand of the other class to develop; and that, where words of sympathy and acts of kindness are administered with the dignity, not *hauteur*, which becomes the difference of station, there yet remains a sufficiently healthy tone in our moral system to allow the heart of the poor man to glow with affectionate gratitude towards those who he perceives are really interested in his welfare.

The descent of Mary Jones, the wife of John Phillips, though marked by some of the undulations which most families experience, was traced from a highly-respectable and ancient family, named Gwynne. One of them, a Captain Gwynne, commanded the Guard in the Tower, during the incarceration of Anne Boleyne: and I have seen, in the possession of my aunt, a little gold trinket for a watch, in the shape of a cannon with a serpent twined round it. Anne Boleyne presented this to Captain Gwynne, just before her execution, as a token of gratitude for his humane conduct towards her; remarking, as she gave it to him, that "a serpent of a present it had been to her;"—for it was a gift of Henry the Eighth to Anne, before her marriage. One member of this family married a

gentleman who resided at Golden Grove, in Carmarthenshire; a spot which is dear to all who delight in the fascinating combination of talent and piety which the lovely character of Jeremy Taylor exhibited. It was at Golden Grove, during his residence in the family of his friend and patron, Lord Carberry, that some of Bishop Taylor's most valuable works were composed. A sweet little sentence, taken from his writings, was found in my precious father's private pocket-book: and truly his life and death were exemplifications of the truth of the sentiment embodied in its words!— "He only dies cheerfully, who stands waiting for death, in the ready dress of a long preceding preparation."[3]

Mary Phillips was possessed of the same benevolence of character and kindness of disposition which endeared the family of her husband to all who came within their sphere. She was a decided and attached member of the Established Church; and I believe it was from the circumstance of his union with her, that

([3]) This would have been a safer assertion, had the expression "only" been omitted: for though it is a fearful thing to loiter with untrimmed lamps, uncertain whether the next moment may find us in time or eternity, yet never may we forget the one memorable instance of divine grace which was vouchsafed, as at the eleventh hour; and left on record, through the loving-kindness of Him, who will not abandon the sincere penitent to utter despair. Such are sometimes permitted to depart rejoicing in hope. Encouragement is surely given to them, in the remembrance of the case of the believing sinner on the cross, to whom the dying Redeemer promised an immediate entrance into Paradise.

John Phillips quitted the Society of Friends, and their children were educated in the tenets and practices of the former religious community. Her conduct, during a widowhood of twenty-three years, disturbed by more perplexities than are always allotted to those who suffer that bitter bereavement, was truly exemplary, as a christian woman, and a mother. She died, at Swansea, 5mo. 5. 1797, at the age of sixty-four, beloved, and mourned for, beyond the common measure of regret.

My father was born on the 3d of 1mo. 1756. Of his childhood there are not many incidents remembered; and these are chiefly boyish frolics, betokening that flow of good-tempered spirits and abounding glee, by which his whole life was so happily distinguished; casting a sunny glow on many a passage of anxiety and trial, which might else have pressed upon him with overwhelming gloom.

The study of the human mind, and the endless variety of its hidden impulses, is one of the most powerful engines of usefulness which we can bring to bear upon the great human family, of which we form a component part. By watching the first buddings of thought, before they expand into the maturity of action, we learn to trace action down, through motive, to its most secret springs; we gain the habit of almost instant perception of the tendency of qualities which are scarcely dawning; and we acquire the power of cherishing and directing those which will ripen into

moral excellence, and of repressing the development of incipient moral turpitude.

This is especially applicable to childhood; and is a point which peculiarly asks the attention of the christian mother, and to which her most vigilant and prayerful energies should be directed. She must assiduously study the individual character of her child, to discover, through the medium of what feeling or disposition she may become the instrument of implanting the good seed, with the brightest prospect of success. To the timid, but confiding, mind of a docile child, she will exhibit the attractive resource of a Saviour's protecting love; and teach the fearful, clinging little heart to entwine its affections, imperceptibly, around the Rock of Ages. Thus, if it please the great Husbandman to bless her labours with success, she will establish so powerful a hold upon the feelings of her child, that love to God will grow up as a part of the child's nature; it will become a vital principle, pervading the faculties, and secretly influencing all the reasoning powers, as they develop themselves in his progress towards manhood. She need not fear enervating and debasing the higher faculties of his mind, by instilling the gentle and attractive quality of love: it is perfectly compatible with that of decisive firmness: indeed, it can scarcely exist without that invaluable characteristic; for the simple act of attaching ourselves to a pure and holy Being involves the practice of every virtue which can elevate and ennoble the human soul.

One little incident which my father remembered of his infant days—though, of course, it was imperfectly recollected by himself—proves at how early a period that affection towards his Saviour commenced; which afterwards ripened into so remarkable a reliance on His redeeming love, and formed so distinguishing a trait of my father's matured religious character.

It happened, one evening, when he was about three or four years old, that, as his mother was putting him to bed, it thundered. The child inquired what "that rumble-tumble"[4] was: she made him understand that "God did it;"—when he said, he wished she would ask Him that it might be stopped until the morning, "when he would go and talk to Him about Jesus."

Here, though existing in infantine simplicity, we can trace the germ of true christian principle;—faith in God; belief in the efficacy of prayer; and an idea of the intercession of Jesus, indistinctly shadowed forth, but really existing. The good seed was sown, and the soil was peculiarly adapted for the prominent development of those parts of the christian way of salvation. The disposition of this child was timid, but affectionately confiding; and the clinging to an all-powerful and compassionate Saviour, thus commenced in infancy, became an abiding and active principle, influencing his whole life in a remarkable manner, and greatly conducing to render him a "vessel unto honour, fit for the Master's use."

(4) His own expression.

My father received his earliest public instruction at the school of Solomon Harris, a Presbyterian Minister, then the leading member of that persuasion in Swansea. At the age of fifteen he went to an establishment at Frenchhay, a village near Bristol; where he remained till the death of his father, in 1774. I do not possess materials for tracing the progress of his religious feelings during these periods: the results alone are left, to tell of his growth in grace.

The distinguishing features of his intellect were those of the reasoning class, which inclined him to the thorough investigation of every subject that was presented to his notice; and with clear and rapid perceptions, he possessed great power of perseverance. Mathematical studies were therefore those of his preference, rather than the classics: and though Latin and Greek, of course, formed part of his school education, I do not believé that he retained much knowledge of them in mature life, or made use of them, except to ascertain the derivation of English words, in order to define their meanings: but with this object he often applied to them, particularly to the Greek language. Nor did he pursue the Mathematics at all deeply, or otherwise than as furnishing an interesting change of occupation; for which purpose his kind master, Solomon Harris, made them the reward of his attention to his classical studies.

That his religious views were deepening, and his

mind following a guide more spiritual than the forms of worship, in which he was educated, presented to him, was evinced by a feeling of dissatisfaction which long oppressed him, at the arrangement in the church, by which the congregation, at particular periods of the Service, turned their faces to the east: and at length, conceiving it to be wrong to unite in this relique of a more superstitious age, he one day retained his usual position; so that the congregation were all turned one way, and he alone stood facing them.

It was a trial of no light kind, for a youth of sixteen to bear such a public testimony against what he believed to be an improper practice!

Richard Phillips spent a few months at home, after his father's death; and then removed to London, in 1774; where he commenced the study of the law, under the care of one of his maternal uncles, who then had a country residence at Hampstead; but he lived principally in chambers, at No. 9 Lincoln's-Inn Old Buildings, until his marriage; though he had, at one time, some lodgings in Fleet Street. He kept some of his terms among the Barristers at Lincoln's Inn; but discontinued the practice—I think before the necessary number was completed—from a dislike to the dissipating association which it involved: and he eventually took to the Conveyancing branch of the law, as the one which presented the fewest difficulties to his conscientious feelings; and the only one which did not involve

serious impediments to the religious course which appeared to be his only safe path; and into which he was gradually, and through great mental provings, conducted; until, in 1789, he was united to the Society of Friends.

Besides diligently pursuing his Professional studies, he by no means neglected the cultivation of his mind; keeping a beautifully-written little Notebook, from which it appears he attended Lectures and read works on Moral and Natural Philosophy, Theology, &c.

I have a little collection of Texts, which he wrote out when quite young; but he did not remember exactly at what time. It is entitled "Religious Principles";[5] and, in the general style of its arrangement, slightly resembles the "Christian Institutes" by Francis Gastrell, Bishop of Chester.

For some years after his arrival in London, he entered into the amusements common to young men of his station in society; and during his visits to his native place more particularly—for they were seasons of relaxation from close study—he joined in the song and the dance with all the ardour of his animated character. Of the latter diversion he was the life and spirit; and there are still surviving those who

(5) See Selections from Letters and Papers.

remember the almost untiring vivacity with which he pursued it. Still, he never was a dissipated character; and an early associate of his youth now remarks, that she does not "think the most rigid observer of his conduct at that time could have detected in it any departure from his high sense of religious and moral duties, and his fixed views in these important respects."

And, with reference to dancing, I would remark—though not for the purpose of advocating its practice, which my father subsequently disapproved of, in common with all spiritually-minded persons—that, in those days, it was an amusement possessing a very different character to that which it now presents. It was of a more social nature—was less refined—and, among strangers, was perhaps more objectionable, as being conducted with less precision: but when practised by the small circle of a country-town, it took more the form of a simple outlet for the overflowings of youthful spirits, than that of a heartless medium of fashionable display and dissipated intrigue.

Richard Phillips relinquished the amusement of the Theatre, after a very few visits within its walls, in London. I understood, from his conversations, that his resolution was taken in this matter from motives of moral prudence. He appears, by so prompt a step, to have escaped a severer conflict, which must have happened when the higher dictates of a religious feeling

of duty called for the relinquishment of a diversion rendered more difficult to surrender, from a long-established habit of indulgence.

The attractions which the Theatre then presented, to a disposition like his, were great. Garrick and Siddons were ranked among its performers; their talents, high moral respectability, and the manners of the day, rendered them admissible to the social circles of literature and rank; and the line of demarcation which now excludes theatrical performers from free intercourse with such families did not then exist.

Perceiving therefore, with the acute foresight which formed a singularly striking feature in the character of my father's mind, that the fascinations of the Drama were such as would soon become very difficult for him to preserve within the bounds of due moderation, he at once withdrew from the temptation which was so alluringly presented to him.

He gave up the gratification of attending Oratorios from higher motives; and the sacrifice was greater. It would have been difficult to find an ear more accurate, a finer taste, or a more acute perception of the beauty and grandeur of sacred music: indeed, in that, as well as in the delightful art which delineates the beauties of nature, the cultivation and practice of which he always encouraged, his taste and judgment were remarkably good: his mind was eminently fitted

to appreciate the full sweetness of a passage which he often quoted,—as in adoration of Him, who

> "Maketh all nature, beauty to the eye,
> And music to the ear." AKENSIDE.

The principal ground on which he became dissatisfied with Oratorios was, as far as I could gather, the awful incongruity, which presented itself to a conscientious mind, between the character of the public performers on those occasions, and the subjects committed to their execution.

That themes so sacred, treated of in words so solemn, heightened by all the embellishments of music the most attractive and sublime, should be spoken by lips which, with no deficiency of charity, we must admit are but too often utterly unfitted to pronounce them, would naturally strike one of unsophisticated mind and tender conscience, as a profanation, from which he would recoil, with something like a shudder.

Ah! let not those, who, as it were, thus intuitively shrink from the appearance of evil, blunt the fine perceptions of an unseared conscience, by indulging in a gratification of doubtful propriety. May it not also be worth considering, whether we should act perfectly right, in encouraging those gifted, but often unhappy beings, to commit fresh acts of sin for us?—for does not each repetition of those sacred words, in their impenitent state, add another weight to the load of evil which

clogs their souls, and tend to sink them to yet lower depths, and sear their consciences yet more fearfully?

The maternal uncle, under whose kind patronage and almost parental care Richard Phillips was brought to London, was a member of the Established Church, and seriously attached to its tenets: but my father had relatives in town and its vicinity, on the paternal side, with whom much of his time was passed: they were members of the Society of Friends, and their companionship, doubtless, was increasingly congenial to him, as his principles gradually became those of that body.

Through his association with some of those connections arose his early and very important introduction to that path of public philanthrophy in which he afterwards so faithfully trod, whenever opportunities presented themselves, or duty called him.

One of the most valuable of these christian friends and relatives was Joseph Gurney Bevan, whose town residence was then in Plough Court, Lombard Street. His highly-gifted and powerful mind rendered his society very attractive to my father; who found the good sense and sound judgment of his counsels truly useful, when he was able to unbosom himself to that hardy veteran in christian warfare. This, however, did not often occur; for in those seasons of deep provings and of tossings, when the "word of the Lord tries" those whom He is preparing for His work, there

is frequently no power of opening the heart to any human being; nor, till the will is sufficiently humbled to enable them to come down and sit, as at the feet of Jesus, will they find much capability of taking sweet counsel together with His Disciples. It is an individual and inward work, and must be transacted principally between God and the soul, by the operation of the Holy Spirit; of whom our Redeemer said, "He shall take of mine, and shew it unto you."[6]

The means by which this training, this effectual bending of our wills to that of our Heavenly Father, is accomplished, are, by His unspeakable condescension, varied, according to the disposition of the individual.

It is a mistake, into which some religious persons fall, to conclude that all the entanglements and temptations, which are permitted to beset the young christian, are punishments—I had almost said, judgments. Far, far from it! "My brethren, count it all joy, when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trial of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."[7] It may, and doubtless often does occur, that, in these trials of faith, the Christian may so fail to keep his eye single, that He who said, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not," will permit his foot so to slide, that he may have to "go softly all" the rest of his "years[8];" yet,

([6]) John xvi. 15. ([7]) James i. 2—4. ([8]) Isa. xxxviii. 15

assuredly, He will not suffer him utterly to fall. If, when his "foot slippeth," he cries unto Him, he shall yet have to say, "Thy mercy, O Lord, hath held me up!"[9]

Let those, whose path has not been so slippery, or whose progress has been blessed with a steadier onward course, beware how they "talk, to the grief of those whom God has wounded:"[10] let them rather pour in the oil and the wine, and sooth the broken heart with the sweet consolations of christian love; and in the "spirit of meekness, considering themselves, lest they also be tempted,"[11] cherish them with "the nurture and admonition of the Lord."[12] These tried and tempted ones are dear to Jesus; and He will make the world to know, that He has loved them.[13]

Joseph Gurney Bevan possessed a remarkably upright and conscientious spirit, combined with great firmness and decision of character. He was once elected constable of the night, in his own parish; and deeming it an abandonment of duty to delegate the performance of the official work, which the appointment involved, to hired and less-capable agents, he determined to undertake the unpleasant task himself, and personally perform its irksome and rather arduous duties. My father frequently accompanied his noble-minded relative on these occasions: they went after supper,

([9]) Ps. xciv. 18. ([10]) Ps. lxix. 26. ([11]) Gal. vi. i.
([12]) Eph. vi. 4. ([13]) Rev. iii. 9.

about nine o'clock; and remained several hours, receiving charges at the watch-house.

At Stoke Newington, the country residence of Joseph Gurney Bevan and his wife, my father was a frequent and welcome visitor; and at Timothy Bevan's, [14] at Hackney, he often passed his Sabbath-evenings. At the latter house he met some young relatives; and unbent, in their society, after the solemn occupations of the day, with all that chastened cheerfulness which peculiarly distinguished his happy disposition.

([14]) A physician of some eminence.

CHAP. II.

James Phillips, the second son of my father's uncle, William Phillips, then resided in George Yard, Lombard Street; and there my father was introduced, in 1786, to Thomas Clarkson; and became earnestly engaged to assist him, with all his energy, in the cause to which that great philanthropist has devoted his life. And at this period, many hours, stolen from his needful nightly rest, were given to labour on behalf of the oppressed African.

Thomas Clarkson says, in his "History of the Abolition,"[1] alluding to James Phillips of George Yard, Lombard Street: — "He introduced me also to his cousin, Richard Phillips, of Lincoln's Inn; who was, at that time, on the point of joining the religious society of Quakers. In him I found much sympathy, and a willingness to co-operate with me. When dull and disconsolate, he encouraged me; when in spirits, he stimulated me further. Him I now mention, as a new, but soon afterwards as an active and indefatigable co-adjutor in the cause."

My father's first interview with Thomas Clarkson

(1) Vol. I. p. 217.

took place when the latter was in London, making arrangements for the printing of his Prize Essay,[2] on the "Slavery and Commerce of the Human Species."

My dear father, who delighted to trace the footsteps of Providence in the rise and progress of human events, and to observe from what small and insignificant occasions the most important affairs often proceed, used to relate the fact of this Prize Essay, as one of the most remarkable he had known. The title of that little pamphlet was the subject given as a theme for a Prize Essay, at Cambridge; when Thomas Clarkson was a student there, preparing to take orders in the Church. The subject so unfolded itself, and fastened upon his mind, as he wrote the work which proved to be the successful Essay, that he never could shake off its impression; and from that period, he gradually relinquished his first destination, and devoted a long and active life to the service of humanity; — with what success I need not say.

From this time, my father entered into the labours of Thomas Clarkson with a zeal and perseverance, in which, perhaps, he was equalled only by his friend, the great Abolitionist. In the same year when Thomas Clarkson had determined to devote himself to the cause, he says: "I took up my abode at the Baptist's-

(2) For the year 1785. The Essay was published in Oct. 1786.— See T. Clarkson's "History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade," Vol. I. p. 217.

Head Coffee House, in Chancery Lane; in order to be near my friend, Richard Phillips, of Lincoln's Inn; from whose advice and assistance I had formed considerable expectations."

For a long time they were constant companions. "The examination of the Muster Rolls, from the Custom House at Liverpool," says Thomas Clarkson, "which took place at the chambers of Richard Phillips, was long and tedious. We looked over them together. We mostly met for that purpose at nine in the evening; and we seldom parted till one, and sometimes not till three, in the morning. When our eyes were inflamed by the candle, and tired by fatigue, we used to relieve ourselves by walking out, within the precincts of Lincoln's Inn, where all seemed to be asleep; and thus, as it were in solitude and in stillness, to converse upon them, as well as the best means of the further promotion of our cause. These scenes of our early friendship and exertions I shall never forget. I often think of them, both with astonishment and pleasure."[3]

I have often heard my father speak of the great quantity of paper which he filled by writing down the Answers to the Questions which were put to Alexander Falconbridge. He had been a surgeon on board slave-ships, and was an important witness; but would not have been able to furnish much information, in a

(3) Vol. I. p. 246.

connected form, himself. It was therefore necessary to draw it from him, by numerous interrogations; to write it down; and subsequently to arrange it;—a long and tedious process!

On the 25th of the 5mo. 1787, the Committee for the Slave-Trade Abolition, consisting of twelve members, was formed; which, as Thomas Clarkson observes, "labouring afterwards with Mr. Wilberforce for their Parliamentary Head, did, under Providence, in the space of twenty years, contribute to put an end to a trade, which, measuring its magnitude by its crimes and sufferings, was the greatest practical evil that ever afflicted the human race."

Of this noble little band my father was one: the sole survivor now, 1841, is Thomas Clarkson. Entering into the cause with all the ardour, the enthusiasm of his disposition, and pursuing it with the perseverance for which his character was so remarkable, my dear father was indeed a faithful co-adjutor of the great Abolitionist. I have often heard him say, as Thomas Clarkson has mentioned, how they walked together under the trees in Lincoln's Inn during the silence and solitude of midnight; how they wept together over the wrongs of Africa; or rejoiced when the horizon of their righteous cause appeared to brighten before their anxious gaze.

I find, among my little stock of materials, two

original Letters from the celebrated John Newton[4]; one of which appears to have been written to my father, partly in reply to a request made to that excellent Minister of the Gospel, that he would publish some additional facts relative to the Slave Trade—facts which lifted the veil from its dark and appalling features a little more than any which he had already given to the world. Another object seems to have been, the conveying of an answer to a solicitation made through John Newton to his friend, the sweet Christian poet, William Cowper, that he would write a poem upon the Slave Trade.

With my father's characteristic habit of bringing every possible impetus to bear upon the subject he was desirous of promoting, it is no wonder that he longed to employ the talents of such a man as the poet, in the service of outraged humanity.

In the same packet, I find the three little pieces, which were all that Cowper's pen produced, on a subject too harrowing for his gentle spirit and deeply-morbid feelings. I have heard my dear father speak of the

(4) This remarkable and most encouraging monument of the long-suffering of divine grace and mercy was, at one time, actively engaged in the "commerce of the human species."—See the deeply-interesting sketch of his early life, entitled "An Authentic Narrative of some Remarkable and Interesting Particulars in the Life of . . . . . ; communicated in a Series of Letters to the Rev. Mr. Haweis, Rector of Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire. 1786."

matter; but I cannot feel perfectly certain, whether these three little poems were written in compliance with the above application, or afterwards, in consequence of the subject being further pressed upon his attention by my father; but I think it is highly probable that the latter was the case. They are well known, and are—particularly "The Negro's Complaint" and "The Morning Dream"—exquisitely beautiful.

As this work may meet the eyes of some persons who have been but little initiated into the horrors of that nefarious traffic, I give these poems in the Selection from Letters and Papers [5]. I shall also here give a large extract from the second of these Letters, which especially relates to that subject: for though the trade in Africans is no longer sanctioned by the laws of our own land of freedom, it is still carried on, to a fearful extent, under the flags of other nations; and the spirit which pervades it is, and of necessity ever will be, of the same diabolical nature.

John Newton's first Letter is dated the 14th of June 1786, from Coleman-Street Buildings. He says:

"I have to thank you for the cameos[6]. Mine is a very acceptable present; for I really wished for one, but

([5]) See Selections from Letters and Papers: (B.)

([6]) Little china cameos, made by the Wedgewoods, representing a Black Man in Chains, kneeling, with his upraised hands, clasped: the motto, "Am I not a Man and a Brother?"

did not know how to procure one. I shall forward the other, in your name, to Mr. Cowper, to whom I doubt not but it will be equally pleasing. I communicated to him your desire; and I shall transcribe so much of his answer as refers to that point.

"I shall rejoice if your friend Mr. Phillips, influenced by what you have told him of my present engagements, shall wave his application to me for a poem on the Slave Trade. I account myself honoured by his intention to solicit me on the subject; and it would give me pain to refuse him, which inevitably I should be constrained to do. The more I have considered it, the more I have convinced myself that it is not a promising theme for verse. General censure on the iniquity of the practice will avail nothing. The world has been overwhelmed with such remarks already. And to particularize all the horrors of it, were an employment of the mind, both of the poet and of his readers, of which they would necessarily soon grow weary. For my own part, I cannot contemplate the subject very nearly, without a degree of abhorrence that affects my spirits, and sinks them below the pitch requisite for success in verse. Lady Hesketh recommended it to me some months since; and I then declined it, for these reasons, and for others which need not now be named."

John Newton concludes his letter, by saying: "I am running hither and thither so much, that there is little certainty of finding me at home, except on a Tuesday. I should be very glad to have more conversation with

you. Our dinner is usually upon table exactly at two o'clock; and from that time I seldom stir out for the rest of the day, unless unexpected and unavoidable business requires me. But I am often at home at other times; and if you take the trouble to call, whenever you are in the city and have leisure, I hope you will find me in the way.

"I am respectfully,

"Your sincere friend and servant,

"JOHN NEWTON."

With two unimportant exceptions, I transcribe the whole of the second Letter, dated 5th July, 1788:—

"DEAR SIR,

"I have been so much engaged, I can but just answer your wishes, if at all; for I am liable to interruption every moment. I think the following notes are all that I can suggest, in addition to what I have already written, if you should think proper to reprint the pamphlets[7].

"The perusal of Mr. Falconbridge's pamphlet, and of some others, since the publication of my own, reminds me of a particular which should have been inserted under this article. The very ill-treatment the seamen

(7) Here is a reference to the page of the publication alluded to, the title of which I have not the means of ascertaining: but the facts, though probably printed at that time, as proposed, are so striking, that I wish to revive them at the present time, related, as they are, by so competent and conscientious an eye-witness.

receive from the captain, or those who act under his authority, is often fatal. I have myself—and I believe more than once—seen sick men, who were unable to work, beaten or flogged, under a pretence that they were lazy, till they died under the blows. A savageness of spirit, not easily conceived, infuses itself (though, as I have observed, there are exceptions) into those who exercise power on board an African slave-ship, from the captain downwards. It is the spirit of the trade, which, like a pestilential air, is so generally infectious, that but few escape it. Many of the captains are brought up in the business; and pass through the several stages of apprentices, foremast-men, and mates, before they are masters, and gradually acquire a cruel disposition together with their knowledge of the trade: and, as it often happens that they are men of no education, and have no taste for books or turn for reflection, the chief study and amusement of their leisure hours seems to be, how to make the sailors, at least such of them as they take a dislike to, as miserable as they can. I remember one, who stood upon the quarter-deck while his vessel was casting off from the pier-head at Liverpool, and, with a suitable expression of countenance, took his leave of the people, who were standing upon the pier, with these words: 'Now, I have a Hell of my own!'

"I have been told that I ought not to have suppressed the recital of the particulars, here[8] referred to, out of

(8) Another reference to a page of the before-mentioned pamphlet occurs here.

compassion to my reader's feelings. My chief reason for suppressing it was, that it is the only instance of the kind I had knowledge of, and I would hope the only one that ever was heard of. But I submit to the respectable judgment of the friends who advised me to mention it, in case of another edition. I sailed with that captain, and therefore frequently heard the detail of his cruelties from his own mouth. I do not remember the whole; but two methods of his punishment of the poor slaves, whom he sentenced to die, I cannot easily forget. Some of them he jointed; that is, he cut off, with an axe, first their feet, then their legs below the knee, then their thighs; in like manner their hands, then their arms below the elbow, and then at the shoulders, till their bodies remained only like the trunk of a tree when all the branches are lopped away; and, lastly, their heads. And, as he proceeded in his operation, he threw the reeking members and heads in the midst of the bulk of the trembling slaves, who were chained upon the main-deck. He tied round the upper parts of the heads of others a small soft platted rope, which the sailors call a point, so loosely as to admit a short lever: by continuing to turn the lever, he drew the point more and more tight, till at length he forced their eyes to stand out of their heads; and when he had satiated himself with their torments, he cut their heads off. . . .

* * * *

"I have not time to add more than my best wishes and respects; and my prayer, that God may bless you in all things, and give you and your friends the comfort

of seeing your benevolent endeavours succeed, for the suppression of that abominable trade of which I was once an abominable instrument! I hope God has forgiven me; but I ought to walk softly all my days, in the remembrance of what I have been, and what I have done.

"I am, Sir, your sincere friend and servant,

"JOHN NEWTON."

Such, though this is acknowledged to be an extreme case, is the spirit of the trade in Africans. It is a striking instance of the depth of depravity into which the human heart is led, when we cast aside all the restraints of authority, morality, and religion. The evil passions then acquire a strength which amounts almost to madness;—at least, such we term it.

Is it not a faint picture of the condition of Lost Spirits; who are abandoned to every species of malevolent impulse, without one counteracting virtuous influence to stem the mighty torrent of evil.

It is a melancholy circumstance, that the commerce in the human species is now in the same unregulated state as it was when John Newton wrote; and the most appalling facts still shew that its atrocious features are not lost, amid the general refinement of the age.

While it was a lawful trade, it was subject to restrictions as to the crowding of the vessels and the treat-

ment of the slaves; but now, the hand of legal justice cannot, as at the former period, be stretched forth, to assuage, although but with the shadow of mercy, the sufferings of those unhappy victims of avarice and cruelty. Let us, then, in the spirit of the good Samaritan, remember, that the sable native of Africa is a "man and a brother"; and let us practically "recognise the image of God, whether it be carved in ebony or in ivory."[9]

At a much later period, my father also became a Member of the Committee of the Society for the Abolition of Slavery; and exerted himself in that cause, until age, and his diminished strength, compelled him to leave active efforts to younger persons, who had subsequently entered into the labours of the old Committee; while those who had borne the burden and heat of the day remained thankful spectators of the ultimate triumph of justice and humanity. Well do I remember the solemnity of my father's manner, and the tone of voice in which, when, in 1834, the abolition of slavery appeared to be finally achieved, he so sweetly expressed his humble trust "that a blessing would descend upon Britain, who had been made willing, under all her burdens, to make so great a pecuniary sacrifice to remove the guilt which, as a nation,

(9) Fuller's "Holy and Profane States:"—"Character of the Good Sea-Captain."

attached to her, for having sanctioned the slave-trade and slavery."

To return to the subject of my beloved father's closer approximation to the Religious Society of Friends. —I do not find that he encountered so much external opposition to this step, as is sometimes allotted to the young disciple. It was natural, that his only surviving and tenderly-attached parent should feel acutely the step which her beloved son was taking, in quitting the section of the Christian Church to which she and her family belonged; and she wrote once to her brother, under whose auspices my father studied, to desire that he would interpose his authority, and prevent her son attending the Meetings of Friends: but he replied, that "so long as his nephew conducted himself well in his profession, he would not interfere with him." This was a circumstance of which my father always spoke, with grateful feelings towards his uncle, and adoring thankfulness to Him who thus restrained the opposition which threatened to beset his onward path with additional perplexity and distress.

How soon, after my beloved father's arrival in London, he began to attend the Religious Meetings of Friends, I do not know. He went to the Meetings, regularly, about seven years before he applied for admission into the Society; feeling, as he has told me, no wish at that time to do more than sit down with

them in their religious assemblies; and not believing it to be his duty to adapt his mode of dress to their peculiar forms. But, at length, a belief that he was called to the work of the Ministry among them, which had been at a former period powerfully impressed upon his mind, became so clear and weighty, that he dared not any longer withstand it; and he accordingly applied for membership, on the 10th of the 12th month 1788. Indeed, he did speak once, in a Religious Meeting, previously to his becoming a Member; but whether or not it was before his request to be admitted, I do not recollect.

His reception into the Society took place at Westminster, on the 8th of the 1st month 1789; and his acknowledgment as a Minister, on the 15th of the 9th month 1791.

The following is the Minute of the Meeting on the latter subject:—

"15th of 9th month 1791.—Richard Phillipps having for a considerable time appeared in public testimony, to the satisfaction of Friends, this Meeting apprehends it right to signify their unity with him as a Minister; and recommends him, accordingly, to the Monthly Meeting of Ministers and Elders, and to the Morning Meeting.

"Signed &c."

A well-known friend, Martha Howarth, appears to be speaking on this subject, when, in a Letter to my father, dated Liverpool, 13th of the 8th month 1791, she remarks :—"I am not clothed in doubt concerning thee, having purchased all the ground thou standest upon, as inch by inch, surely, will establish a correct estimate of its intrinsic value, and therefore will powerfully tend to preserve from lavishing away any part of such inheritance. I shall rejoice to hear of thy prosperity, knowing thee to be separated for the work, wherein thou hast been prevailed upon, through the constraining Power, to engage; and believing, as the same anointing is abode under, no weapon formed against thee shall prosper."

The trials and humiliations, the baptisms of Spirit, which had been appointed to my father, were, as I have before hinted, extraordinary and deep; but he always considered some of them, which had at first appeared to be foolish scruples, as having been the appointed means by which his natural will was thoroughly bowed to the Divine Will, and prepared for the service to which he was called. These exercises of mind were very hidden: the bright cheerfulness of his disposition, his pleasant temper, and sportive wit, were a great assistance to him, in not "appearing unto men to fast." This was one distinguishing trait of his character throughout life; and he permitted few to penetrate the veil which was cast over his mental conflicts. His uncle's wife, Catharine Phillips, in her

Journal, relates, that her path was similar, with respect to the depth of her trials, and her inability to converse upon them. Her remarks are so likely to be useful to those who are wading through "the discipline of storms," that I trust I shall be excused for dwelling on this subject, while I repeat them here; encouraging as they are to the tried believer, to suffer "his bow to abide" in patience;—and cautionary as they are against the injudicious putting forward of young converts; and thus producing a premature luxuriance of foliage, which withers when heat and storm visit it; rather than that salutary deepening of the root, which enables the tree to flourish as by the rivers of waters, and bring forth his fruit in his season:—

"I leave it as an observation, that I have seldom, if ever, seen any stand, and arrive to any considerable degree of usefulness in the Church, whose foundations have not been deeply laid in afflictions and exercises; whereby they are crucified with Christ; and shall therefore rise with Him to glory and honour, in the present as well as in a future state. But, in all my afflictions and deep baptisms, the Shepherd of Israel was with me, and preserved and supported my spirit, to the honour of His own name, to whom alone I could attribute the praise: for, in these allotted days and years of tribulation, very little instrumental help was afforded me; my lot being cast in a quarter where there were none near who were capable of giving me much assistance or wise counsel, not having trodden

the same steps. I sometimes thought my case was hidden from some of the Lord's servants, who were concerned to visit His heritage; or else, that they were in part restrained from ministering to it;—and my tongue was much sealed in silence, for my exercises were incommunicable.

"All this I saw to be of excellent use; as the contrary might have led to a dependence on the servants (which ever brings weakness); or have been productive of confusion, through my imparting my case to such as were not skilful to minister to it, and who nevertheless might have advised therein. I have seen it to be profitable and necessary, for such as are in a state of infancy in Religion, to dwell with their exercises, leaning simply on that Arm which alone is able to carry them through; and, until the mind has acquired a depth of judgment, to distinguish clearly who is on the Lord's side, to be very cautious to whom they communicate them; lest they be wounded, by discovering those, whom they have chosen for their friends, to be enemies to the Cross of Christ. Yet, when the Lord directs, in times of great straits, to advise with some experienced servant, it will undoubtedly be advantageous; and a steady sympathizing friend is a great strength and blessing, when it is afforded in divine wisdom."[11]

My dear father was for some time very grievously

([11]) Memoir of Catharine Phillips, pp. 17, 18.

tried with scruples about things in themselves perfectly immaterial; and during the comparative seclusion in which he necessarily lived for the few last years of his precious life, he occasionally mentioned his opinion of this dispensation, which he always spoke of as inexpressibly distressing.

I may possibly expose his memory to the charge of indulging in the visions created by a heated imagination, if I insert an incident which he occasionally related to very intimate friends and to myself, always with so much solemnity of manner and deep feeling, that I carefully committed it to paper—not daring to consign to oblivion what he so evidently intended should be preserved. I had afterwards the satisfaction to find it in his private pocket-book, written down by himself. I must however say, that few individuals were more free from nursing the sickly effusions of a morbid brain, or indulging in aught that savoured of a fanciful religion: he possessed a healthy tone of mind —a sound clear judgment, cherished by intercourse with the intellectual and the benevolent of all Denominations: braced by active mental exercise, and brightened by his happy buoyant spirits, his was a lively, a charitable, and a masculine piety.

The occurrence to which I allude took place while he was residing in Chambers, at Lincoln's Inn. He was just preparing to depart, on horseback, on a little journey for a religious purpose, and was carrying his

saddle-bags on his arm.[12] My father's own words will best relate the incident I have thus introduced; and I copy them from the paper to which I have just alluded:—

"Being at one time much tried and distressed by the prevalence of numerous scruples, directed or permitted with the gracious design of reducing and rendering more subservient the obstinate will of man —opposed, as it naturally is, to submission to the real Cross; in a kind of almost despair of obtaining any relief from their pressure and subsequent recurrence, in anguish I hastily exclaimed, 'Why is it thus?—I will follow Thee, even to the gallows!'—upon which, a sudden flash of light, similar to lightning, passed before me, as into the ground;—when these scruples, in a very considerable degree, ceased. How wonderful and merciful are the ways of the Most High! who thus, by what may be termed things that are not, brings to nought things that are. The haughtiness and pride of man are laid low, and a way made for the operation and prevalence of that spirit, by which alone he can

([12]) A proof this, that he was then in a state far removed from nourishing pride; for he had been—as he sometimes used to remark, when telling this incident—accustomed to the attendance of a servant, who would carry the bags upon his horse, the customary mode in those days, when gentlemen travelled. There are seasons, in the Christian's course, when things appear improper luxuries, which are afterwards felt to be only as "providing things honest in the sight of all men." We do well not to judge another man for his liberty in things indifferent; remembering to be careful, that we be "thoroughly persuaded in our minds," and that our conscience condemn us not in the thing which we allow.

durably profit!—'He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord!'"[13]

On the subject of scruples, my father thus wrote to a friend, on the 1st of the 4th month 1834:—

"I have repeatedly thought of the effect of apparently very foolish and insignificant and trifling things, in preparing the way and leading to highly-important and glorious results; and thus evincing that 'the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men.'[14]

"In Friends' journals, the description of their very trying exercises and experience, during the day of small things and scruples, when the ground is prepared for the ready reception or sowing of the small grains of 'mustard-seed' and its growth promoted, are, I think, very far from being noticed or described as their importance merits; or the advantage and encouragement which such information would afford to many, particularly to those who are, in the infancy of their spiritual life, commencing the conflict for eternal bliss.

"Of their reason for such an omission I am ignorant: it may be from the belief, that not only the carnally-minded, to whom the Cross in every form is foolishness, but that many, in the infancy of regeneration, would be startled, misconstrue, and reject as visionary and foolish, those apparently weak things; but which, in reality, had in them, and would prove, the power of

([13]) 1 Cor. i. 31. ([14]) 1 Cor. i. 25.

God unto salvation to them that believed, and the very means whereby the great work would be carried on and accomplished. Such is the lamentable effect of being blinded by the spirit of this world, so as not to discern that these 'foolish' and 'base things' originate in boundless love; and are directed in their operations by perfect wisdom, so as clearly to prove their divine origin, by effectually depriving self-important, vain, weak man of all grounds for glorying, and manifesting that he who glories should glory in the Lord, to whom alone such glory belongs; who, by thus dealing with His creature, man, proclaims His invariable, merciful, and glorious design of weaning him from the things and vanities of time, and qualifying him to participate of the great realities—the everlasting joys and glories of eternity.

"The operations of these foolish things, and these base things (of the world), which are despised, and even of 'things which are not,' in bringing to nought things that are, are clearly manifested during the day of apparently[15] small things, by subduing the pride, haughtiness, and fallacious importance of fallen man; laying him—where it is most profitable he should be—in the dust, and reducing him into a state of deep humility, to the surrendering of his own will, and becoming as unresisting clay in the hands of the Heavenly Potter, to be formed into whatsoever kind of vessel He sees best, for fulfilling His merciful and glorious design.

([15]) See 1 Cor. i. 27.

"In this state of humiliation, poor man is given to see or feel his own weakness, poverty, and total inability for any good work, or even thought; and consequently (may we not reverently hope?) effectually seeks for divine assistance: for 'the prayer of the humble pierceth the clouds; and, till it come nigh, he will not be comforted, and will not depart till the Most High shall behold.'[16]

"Many can testify, with gratitude and in deep humility, to the beneficial and powerful effect which these apparently foolish, base, despised things, and even things which are not, have produced in them; particularly during their infancy, in the state of regeneration, when these foolish and despised things (or scruples) most prevail.

"I know an individual who was so dismayed and terrified by an impression on his mind, requiring him to do a particular act, that he hastily resolved, that should such a requisition be repeated, he would, sooner than comply therewith or submit thereto, sacrifice his life: yet, some years subsequently—his mind having been greatly exercised, humbled, and reduced by the operations of these foolish despised things, and even by things that are not—on the requiring, before alluded to, being repeated, he submitted thereto, and had to participate of the sustaining and encouraging fruits of obedience.

"Does not this striking fact prove the powerful effect

([16]) Ecclesiasticus, xxxv. 17.

and value of these apparently small and despised, weak and foolish things? and should they not be highly valued and minutely described, as also their effect, by Friends, in their journals? For in this day of seemingly small but invaluable things, is not the foundation laid of 'a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?'[17] How highly, then, are these despised things to be prized!"

It now remains for me to raise the veil a little more from these facts:—and, in so doing, I believe that I follow my precious father's own advice, in the extract which I have just copied.

The individual whom he mentions as determining to sacrifice his life rather than comply with the requisition of duty which was impressed upon his mind, was himself. It was at a Meeting, in which he felt that he ought to communicate something: and the effect was so terrific to him, that he mentally resolved, that "if ever that was repeated, he would jump into the Thames." I believe I quote the expressions which he used, in relating the occurrence to me.

Then succeeded the long time of trial by these scruples; and the release from them, as I have mentioned, when their purpose was fully answered. My father always spoke with trembling, adoring thankfulness of

([17]) 2 Cor. v. 1.

the mercy and long-suffering of his Saviour, who thus bore with his rebellious spirit, and gradually led him about, as through the wilderness; till, having tried and proved him, and by such gradual training made it possible to him to follow his Divine Master, that Saviour brought him up "from the wilderness, leaning on the arm of his Beloved," and fitted to take his stand among the spiritual warriors of the Lamb.

CHAP. III.

THERE was a period, while my dear father's mind was passing through so much conflict, in which he was very doubtful whether he could continue his Professional pursuits with a peaceful conscience; and, in the serious consideration of his path, he became willing to surrender the excellent prospects which his kind uncle's patronage had opened to him. Under this impression, he turned his thoughts towards entering into a trade, which would have occasioned him to keep a shop. After much patient and honest deliberation, however, he felt satisfied to remain in the Legal Profession; only, as I have already hinted, restricting his practice to the Conveyancing department. This decision occasioned him the loss of a great deal of his uncle's connection, to which he had designed my father should succeed him. The choice, thus impartially weighed and faithfully determined upon, was never regretted;—a pleasing proof of the value of discreet reflection to young converts! In all the glowing warmth of newly-awakened feelings, and in the first delightful moments of hallowed dedication, they often forget to avail themselves of that reason which has been bestowed upon man, to be

prayerfully used by him, as a guide in all matters wherein the higher and more immediately communicated commands of God are not so imperatively laid upon the soul. Thus they rush unbidden into the thickest of the combat, and bring themselves into harder straits and greater perplexities than their All-wise Leader designed they should so early encounter. This is often the case, when, from hastily-adopted ideas of abasing themselves—not from any actual unfitness in their business or station for the christian disciple (for that should never be passed over lightly)—they relinquish their usual avocations: their proper place in society is abandoned—their usefulness cramped and dimmed—and their progress, in the real way of their Lord's requiring, is robbed of much of its energy, brightness, and vigour. Had Richard Phillips omitted patiently and wisely to ponder his path—to bring, with honest purpose, the thoughts and intents of his heart to the light of divine truth within him—had he hastily yielded to his first impressions—it is evident that his intellectual talents would have had less scope for usefulness; and the influence which he afterwards so beneficially exerted, in the cause of suffering humanity, and in the promotion of virtue and piety, would not have prospered to the same degree.

Apart from the subject of this Memoir, and in reference to those who occupy a decidedly high station, I would remark, that though we are told—and, alas! truly told—that "not many mighty, not many noble

are called,"[1] yet we are also counselled, "Brethren, let every man, wherein he is called, therein abide with God."[2]

It is often far more difficult to maintain a holy consistency of christian character in a conspicuous sphere in life, than to walk in a more sheltered path. But in every station there is a grace bestowed upon the sincere follower of Jesus; and it is surely safer to strive earnestly for His grace, in the situation wherein His mercy has found us, than to seek what we fancy a safer path, by abandoning the post which He has assigned us. However specious be the appearance of lowliness which tempts us to descend, the real and beautiful gem of christian humility shines no where with a more heavenly lustre than upon the brow of the rich and noble, who are disciples of a lowly Redeemer: it more peculiarly graces them, because it is more foreign to their worldly circumstances, harder to acquire, and more difficult to preserve unsullied, amid the adulations which beset them. When the worldly possessions of these, whether they be rank or wealth, are dedicated to the service of their Redeemer, it is like the offering of the frankincense and the myrrh, which the wise men of the East presented to the Holy Child, at Bethlehem.

Something, too, may be said of the good which such are calculated to effect among their equals; to whom

(1) 1 Cor. i. 26. (2) 1 Cor. vii. 24.

their example, if not their precepts, come home with far more weight than that of Christians in a different sphere. The latter are raised and ennobled by their faith; the former are brought down from their worldly pride and pomp: but let them practise the lowliness of Christ,—not a "voluntary humility," but a conduct firm and dignified, though abounding with simplicity and charity.

The christian humility of the rich condescends to the poor—that of the poor renders honour to whom honour is due;—they do not change places. "Humility," to borrow one of Jeremy Taylor's beautiful similies, "enamels our virtues."

Besides the deprivation of connections in my father's profession, which ensued upon his faithful compliance with the impressions of duty, he lost the expectation of a fine estate, belonging to a distant relation, with whom he was a special favourite until he joined the Society of Friends. His first, and I believe his only visit, after that event, to this kind and open-hearted but worldly person, was a severe trial of faith and firmness to my father; but he passed steadily through the ordeal of manifesting his decision on many points which were highly disagreeable to his relative: and by that means —if I remember rightly—he at once and finally severed all bond of union and communication between them. The property went to another branch of the family.

I mention this, chiefly, to shew that our Good Shepherd can and will, with the kingdom of heaven, freely give us all things which are good for us. Richard Phillips displeased, to a certain extent, those on whom, from peculiar circumstances, his worldly prosperity almost entirely depended; and at that time it was no unimportant consideration for him: yet, like "him that was separate from his brethren[3]," he was blessed "with blessings of heaven above[4]," and the "fatness of the earth[5]" beneath: thus affording a proof, more clear than we are always permitted to see in this state of existence, that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come[6]."

In what a prepared condition, and with what brightness he emerged from his trials, as from the refiner's fire, will be best understood by the opinions expressed in the Letters of one or two aged and established christians, who were among the most highly-esteemed and gifted members of the Society at that time.

Esther Tuke, who was, in her day, a true mother in Israel, thus mentions my father, in a Letter addressed to an intimate friend in or near London; dated York, 7th of the 8th mo. 1789.

([3]) Gen. xlix. 26. ([4]) Gen. xlix. 25.
([5]) Gen. xxvii. 28. ([6]) 1 Tim. iv. 8.

After alluding to visitors who had been going to or from the Ackworth-School[7] General Meeting, she says: "We likewise, much to our comfort, had Richard Phillips; who went back with —— &c. to Ackworth. I have had very little acquaintance with Richard before; though, from my first seeing him, I loved him: but from his stay here, and in some opportunities, he has become as an epistle wrote on my heart; which, while I remain, and he walks in the truth, cannot be erased. My husband, with the rest of our family, L. M.[8] &c., have had good unity with him: he appeared in a few words in our Meetings and opportunities, and felt to speak the language of a true-born child; and seemed much in the simplicity thereof, in his whole conduct, which, considering his situation &c., is indeed marvellous; and affords great hopes, that, though your warm city is not the most favourable ground for such a plant to grow, yet, having already attained, that excellent disposition seems like an invincible fortress. It seemed a time of deep instruction, as well as encouragement to him; that I believe he thought himself well paid for coming to York, for which I was thankful."

In writing to another friend in the same vicinity, on

(7) One of the Establishments, supported by voluntary contributions among the Friends, for giving a good plain education to the children of their members who do not find it convenient to pay for it at schools on the usual plan.

(8) Lindley Murray, the author of "Power of Religion on the Mind," &c.

the 21st of the 2d month 1790, she remarks concerning my father:—"When he was here, in the latter end of summer, I found my mind very nearly united to him; and could but admire how much he seemed reduced to a childlike state, the innocence and simplicity which attended the few words he spoke in public; and yet the life evidently marked its divine origin. I could not but, in our private opportunities, set my seal to it, as being the language of a true-born child. I am not apt to do these things, especially to those with whom I have had but little communication. I believe you may have, as is the case in many places, some very unskilful nurses, who cause many children to be what I call neckled; and some get lamed of their feet, like Mephibosheth, by being carried in the arms. And I really sought for something to say to him, by way of guarding him in these respects; but he seemed so very low and diffident, that I could find nothing to him but the language of encouragement. Our friend Ruth Fallows was here, who was not one of those nurses I have hinted at; and her feelings were the same: she had to encourage him, and take up the subject he had mentioned in our Public Meeting, without knowing he had first appeared in it, or did appear in Meetings at all: the same sense, I believe, attended my husband, and the rest in the Meeting, who, I trust, have ears to try words, as a mouth to taste meats."

The daughter of this venerable, but lively, christian, Elizabeth Tuke, afterwards the wife of Joshua Wheeler

herself a Minister, mentions him in a Letter, dated York, 23d of the 2d month 1790, as "a plant sprung up as out of the rubbish of this world's refinement; and which, we trust, is so freed from any thing of its choking quality, as increasingly to bud, blossom, and bear fruit, to the praise of the great Husbandman: for herein is our Heavenly Father glorified, that his children bring forth much fruit, consonant to an apostolic exhortation to Timothy: 'Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation,'" &c.

Esther Tuke writes to my father, 1st of the 7th month 1790, saying: "I have been much comforted with thy communication: it seems to strengthen the bond of what I trust may be called the celestial friendship; in which there is no narrowness, but, as thou remarks, freedom and openness, coming, in a good degree, near to that desirable state of a common stock. Thy sentiments on these important subjects are so much mine, with an undoubted sense of thy being of the little flock, that my heart hath felt uncommonly knit to thee, in a bond which I trust will remain through time, and live beyond the grave. John Hoyland read me thine: I requested it: and some remarks were so pleasing and instructive to me, that I wished him to copy them for me, but he did not. I drop these hints for thy encouragement, to continue to 'do good and to communicate' in every sense of the word, but particularly in that which is given to thee," &c.

I do not know when my father was first introduced into the domestic circle of Thomas Corbyn;—a circumstance which eventually led to his forming a connection with a member of that family; though he certainly visited there previously to his admission into the Society of Friends.

Sarah, the individual of my father's choice, was the second daughter of Thomas and Sarah Corbyn. He was a highly-esteemed member of society at large; and both of them were greatly respected in their own religious community. Thomas Corbyn was a man of remarkable strength of mind and energy of character, zealously upholding the tenets and peculiarities of his own religious community, and steadily maintaining an upright integrity of purpose, in his christian course through life. He was apprenticed to a highly-respectable apothecary in Holborn, named Clutton, who, in consequence of his good conduct, bequeathed the business to my grandfather. He preserved the branches of chemist and druggist; and raised it into a concern distinguished for the integrity with which it was conducted, as well as the extent of its connection. The sternness of his manner veiled a heart susceptible of the kindliest feelings; he was given to hospitality and acts of beneficence; and his life was a bright specimen of old English sterling uprightness of character.

He was a good practical gardener, at a period when

the science was comparatively but little cultivated. The public are indebted to him for strawberries of the finest flavour, those called the "pines," which he carefully selected from the other sorts, and cultivated with great care and skill, at his residence in Kentish Town. In the latter part of his life, his great delight was, in the season, to fill large china dishes with them, beautifully piled up by the hands of his daughters, so as to shew no stalks. The fruit, thus arranged, was presented to persons of his acquaintance in the neighbourhood, with particular directions how to rear the plants, one or two of which accompanied the ripe fruit. This species is distinguished by its rich flavour, deep colour, conical form, and small neck, from which the little green claspers above the stalk sit out loosely.

From the various passions and predilections which produce individual characteristics of disposition being more strongly developed, probably it arises that we generally see persons of energetic minds selecting some peculiar object to which their benevolent exertions are especially directed. This is one of the beautiful provisions of our Heavenly Father, in the economy of nature, to supply the varied wants of the great human family by the ministry of one another. It causes every one to take his own department, without undue interference in another's labours; and with more effect than if each individual's work was too desultory and extended. Thomas Corbyn's line appears to have been, assisting young men in their first efforts to establish

themselves in business; and he used to lend small sums to such as seemed worthy, and in need of so valuable a help, on their outset in life. His losses from this practice were considerable; but the good he effected, though unobtrusive, was extensive, and, in many instances, truly valuable and permanent. He also himself received apprentices without fees; and thus gave an opportunity for talents and industry to gain knowledge, and, in some cases, positions of affluence and usefulness. Thus did this good man practically testify his gratitude to the kind Providence who had prospered his own worldly affairs, by devoting a part of his substance to the assistance of his fellow men.—Blessed and happy are those who have the power and the will to "go and do likewise!"

Of the guileless nature and sterling piety of Thomas Corbyn, the following Letters will convey a satisfactory testimony; and I scarcely feel that I should be justified in withholding the delineation of the character of a man, whose eminent, though perhaps rather stern virtue, rendered him so worthy an example of christian excellence, in the lot which Providence assigned to him.

During a severe illness which afflicted him in 1788 or 1789, Esther Tuke thus wrote to him:—

"My greatly-esteemed friend, and father in the truth;—for so I may call thee, being an instrument of great good to me, before I was known to thee. The

true sympathy I have felt with thee, since hearing of thy bodily affliction, hath begotten a strong desire to address thee thereon, though my weakness of sight hath much discouraged the attempt; but that love and fellowship which have long subsisted and cemented in true christian fellowship, feel, at this time, stronger than death, and therefore far above the various impediments our natural frames are subject to: and yet, when those are affected, so as to feel a similar state, like the holy Pattern, when He had to query, 'Why hast thou forsaken me?' seems the greatest trial His followers can experience;—and I had then been made to taste that bitter cup; as the most faithful servant is not above his Lord. I feel a desire to be thy companion, according to my measure, and cast in my mite of condolence; though I would that thou didst not need it! But being of that family, who said, 'When saw we thee naked,' &c., it felt to me the language of truth, to remind thee of thy faithfulness, and that thou hast not followed cunningly-devised fables, nor comforted, exhorted, or reproved in those words which man's wisdom teacheth; but though, having often to fight with spirits like those the Apostle describes at Ephesus, the weapons of thy warfare have not been carnal: to whom the effects of long and patient labour, without fainting, doth now and will bear testimony that thou art reaping the reward. Whether thou mayest be raised again to maintain thy post, and continue to strengthen the little soundness and true judgment yet remaining in the church, must be left to the All-wise Disposer;

though it feels a close trial to give thee up:—yet of this I am assured, the change will be, to put on a crown of righteousness, laid up in store for thee: for as thou hast fought the good fight, and been the means of preserving that faith in the church delivered to the saints, I do believe it will remain with thee till the corruptible things are swallowed up, and thou joinest the spirits of those who in like manner have finished their course, and have gotten the victory over the beast, his image, and his mark; and, with harps in their hands, sing the song of the Lamb for ever. Accept, dear friend, this little tribute, which hath lived in my heart, as the testimony of Him who empowered and authorised thee to do so!—I cannot offer the paltry incense of praise to any one; and if I did to thee, I believe thy spirit would nauseate it."

When she received intelligence of the death of this christian veteran, Esther Tuke wrote to his daughter Sarah:—

"17th of the 2d month, 1791.

"I have just received thy Richard's communication;—an additional testimony of that true friendship which I hope will subsist with us; as it has done with thy valuable parents through time, and now lives beyond the grave. I cannot say I sympathize with you in sorrow, but rather wish to join you in solemn joy.

"I think I may say, that ever since the receipt of thine, transmitting the account of thy valuable father's languishing state, he hath continued the almost

constant companion of my thoughts, in near sympathy; under which, I apprehend, I at times felt the spirit of prayer, that the season of such deep affliction might become shorter than, from the nature of his complaint, could be expected: and for these two days past, my mind seemed relieved with the reviving hope it was so, which this Letter has realized; for indeed I had no fear but all sorrows would terminate when the body ceased to breathe. That thankfulness fills my heart on his account, that his warfare is accomplished; for he has fought the good fight, never turning his back in the day of battle, and now inherits the crown prepared for him. Thy Richard's felt comfortable respecting his peaceful close, and undoubted belief of what I mentioned.

"I concur in desiring a profitable remembrance may be retained;—according to the exhortation, 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright! for the end of that man is peace.' I was sensible of thy father's worth; and profited by his deeply-instructive remarks in an early part of life, whilst unknown to him, and, justly, myself unworthy of his notice. Near thirty years ago our friendship first commenced, the foundation being upon the Rock which is immovable: its permanency hath continued unshaken and unmoved; though I may have experienced from him what many would have called 'the rod,' and perhaps thought, like many, at times, that I did not deserve it: but years of experience have instructed me; and though a little might have been spared me, yet the uprightness of the

intention, and the good derived from other parts, so abundantly made up, that I have numbered that part as one of my blessings; and may say, that his wise counsel hath been as a staff to lean upon, and his example as an exalted star to look upon and endeavour to follow. His many virtues, uprightness in trade liberality—bounded with prudence to the objects and subjects of it, without prodigality—that his enemies could not but admire: and I believe, in these respects, he has not left a fellow."

Sarah, the wife of Thomas Corbyn, was a woman much beloved by her family and friends. She was a source of painful interest to them for many years, from the circumstance of her being a great though patient sufferer from asthma. I must again recur to some Letters of Esther Tuke, which pourtray some of my grandmother's quiet virtues. This friend, in a Letter to her dated the 14th of the 1st month 1781, tells her: "Thou art the daily companion of my thoughts, in near affection and sisterly sympathy, with desires, as for myself, that He who hath been with us hitherto, and drawn out of many waters, may continue to be our support, and strengthen the hands of our arms to do what He requires, in this eve of our lives, when the grasshopper is often a burden—that we may lay down our heads in peace. And this, dear friend, I believe will be thy experience; and the testimony given, as of one formerly:—'Let her alone! she hath done what she could.'"

On hearing of her death, Esther Tuke wrote to Thomas Corbyn, on the 29th of the 1st month 1790:—

"Yesterday I received and esteemed thy affectionate token of remembrance, as an additional favour, by giving me the opportunity of uniting in near sympathy, and shedding the tear drawn from long friendship and affectionate regard, with thee, in the loss of a faithful and valuable companion, and your children a tender and affectionate mother, whose solicitude for their present and future good, I have no doubt, continued to what may be called the final period; and whose prayers on their behalf have, I believe, been heard with acceptance. On her account there is no need to mourn; but rather congratulate her, having put off the body so deeply laden with infirmities, under which her spirit hath long travailed, to the mansion prepared for her, where sorrow is not known."

CHAP. IV.

THE marriage of my dear parents took place at the Peel Meeting-House, on the 9th of the 11th month 1790. They resided at Thomas Corbyn's town house, in Bartholomew Close, until the 7th mo. 1792; when they removed into East Street, near Red-Lion Square; and my father relinquished his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, as the house in East Street had convenient ones behind it.

I wish to avoid the appearance of stringing together opinions and panegyrics in endless succession, by quoting the Letters of my parents' friends; but, in the absence of diaries, it will be remembered, that I have no other means of depicting the state of their minds, or recording their growth in grace. In a Letter to my mother, dated 11th mo. 1790, Esther Tuke, speaking of my father, says:—"I wish him to be encouraged; for I believe it may be said to him, as unto Gideon, 'Go in this thy might, thou mighty man of valour!' &c. I believe he will feel an increase of strength in many of his goings-out, particularly with respect to repairing the wall which is broken down, by adhering to the precept of, 'Salute no man by the way; and if any salute you, salute not them again.' We often lose

strength, by entering into conversation of what is going forward, what is to be done, &c."

Those, in whose memories the name of Sarah Phillips yet lives in affectionate recollection, will forgive me, if, in tracing the lineaments of her sweet feminine character, I yield too much to those glowing feelings which the precious name of "mother" seldom fails to call up, fresh and warm, from the heart's deep springs of gratitude and love.

How full of incalculable responsibility is that endearing relationship! How fraught with the highest and holiest opportunities for training up those immortal beings who are committed to her care! For how often does it depend, under Providence, almost entirely on a mother's early training, whether her children prove blessings to society, and heirs of eternal peace; or whether they become mere vegetating beings, consuming time in the vapid monotony of a useless existence in this world, and falling short of the Rest promised to the people of God in the world which is beyond the grave. Who shall define, in either case, how far the blessing or the curse will extend? Who shall trace the still-widening circles which curl upon the surface of the water long after the cause which originated them has disappeared from our observation.

There are probably few who arrive at any distinguished eminence in virtue and piety, who do not trace their earliest impressions of good to maternal instrumentality—to the presiding spirit of prudence,

patience, firmness, and love, which the character of a good mother exhibits; pervading, as with an atmosphere of piety, every movement and action of the family and household!

My mother possessed great firmness and strength of character—diffidence, and feminine sweetness, combined with moral courage. Her mental perceptions were acute, her judgment clear; and she had so much of that truly valuable quality, confidence in her own powers, as enabled her to carry out her purposes to completion. Many decide well; but become timid at the moment of acting; and vacillate, in a manner which renders their good judgment worse than useless. A moderate intellect brought to bear upon the every-day concerns of life, with steadiness of purpose, is more valuable than brilliant perceptions and wise resolves flinched from at the instant of achievement. In this distinction, is it not that the chief difference exists between what are called weak and strong minds? Few, who have not attentively watched the workings of these two striking characteristics of mental power and weakness, can fully appreciate the great importance of training young persons to use every means of strengthening the habit of mental energy and moral perseverance; teaching them to avoid rash and hasty decisions, but sedulously to cultivate the courage which enables them quietly and steadily to fulfil those designs which, after mature deliberation, they have formed. Religion here comes to our aid, with peculiar effect. The

christian leans upon the arm of Omnipotence with firm composure; and acquires a greater dignity of character, and a higher tone of mind, than is attainable by any other means. Thus it is, that we see woman—weak, defenceless woman—frequently face dangers, and surmount difficulties, from which the stronger mind of man, unassisted by such aid, shrinks discouraged. The world calls it heroism: the christian denominates it, the strength of God made perfect in weakness.

Sarah Phillips had a heart which never failed to respond to the calls of poverty and distress: she took peculiar delight in administering to the wants of individual cases: though, from the circumstance of her residing in London, and the very different style of almsgiving in that period, her circle of recipients was not large. It was more congenial to her feelings to extend her charitable succour to the obscure sufferer, than to labour on a large scale, and to approach a public sphere of action; leaving that department to her beloved husband, in the progress and success of whose labours she most cordially rejoiced. His mind, with masculine vigour, delighted in combinations for effecting his benevolent schemes, and bringing masses to bear upon his dearly-cherished objects of good towards afflicted mankind. She, with true woman's feelings, cared for the small and minor details of human woe, anxious that they should not be overlooked in the comprehensive and undeniably more permanently useful plans of him whose heart beat so truly in unison with her own.

My father bore a pleasing testimony to her, in this respect, in a Letter written to her when he was absent from home, upon a journey for religious purposes: it is dated 29th of the 7 mo. 1794. He tells her, that he approves of her benevolent intention toward the poor sufferers by the late destructive fire, and wishes his Sarah would mention her thoughts as to the sum; adding, "It is a pleasure to have to contribute for the relief of the afflicted, wherein my Sarah may be said not to be wanting."

The only Charitable Society which I know of my mother being the means of establishing, was one for the relief of poor women in their confinements. This was at Tunbridge Wells, in 1816. As I have already hinted, her habits, and the true feminine retiredness of disposition which more particularly distinguished women of the olden time, would never have permitted her to take the steps necessary for its establishment, by calling upon ladies who were personally unknown to her, even if her strength had not been wholly inadequate to the task. My father, therefore, took an active part in stirring up the benevolent women of the place to unite in the formation of the charity; and his proceedings amongst them afforded one of those characteristic exhibitions of his happy temper, which, rejoicing in his labours of love, threw a sunny glow on his path, and gladdened all around him. Charitable Societies were then far less numerous than at the present day; and models for their organization were

not so easy of access, while my father excelled in framing rules for the management of them. He accordingly met the Ladies' Committee, to assist them in organizing their little Society. The morning was a cold one; and he sat amongst them, wrapped in one of the ladies' shawls; instructing them with all that sportive good-humour by which he studied to conciliate those whom he was striving to lead forward in his benevolent projects.

The Society was formed; and has continued to flourish ever since. The head who planned it, the kindred hands who reared it, have mouldered into dust: but the spirits who threw their energies into the task have surely joined those who are gone to render an account of the fulfilment of the work given them to do; and, as they behold fresh instances of comfort arising from their labours here, they will raise new songs of praise to Him, by whom they were honoured to become the instruments of mercy and good-will to man!

The talents for domestic management which my honoured mother possessed were solid. Without the affectation of good housewifery, which wastes as much energy in fruitless bustle as in actual execution, she yet maintained a thorough pervading superintendence and well-defined authority: and now, after the lapse of twenty-one years, I believe that a day seldom passes over my head without its minor events calling up a sense of the wisdom of her plans, by the sweet recol-

lection of the quiet household comfort produced by the unwearied steadiness of her domestic government.

The delicate health of my mother—chiefly caused, I believe, by long-protracted and arduous filial duties, pressing upon a constitution naturally far from strong —rendered her unable to bear the close air of London; and she required frequent removal from its atmosphere, to more congenial situations.

Few persons were more capable of appreciating the pleasures of rural scenes—the sights and sounds of village localities—the refreshing shade and the sweet melodies which belong to the joyous woods—and the repose which steals upon the exhausted spirit, from the contemplation of beautiful scenery. The perfect harmony of form and tint, which pervades an extensive prospect, produces an elevating yet quieting effect, which must be felt to be understood. It comes on the soul of those who are formed with the capability of comprehending its charms, like soft and distant music, which

"Attunes the wondering soul to praise." [1]

Thus my father also felt such scenes, as, with the settled bent of his soul, he looked, through the contemplation of nature, "up to nature's God": not using them as nurses to morbid sensibilities, but as objects of enjoyment, sources of refreshment, in passing from one field of active labour to another. He thus felt the

(1) Ps. lxxiv. 16, 17. Williams. — See P. Gurney's Selection of Hymns, p. 143.

lines of his favourite poet, Cowper, sweetly fitted for the expression of his feelings; and he sometimes repeated the little poem 'On Retirement,' particularly the second, third, and fourth verses, in reference to such subjects; though the two last verses were also strikingly in accordance with the bias of his spirit:—

"Far from the world, O LORD, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war!

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem, by Thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow Thee.

"There, if Thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

"There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

"Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My SAVIOUR, thou art mine!

"What thanks I owe Thee, and what love—
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more!" [2]

([2]) See P. Gurney's Selection of Hymns, p. 248.

The summer excursions of my parents presented ample fields of labour in a variety of ways—Ministerial and philanthropic, in public and private; of which my father availed himself with an energy which was not bounded by prudence, but only by actual incapability of further exertion. I think it very probable that they were guided, in their choice of destination and time, in no small degree, by that reverential watchfulness of the leadings and openings of Providence which marks the steps of all spiritually-minded persons. I can faintly remember too, in my childhood, some trials of patience which my precious mother and I had to endure—some delays, and unpackings, and disarrangements of domestic plans—which originated with my dear father, and which I have now little doubt arose from the cause I have mentioned.

From his being thus led about his great Master's business in what may appear an informal manner, I conceive it happened that he so seldom travelled professedly in the work of the Ministry, either in company with others or with a certificate[3] himself: in fact, I find no trace of the latter having occurred more than once, though occasionally he and my mother accompanied those who went on such religious journeys. The first notice which I have discovered of such a movement on the part of my father, after the one

([3]) A document given to the Minister by the Monthly Meeting to which he belongs, testifying its unity with him, and its approval of the objects proposed by his (or her) religious engagement.

which I have recorded, with its memorable incident, at p. 39, is in a Letter from Elizabeth Tuke, dated Sheffield, 13th of the 4th month 1791, and addressed to my mother. She says: "I was glad to hear of dear Richard's getting out; hoping it will prove useful to body and mind. I know thee too well to believe such a separation could by any thing be made pleasant, or even easy, but the apprehension of each being in your respective allotments; and here, my dear friend, wilt thou often feel hard things made easy, and bitter cups made sweeter."

The time when he requested and obtained a certificate is thus mentioned on the books of the Westminster Monthly Meeting:—

"12th of 4th month 1792—Richard Phillips having laid before this Meeting a concern he hath to accompany our dear friends Deborah Darby and Rebecca Young on a visit they have a prospect of paying to the families[4] in Ratcliffe Monthly Meeting; which having been solidly considered, we feel unity therewith, and leave him at liberty to propose the matter to the said Meeting."

"31st of 5th month 1792—Richard Phillips informs this Meeting, that having received the concurrence of

(4) In these visits, the Ministers call on every family of those professing with the Society of Friends; either sitting with them in silence, or addressing them according to the impression on the mind of the speaker, of his (or her) duty towards them, or offering up supplication for them.

Ratcliffe Monthly Meeting, he joined the Friends, as proposed, in the family visit, and had peace in the service."

A Letter from Elizabeth Tuke, dated York, 19th of the 6th month 1792—and one from Elizabeth Hoyland, at Doncaster, of the same date—allude to his having, with my mother, "taken a little turn out" with Esther Tuke, E. Hoyland, and John Abbott. I think they accompanied them a little way on their journey northwards. That the health of both was delicate, is noticed in one Letter; and the disposition to use more exertion than their strength was able to bear, produced some kind words of caution from Esther Tuke to my dear mother. She says: "I was glad to hear thy Richard and thyself took a little turn out with them; as I hope thy health will be bettered by it, and thy husband's also: for I do think you had need take especial care of each other, and of yourselves; then you may rub along pretty comfortably, in the main; which any how, I do hope, will be your experience, notwithstanding bonds and afflictions must be expected to await you. But I want that R. P. of ours to do justice to his constitution: what then succeeds, under divine controul, may be blessings to us, if we are not found destroying ourselves."

Elizabeth Hoyland remarks:—"I hope you would not have cause to repent leaving your comfortable habitation: and though your company was truly pleasant to

us, yet the evidence of our separation being at the right time, and so under that precious influence that is not under our command, left such a sweet savour, as comparatively made our parting easy."

In the spring of 1794, William Crotch and Henry Tuke were engaged in paying a religious visit in London, in which my parents appear to have accompanied them; but I cannot trace many particulars of their proceedings. Elizabeth Tuke writes, on the 4th of the 2d month 1794: "You would perhaps hear that my brother Henry is out, with the leave of his friends[5], to visit the great cities of Norwich, London, and Bristol. W. Crotch and he have now nearly got through the families at Norwich, with Mary Alexander: —whither, from thence, we know not." Esther Tuke remarks, in a Letter dated 21st of 4th month 1794: "As to our H. T., he seems to belong more to you than to us, at present:" and, after alluding to William Crotch, adds: "It was no small gratification to find you devoted so much time to accompany them. H. T. says it tended to sweeten many of their bitter cups; — that no one helps W. C. like thy R. P., whose cheerful conversation often turns back his glooms. H. T. also comforts me in saying, that they were greatly helped by thy R. P.'s exercising his excellent gift. You know, the offering of what may be called 'adulation' is loathsome to purified minds, and

(5) Out with a certificate.

beneath fellow-labourers to offer; but, to the diffident and Thomases, any thing that tendeth to discourage unbelief, when it arises, ought not to be withheld."

My parents also appear to have travelled a little with Elizabeth Drinker and Sarah Rudd, in the summer of 1794. About the 19th or 20th of the 7th month, 1794, my father left London, in company with Ann Tuke (afterwards the wife of William Alexander), and Margaret Hoyland, from Ireland, on a religious visit in parts of Surrey, Hampshire, Wiltshire, and in Bristol; holding Public Meetings, attending Friends' regular Meetings, and visiting a very few families. It was a long and trying time; and they travelled over much space, without going very far from home. By the 4th of the 8th month, my father remarks, they had gone 200 miles, though they were only thirty miles distant from home; and he added thirty-one to that, by giving thorough notices of the Public Meetings. The two female friends found him a truly useful care-taker, and, as they said, an indispensable assistant to them, in making arrangements for their Meetings.

Margaret Hoyland says, in a few lines which she addressed to my mother, in the same sheet with one of my father's Letters to her; dated Dorking, 27th of 7th month 1794:—

"It is kind of thee to give up thy R. P. so freely to us: his company is very pleasant; and his spirit and labours seem cordially to harmonize with our

A. T.'s movements; and, in accomplishing her prospects, his assistance appears quite necessary, as we have been circumstanced. I hope he does not suffer in his health by this excursion; and his spirits seem frequently less oppressed than when we left thee; though it is evident his sensibility and line of service subject him to a considerable proportion of exercise."

Ann Tuke tells my mother, at the end of a Letter dated 29th of 7th mo. 1794, that "thy R. P.'s company has not only been pleasant, but often appeared indispensably needful, in the singular path which at times seems cast up for thy affectionate and obliged friend, A. T."

A few extracts from the Letters which my father wrote to my mother, whilst absent from her on this journey, will be interesting; as exhibiting something of his inward path at that period, and his affectionate solicitude for the woman whom he felt to be so precious a companion to him. They are written amidst changing scenes and much occupation, and are therefore not well calculated, perhaps, to meet the public eye: but, as I possess so few of his Letters, excepting some written for particular purposes, much nearer the end of his life, it seems wrong to withhold the insight which such documents afford of his views and feelings; and I trust I do not thus misuse the almost sacred deposit which Letters so written become, when both parties have

entered into that state where no anxious cares mingle with the interchange of every virtuous and hallowed feeling of friendship and love.

"Carshalton, 21st of 7th mo. 1794.

"My much-beloved Sarah's indisposition has occupied the thoughts and desires of her Richard. How could it do otherwise, when his chief earthly treasure is there centered? — — I am better;—my mind is more calm and settled this morning, but lower than I recollect it to have been for some time past. — — From Esher I hope to write—and hear, from my very dear Sarah[6], a true account of her health. — — In this, remember thy Richard, who, with a feeling of very near affection, concludes,

"Her solicitous Husband,

"Richard Phillips."

"Carshalton, 23d of 7 mo. 1794.

—— "Ann felt it best to have a Meeting at the village of Carshalton; which was held at a barn, at seven. The inhabitants seemed pleased—the Meeting satisfactory. Pressed upon, partly by discouragement —and want of faith, which of late seems to have been nearly gone — at the Meeting at Mitcham I did not give up[7]. This Meeting was thought to conclude

([6]) My father generally put only the initial letter of my mother's name. I have supplied the deficiency in this case, and that of some others; as, of course, they were intended to be read out at length.

([7]) Doubtless to an impression of duty, to express something.

unfinished; and R. P. came away burthened. Taught by this deserved suffering, yesterday I acted differently; and had different feelings in returning here. &c."

"Carshalton, 25th of 7th mo. 1794.

—— "Our last Meeting, on 4th day, at Merton, was quite satisfactory. In conduct and assistance, Friends have shewn their kindness in this new track[8], which, I should not be surprised, [will be] more followed than heretofore; the minds of the people appearing as if in some degree prepared, and perhaps preparing, for attention to, and probably reception of, Gospel truths. I am inclined to suspect that doubts (though perhaps in a small degree) seem to prevail amongst them, as to their religious pursuits;—frequently the forerunner of 'What shall I do to be saved?' "

"Dorking, 27th of 7th mo. 1794.

—— "Yesterday there was a Meeting of the Friends at Esher: and in the evening, at a barn at Cobham, was held a Public Meeting, pretty fully attended. This morning we were at the Meeting here. Lamentably low is the situation of the Society here—Where is it otherwise? However, there still remain mourners, on account of the captivity of Zion. These, if they continue faithful, shall in no wise lose their reward. To

(8) Alluding, I suppose, to Public Meetings;—as Friends call those which are held with the wish of meeting with persons who are not members of our religious persuasion.

me, it is subject for joy, that, in firm belief, I can class my much-beloved Sarah amongst the number, who, I have firm confidence, will become His, in the day when he makes up His jewels. — — A Meeting is appointed at Leatherhead, at seven; and notice given, pretty generally, to the inhabitants; of whom but few are expected, on account of the weather proving wet. If the right one, or ones, be found amongst the few, it is enough."

"Capel, 29th of 7th mo. 1794.

"First-day Evening.—The Public Meeting at Leatherhead was attended much beyond expectation. The barn was crowded, in the part selected for the Meeting. —My dear love to Sister E. Lloyd[9]. The addition of a girl has, I expect, been more acceptable than if a boy[10]: being the act of Providence, it must be best. I wish this, and all His dispensations respecting us, may, by our increasing humility and submission to His requiring, become additional blessings, and work uninterruptedly for our good. In degree, I know herein my own deficiency; and lament, without making much, if any, progress in the school of real wisdom; although my dearest Sarah has frequently afforded me an encouraging example."

(9) The eldest daughter of Thomas and Sarah Corbyn, and wife of John Lloyd; both now deceased.

(10) On account of there being already many sons in her family.

"Godalming, 1st of 8th mo. 1794.

"As usual, my beloved Sarah's Letter was truly acceptable, having desired much to hear from her. It was not for want of real regard to our beloved friend E. Drinker [11], I omitted requesting my dear love might be given her, in her afflicted situation; which, it seems likely, is now near terminating in endless bliss; — a happy portion! How different from those who, tossed as on the tempestuous billows of uncertainty, know not but that their various exercises and afflictions may fail to land them in the desired haven of rest! I hope, from what I have mentioned, my beloved Sarah will not reap any discouragement; being convinced that encouragement is her proper bread. Do give my love to E. D., accompanied with every desire that may promote her best interest. I am pleased my Sarah went to Plaistow; and that watchfulness and patience were exercised by her; which, when fully possessed, will, I have no doubt, preserve both the strong and weak, through every exercise and probation, with safety and satisfaction: of these virtues, thy R. P. stands in need of a large addition: may faithfulness secure them! — — E. Drinker has been much the subject of our thoughts and solicitous desires, for her consoling support to the haven of perpetual, unalloyed rest. I know not one I feel greater love for, than this afflicted disciple. I have been, in degree, united to her. Happy for me if it be continued and

([11]) An eminent Minister; one whose last moments my dear mother watched with tender care and affectionate attention.

increased !—a prospect which present unworthiness forbids me to entertain."

"Guildford, 4th of 8th mo. 1794.

"I can truly say it has been cause of joy to me, in a very low spot, that I was favoured to feel for my dearly-beloved Sarah, when her mind was exercised respecting the ——: and although, at the time, I was ignorantly inclined to fear, not knowing the cause, that something bodily might ail my Sarah—and therefore was anxious to hear from, and at times to see her—yet the information, that it was feeling with her in her warfare, has repaid for those fears and anxieties to which the mind of thy, at times, conflicted R. P. seems too prone. Thus to feel for and with each other points to an union which I wish ever to continue." [12]

"Godalming, 7th of 8th mo. 1794.

"John Elliott mentioned dear E. Drinker being still continued. I hope my Sarah has endeavoured to see, and at times be with her. If sensible, do give her my dear love. Though to part with real disciples is painful, when the Church seems to stand so much in need of them, yet how grateful to them must be the prospect of a joyful release from all labours, sorrow, and uncertainty, and a gaining of rest, joy, and an endless certainty of unmixed bliss!

([12]) This is a hint of my precious father's belief, which he, in common with many devout persons, entertained on the subject of the communion of spirits.

"I can truly say, my much-beloved Sarah, that this journey, to me, in various respects, has been trying and laborious: to wading seasons, and low times, I have been no stranger: when strength and faith seem to be at the lowest ebb, poor I, truly, am not, at times, void of a fear I shall fall short of holding out, even in small things—much more in the work which may be allotted—during the abode in this mutable state. However, there does exist a High Priest, touched with, and who, I trust, compassionates, the infirmities even of the most infirm and feeble of the flock; not extreme to mark what may be done amiss, but willing to forgive, and cherish the feeblest spark of life. How happy that such an one we have to deal with! Had it been otherwise, what now must have been my portion!"

"Basingstoke, 13th of 8th mo. 1794.

"I cannot lament the release of our beloved friend[13]; her removal, no doubt, being from labour and pain, to rest and unceasing felicity. These are the truly happy! I wish we may, by their example, be encouraged, with depending patience, to run the race (though apparently at times wearisome) set before us; that with them we may receive the penny; and experience our end to be unalloyed peace, gathered unto the righteous of all generations. I doubt not of my dear Sarah being properly gratified in her attention to the dying saint; and I hope her health is not impaired thereby. Before and since our friend's removal, I have several times thought

(13) Elizabeth Drinker.

of her last appearance[14] at Westminster Meeting. 'Precious, very precious, in the eyes of the Lord is the death of His saints!'[15]—an experience now realized to her, who, in example, calls, to 'mark the upright man, and behold the perfect; for the end of that man is peace.'

"I heard lately of a Letter being received from D. Darby[16]; dated, I believe, at Blackwater, Virginia, near the end of the 5th month. They seemed to be well in health. She had been six months, before the last Letters were received, without hearing from her relations:—went, in a waggon drawn by four horses, to visit a distant colony of Friends beyond the Blue Mountains, who had only, before, been visited by a Committee:—seemed satisfied with this journey of 600 miles:—had lain a night in the woods, occasioned by the swelling of a rivulet. But perhaps my Sarah has heard this, and more?"

On the occasion of Deborah Darby's death, the regret of her surviving friends was so feelingly expressed at the Yearly Meeting, and a tone of so saddening a nature pervaded the assembly, that my father rose, and, in his own beautiful manner, repeated the following lines of a Hymn, written on the Death of a Minister, by the pious Cowper. The effect was very remarkable; rousing the Meeting from its undue depression, and producing a sweet and tranquil feeling,

(14) Preaching.

(15) The expression she used; referring, without doubt, to Psalm cxvi. 15.

(16) A very eminent Minister among the Friends.

which the lapse of many years has not been able to efface from the memory of some who were then cotemporary with my beloved father:—

What! when a Paul has run his race,
Or when Apollos dies,
Is Israel left without resource,
And have we no supplies?

Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store,
And shall be fed with what HE gives,
Who lives for evermore.[17]

"Bristol, 31st of 8th mo. 1794.

"The resignation, which my dear helpmate in her last and a former Letter manifests, affects, instructs, and comforts me: indeed, the desire which she expressed for my possessing our beloved Master's peace, on my return, is a cordial to my drooping spirits. I could wish that the expectation held out in my last was likely to be realized, so as not to render my writing to my dearly-beloved Sarah, by this post, necessary: but as now I have no expectation of returning sooner than after third-day Meeting, it would be far from returning the affection due to my own Sarah, to omit sending, per return, this information; which how to reduce to a certainty, I know not, at present; although, at this morning's Meeting, it looked likely. Should that be the case, I doubt not it will be received with thankfulness. About two weeks, or more, shall I then have

([17]) Olney Hymns, New Edition, 1825. p. 237. I am indebted to my dear friend Elizabeth Dudley for this little anecdote.

to spend with my best-beloved Sarah, before the Welsh journey [18]. Before I quitted my Sarah, I thought my love could not be increased; but, since, I have felt her so near, sweetly so, that I have felt thankful to Him from whom I believed it did and does proceed;—and I believe my own Sarah has, and will, feel His peace, perhaps for her present sacrifice."

"Bristol, 5th of 9th mo. 1794.

"Although I wrote yesterday to my best-beloved Sarah, yet, considering if I omitted writing by this post my Sarah would not hear from me before second-day's post, I did not like to omit sending her a few lines, containing probably very little. My health is as well as usual; my mind, as might have been expected in this city, much exercised in silent suffering: thus I passed the Meeting last evening, and for near an hour and a half previous thereto; and such, in degree, is my present situation. Trying this is to patience; but the nearer we approach to the abode of the Seed, the more, I believe, will be our suffering;—and may we patiently bear up under it!—for, doubtless, those who patiently suffer with it shall reign with it,—transiently, at times, here; and, permanently, hereafter.

"Desirous of escaping from hence on third day, I called at the inn from whence a coach goes, and

([18]) A journey which several Members of a Committee, appointed by the Yearly Meeting, were going to make, in order to visit some smaller Meetings, &c. His cousin, Joseph Gurney Bevan, was one of this Committee.

proceeded so far as to have my name put down as a passenger, but which it seemed best immediately to withdraw. — — I feel indebted to my brother-in-law, J. C.[19] for his kind attention to a truly-deserving sister. My love to him."

"Bristol, 4th of 9th mo. 1794.

"Without expecting to send this Letter to my dearly-beloved Sarah by to-day's post, I intend employing a little of my time in thus communicating with my Sarah; who, from my Letter of yesterday, may see the state of uncertainty I dwell in; seemingly more trying to me on my Sarah's account than on any other, at times having more to feel on hers than on my own account. It is not only trying, but cause of surprise, that such a little insignificant one should be thus detained, under some suffering, in this city. Perhaps it may be for the purpose of giving me a fresh lesson of patience, of which I certainly stand in need. I have sat four Meetings, and, except a weak offering in the second, have been silent; though at times alive, and much oppressed in feelings. But from this oppression some encouragement may be derived; for such is the state of society, that to dwell with the blessed Seed is to dwell in prison and in suffering; but it shall enjoy its own in the end, when patience has had its perfect work.

"Yesterday, W.[20] and myself attended the funeral,

(19) John Corbyn, of Walthamstow, Essex, the youngest child and only son of Thomas and Sarah Corbyn

(20) William Crotch.

at Clareham, of a middle-aged woman, who has left a husband and four children. For no small time of the Meeting, my sitting felt to be in darkness, poverty, and indifferency; which, concluding to be, in no small degree, my own state, produced sorrow and discouragement; until, by the communication of W. and the further progress of feeling, I was led to believe it might relate to others also, which it seemed best to mention: but, discouraged by the low estate of things, and great weakness, I concluded prematurely; which being seen by W., and my feeling being strengthened, a renewal was attempted at the grave; where, amidst much weakness, some real strength was manifested—of late, an unusual circumstance. On our return, we dined at a friend's; where, amidst very moderate circumstances, content and a good portion of innocence seemed to be possessed:—had a short, encouraging opportunity. From thence, two or three miles nearer Bristol, William inclined to call on a Widow Nash, and an afflicted daughter:—and here I could have desired for my beloved Sarah to have partaken of the feelings which the enviable state of this dear child seemed to afford. She is about thirteen, much afflicted: first, I believe, by fits, which, for the present, have ceased: she is much emaciated, has lost the use of her legs, and, in a considerable degree, of her hands;—is generally in a reclining posture. Her appetite now seems to fail; and I believe she is seldom without pain: and her happy conclusion, as to time, does not appear to be remote. Thus tryingly is she afflicted: but how

wonderfully efficacious do they [her sufferings] appear to have been!—so purified, and sanctified, as if nothing remained, but to wait, with girded loins and a well-trimmed lamp, for the Bridegroom's call. I never felt the like respecting any one;—neither William, except one, a little boy. Her refined, innocent spirit it was consoling to weary travellers to feel; being, methought, one of those little-ones of whom is the Kingdom of Heaven, and whose angels are said to behold the face of their Heavenly Father. In patience and resignation, thus young, she affords a bright example.—During a short sitting, on her account, a rejoicing in humility was experienced.

"In suffering, I do not wish for my Sarah to be a partaker; but when consolation in a small degree is felt, then I wish not to eat my bread alone, but with my dearly-beloved Sarah to share. This produced the desire (wherein W. joined) for my Sarah to feel this little angel's spirit; rejoicing, I believe, while clothed with mortality and its infirmities.

* * * *

"I have just received my Sarah's Letter. I need not say it was truly satisfactory to an exercised mind, but not so much distressed as has been the case. I have no doubt that the acuteness of my much-beloved Sarah is less. I rejoice it is what I have been repeatedly desirous might be experienced. With me, there exists not a doubt but that it proceeds from acceptable resignation."

I must now give some Extracts from Letters written to my mother, on the journey into Wales with the Committee, alluded to at p. 85.

"Worcester, 21st of 7th mo. 1794.

"I wish any thing my Sarah may believe conducive thereto [to her comfort], she may not withhold, as to procuring a companion in her solitary habitation, or otherwise: though, while writing, I do without doubt renewedly believe she has the best companion—Him, who cares for, and who will sustain, the tried and afflicted; though at times, as with an invisible arm, hiding Himself, to try our faith; but in due season manifesting Himself: — — for He will, in His own time, console the afflicted, and never forsake them. My mind at present is pretty quiet; not so conflicted as for a length of time it has been. A comfortable addition thereto, would be the information, that such is the case with my beloved Sarah. — — My health and strength continue better than I could expect. This morning's Meeting was exercising, and some relief obtained. We want more weaning from man and instruments, that more dependence might be placed on the pure Spring, and greater watchfulness for its arising; which, if properly attended to, would never be unfruitful or unprofitable."

"Haverfordwest, 28th of 9th mo. 1794.

"Last fifth day, I wrote to my dearest Sarah from Llandovery, expecting it would be received yesterday.

That day, instead of going forward, as expected, to Llandilo, we went no farther than about six miles—to Job Thomas's. — — About eight the next morning, after breakfast and a short opportunity, we set forward; —arrived at Carmarthen, twenty-one miles (having baited our horses), about three; where, by desire of T. Colley, a Public Meeting was held that evening, which was crowded. He stood[21] for a considerable time; and was followed by a friend in Welsh; when the Meeting concluded. Yesterday we continued our journey; and arrived here about five. — — — Hitherto my path has been, in degree, exercised; and low—at times almost discouragingly so;—it may be, and seems most likely, more on my own account than that of the Society; which, indeed, is very low! There doubtless is One who can work by few as by many; but if there is not a permitting Him to rule in them, how can He work by them?

"On sixth day, I called at the post-office at Llandilo; and received my beloved Sarah's Letter of the 23d, which was acceptable. Her R. P. wished to hear from her; on whom he often thinks, in low moments, when every thing here seems to fail in affording scarce any consolation. But for me, it may be—probably is—good to be brought and dwell thus low, and in silence to pass away exercised time. If preservation be my lot, I should be thankful. As to my Sarah, I do not believe she is conscious altogether

(21) Preached.

of her state. I cannot but think, at times, it is acceptable—perhaps mostly so to our benevolent, sustaining Master, and at times Leader into baptisms and deaths, that His gracious work may go forward, and His glorious design [be] accomplished. Oh, may patience be handed to us, accepted, and do its blessed work! for in this day we need much of patience (when was it otherwise?): for although, in this cold, lukewarm age, summer may appear before it comes, and the fruits of autumn still linger, yet those who are blessed to wait shall reap in due time their sweet reward: for yet, comparatively a little while, He that will come, shall come, and will not tarry; bringing, in undiminished bounty, His perfect, unmerited reward with Him. Then the blind shall see, and the dumb sing, for unutterable joy; when they receive the reward in degree, even while here, of their labours, and behold the tendency and end of their faith. Doubtless, not small will be the consolation of the afflicted blind, when given to see the cause and object of their repeated baptisms into the cloud, the sea, and death. In these I wish—though, as to myself, scarce know how to expect—we may remain patiently the allotted time, in that which will give us the victory—make more than conquerors! Then,

> " 'The dumb shall sing; the lame his crutch forego,
> And leap, exulting, like the bounding roe.'[22]

([22]) Pope's Messiah. My dear father frequently repeated these lines, in his melodious and sweetly-modulated voice.

"As to my beloved Sarah, I have no doubt of good things being in store for her, whether she believes it or not: in time they shall be in degree revealed, and the object of her exercises and baptisms savingly disclosed.—More and more, my beloved Sarah, seek to wait for this! Avoid unprofitable discouragement; and applying that to thyself—which may not belong, but only as partaking of the afflictions of the body—and great will be thy reward. But I must conclude, time pressing,

"My own Sarah's affectionate Husband,

"RICHARD PHILLIPS."

"Haverfordwest, 1st of 10th mo. 1794.

"Not being certain of writing to-morrow to my own beloved Sarah, so as to forward it by the post, it seems most agreeable to write this evening, that my Sarah may be informed when we expect being at Swansea; which now seems likely to be next seventh day: to which purpose I have just written to my mother; or Esther[23], in her absence.

"On second day, we attended the Quarterly Meeting here. — — Yesterday, we went down to a Meeting appointed with the Friends from Nova Scotia, living near Milford, in the morning; and in the evening, had a Public Meeting at Milford.

"J. G. B. and self seem, in feeling, in many respects,

([23]) His sister, the little "Hetty" mentioned at page 4.

to have been united; for I trust it is not altogether our own, if in any degree. — —

"My best beloved's affectionate Husband,

"RICHARD PHILLIPS."

"Swansea, 5th of 10th mo. 1794.

"The desired Letter from my beloved Sarah I received on my arrival here, last evening. Had it contained a more favourable account of my dearest Sarah's health and spirits, it would have proved more acceptable.

* * * * *

"Cousin J. G. B. and self lodged at my mother's; who I found not so well as I expected, although better than a short time since. — — My mind is less exercised than it has been. Hitherto, this journey, to my cousin J. G. B., has been in no small degree exercising. At times, I have been much cast down and depressed; but there is that can preserve, through all baptisms and dispensations. I wish my Sarah would not so shut the door against all consolation: I cannot think it right. To be sensible of the absence of Good, as to our feelings, (for otherwise I do not believe He is absent, particularly as to my Sarah,) is undoubtedly desirable. To endure patiently this absence is profitable; and in the end will produce a sweet reward. If I say such is my faith, [that] my Sarah will receive, it would be no more than present feelings authorise. But what avails my thus expressing myself, however authorised, to my Sarah, who (I think

improperly) seems resolved to turn a deaf ear to instrumental encouragement? I do wish my Sarah to consider the propriety of thus limiting the way whereby consolation may be appointed to flow.

"I sat yesterday Meetings silent. In the afternoon, not many of the Society attended.

"My mother proposes going, in about two weeks, from home; make a short stay at Bath; and then go to London, and spend her time there at Brompton[24] and East Street. Esther will go with her. Ann[25] is not here: last fourth day two weeks she went to see her acquaintance Jane Powell, near Brecon. I do not expect to see her. She and Esther are tolerable. — — To-morrow morning we intend leaving this place, for Pontypool."

"Neath, 7th of 10th mo. 1794.

"Feeling affection induces me to write this morning to my much-loved Sarah: although I wrote her yesterday from Swansea, which my cousin and self left this morning about six. My exercises there were trying and lasting; but hoping, at times, it might be in union with the ever-blessed Seed, afforded encouragement to seek after patience, with desires it might

(24) The little country residence of his eldest sister, Elizabeth; then the wife of William Bevan, solicitor, of East Street, London; now the widow of the late Edward Kendall, Esq. of Dan-ŷ-parc, Breconshire.

(25) His youngest sister, now the widow of the late Captain John Jones, R.N., of St. Helen's, Swansea.

have its perfect work. Mostly thus exercised, two Meetings on First [day], and the Meeting yesterday morning, were passed in silence. When Friends were concluding this Meeting, it seemed best for me to desire those who generally attended our Meeting might remain, while a few strangers who came to that Meeting withdrew: after a short silence, it then appeared best concisely to disclose my continued suffering, and what appeared the cause of the wide-spreading desolation, which had extended over the vineyard in that part. Very low is the Society in these parts! Few remain; and of these few, no small proportion dwelling too much in that spirit which desolates and lays waste, and prevents taking warning by others' harms. Such views are mournful to feeling minds! although amidst the small weak remains, *that* at times may be felt, which is capable, and would preserve in and through all, if steadily depended upon. Indeed, from hence alone can any help be derived: here there is no lack. But who will savingly believe the report? This the poor servant must leave with Him who knows what is best, and, on His part, never fails. Unto Him, my own beloved Sarah, let us look, and on Him alone depend; who, in the end, will give its own unto the wrestling Seed; causing it to inherit His unfailing promise, the true substantial riches of eternity. To secure this possession, how necessary is patience, to endure the suffering which will not fail to be, at times, the experience of living members, when united and baptized into the state of the Seed; led, as into prison—

baptized, as into death, for the sake of the dead, the lukewarm, and the reprobates! Blessed are they who, through these various christian exercises, endure to the end!—they shall be saved with an everlasting salvation. When such become as the dead, the insensible, and the lukewarm, they shall not be deserted; neither, as they know their trust to be kept entire, shall they experience a want of sufficient strength, nor be confounded to everlasting ages. But how various are the ways by which the grand Enemy seeks to overthrow these baptized servants!—what jeopardy do they frequently stand in, while thus exercised!—at times nearly, if not quite, repining; sometimes almost ready to despair, believing they are deserted by the Source of all good; separated from the fountain of everlasting consolation; believing that indifferency, lukewarmness, desertion, and death, is theirs, solely on their own account; and that for them scarce any proper ground for hope remains, nor scarce any prospect but that of failing to attain to the Master's Rest. And this, I believe, is sometimes the case, when true progress might be known, and gigantic steps made. But from such wily stratagems there is which can preserve from false conclusions, and afford that degree of patience which will be necessary, savingly, to support, through every baptism into the valley of the shadow of death, and into insensibility and death itself; until the work shall be accomplished, and the mysterious design of an all-wise, gracious Providence unfolded to the admiring gratitude of the conflicted, tossed, and, at times, comfortless, dependent.

How do I wish this preservation may be possessed by my own beloved helpmate more and more, equally so as on my own account: indeed, the best interest of my beloved seems nearly united to my own; of which union I wish an increase, through time; and to know no diminution, through eternity! Let us then, my beloved, endeavour earnestly to seek for patience, to preserve through every exercise, dispensation, and trial, which He, who knows what is best for us, may, in mercy, dispense to us!

* * * *

"During this journey, it has seemed best for me to be mostly silent in Meetings. To feel, and keep silence, seems generally my place. To dwell in the depths, though much pressed upon from the situation of the Society, seems most likely to produce safety and profit; —a favour, if experienced!"

"Cardiff, 9th of 10th mo. 1794.

"From Neath, I wrote to my own beloved. On third day, the wet weather prevented, I expect, many attending the Public Meeting held there; though several were present. To me, the Meeting was exercising. I passed it much as usual; except towards the conclusion, when my mind was exercised in a manner that afforded the prospect of a necessity to mention something amongst them: but the Meeting was concluded, so as to leave me rather burthened, and the exercise incomplete. In the evening, J. B. ministered in the family, but it seemed to me as if the time for my

release from that family was not fully come. I therefore, with an exercised mind, kept silence, desirous of not prematurely obtaining relief therefrom. Thus exercised, my rest was not refreshing, as otherwise it might have been. In the morning, I was much humbled by an increase of exercise; but was strengthened immediately after breakfast, in the way of encouragement, to disclose my feelings and exercises, in part, whilst amongst them; and had to depart in a tolerable degree relieved;—a favour to those who depend on the Great Master for ability to labour in his time, and not prematurely fly from suffering! This I wish to become my increasing experience;—as herein is safety, and, in the end, when patience has done its work, no doubt the most satisfactory peace.

"Last evening we arrived here, thirty-six miles from Neath. — — At ten, a Meeting is appointed, with the very few who belong to or attend our Meetings in this place. In the evening, it is proposed to go to Newport.

"The more the state of our Society opens to view in these parts, the more clearly it appears, that the more the living Members dwell with the Royal Seed, the deeper they will have to dwell; and the more intimate the union, the closer fellowship will they have, with suffering. But, through all, it appears help is laid on One that is mighty—yea, Almighty; who, if depended upon, as with an outstretched arm, will support and afford never-failing protection to His little-ones, who, in this Laodicean day, must expect times of suffering, of deep baptisms, of fiery trials, as their fellowship with

the Seed increases; and of purging, that they may become more and more fruitful, to the merited praise of the Great Husbandman."

"Pontypool, 16th of 10th mo. 1794.

"Yesterday I expect my beloved Sarah received my last short Letter from hence. Unexpectedly we have been detained here till this morning; but, I trust, not in idleness. We are now just on the point of setting out for Llanelly, James Lewis's[26]; where a Meeting is appointed with his family, and some of the Harfords, who live about four miles distant from J. L.'s.

"We attended the Monthly Meeting here on second day—very low. On third day, not feeling myself clear of the family (Chambers's) at Newport, J. G. B. and self went there; sat with the man, his wife, daughter, and a niece; and also saw a nephew, a waiter at the inn. Afterwards called in the house of one Richards, who, with his wife, attends Meeting: he was gone to Bristol: saw her and a young servant-girl: dined, and came back here. Saw a young couple here, who attend Meeting; both in some degree promising, but the young woman particularly so;—neither Members. For her I felt much; and, if she keeps her place, [she] will, I expect, become a valuable Member[27].

"Second day, after Meeting, called at ——'s. Saw him: believed it right to speak to him. I know not when I have been so much, so humblingly, affected.

(26) A distant relative of my mother.

(27) This was fully realized.

Although in dress, and address[28], apparently remote from Friends, perhaps he may yet be brought back[29], though by Judgment. I believe the mask exceeds reality.

"Third day, had a Public Meeting;—the seventh I have been at with the Friends, and the first I said any thing in[30]. Thomas [Colley] was instructive. — — In health, I continue well;—spirits, varying. At times, and according to what seems my measure, deeply exercised on ——'s[31] account. I felt, before seeing him, on the road here, a pressing exercise. First-day morning collected the servants, eight or nine, the man and his wife, and two or three accidental comers. Being detained longer than usual, made us late at Meeting at Shire Newton, where it was thought best to go. After dinner, set out for this place;—appointed to call on a sister of Ann Giles, whom I seemed to have some desire of seeing. Just on leaving Shire Newton, my mind was so overcome with love for the people, that it laid me low, and caused much exercise on the way to A. G.'s sister, about five miles on the road to this place. I kept it to myself; drank tea with her; attempted to disclose my feelings as to her; and then believed it best to intimate to J. G. B. what had affected me much. He

([28]) Alluding to the absence of the peculiarities of the Friends in manners and speech.

([29]) I have a strong impression on my memory that this person fell into habits of deplorable intemperance.

([30]) Preached.

([31]) The person spoken of above.

behaved truly kind, as a friend in need. It seeming best to me, a Public Meeting was appointed at Shire Newton, the first of the kind I ever attended, as it were, alone in my line, my Sarah will feel for me. Many readily attended. The Meeting was exercising and low, like the communication, though in no small love towards the people."

"Leominster, 19th of 10th mo. 1794.

"I expect my best-beloved Sarah received the Letter I wrote from Pontypool. We arrived at Llanelly, fourteen miles, between ten and eleven, at James Lewis's. Had a Meeting at twelve. Present, two of James Harford's sons;—Richard and his wife, settled at a new iron-works, Nant-y-Glo; and John, who, from seeing at Bristol some time since, I had cause to remember.

"Through labour, I obtained some relief. Remained there that night. — — T. B. and T. C. went forward, over a high mountain, about four miles, to John Williams's, Pen-y-Craig, that night. The following morning (yesterday), we went there to a Meeting;—a very difficult road. After dinner, about three, came forward, over the mountains fourteen miles, to Kington, attended with some difficulty. Came here this morning, to Meeting. At six o'clock, a Public Meeting is appointed. To-morrow it is expected to go to Worcester; where, I expect, we part:—Thomas Colley going for home, and probably Joseph Gurney Bevan and R. P. also for their homes: but I hope to write further to

my own Sarah from Worcester.—For how it has been with me of late, my Sarah may, in a considerable degree, see by my former Letters:—much exercise and depression; with now and then a release, so as to enable to aim at holding on.

"J. G. B.'s conduct has manifested much kindness. Seeing how it is with me, he aids, when he thinks he can; seemingly solicitous to help his weak, and almost fainting, friend. Indeed, he has had his baptisms—humbling ones; wherein, in degree, we seemed, as to some of them, to be united, and helpmates to each other, where mutual help was wanted. In several places, during this journey, my mind has been nearly united to some of the living: at times, I have been enabled to declare it; and found herein, occasionally, more relief than in Meetings. To-morrow evening, I hope to receive a Letter from my own Sarah. I think frequently of her. Even when brought low and exercised, I look towards my Sarah; but when favoured to know a little release, then my Sarah has more room than usual. I dined at a friend's here, with S. and D. Pritchard, both apparently well; and, after dinner, believed it best to speak, rather particularly and encouragingly, to them and some others. I think, then, thus relieved, I thought of my Sarah with true affection, and of writing a short account for this post; remaining my own dear Sarah's truly affectionate husband,

"Richard Phillips."

This is the last Letter of that packet: and I doubt not that my dear father returned home immediately after his arrival at Worcester, where it is most likely he received the distressing intelligence of the almost sudden decease of his beloved eldest sister's husband. I find one Letter from my precious mother in this bundle; but as it is full of family details, some of them relating to affairs of business connected with the melancholy event, I cannot do more than quote the concluding paragraphs. This Letter, if communicable, would demonstrate rather strikingly the kind feelings, yet prudence and good sense, of the writer; especially when read with reference to her position at the time. It is dated, Brompton, 18th of the 10th month 1794: and she ends by remarking, that—

"The contents of thine, just received, occasion much sympathetic feeling." And adds: "It was painful to observe the date of thy Letter; having hoped thou mightest have been nearer London by this time: yet, as no determination was come to respecting North Wales, I still cherish a hope thou mayest come soon.

"Very near affection, which makes me at this time particularly experience thy absence to be a trial, authorises me to subscribe myself, as heretofore, with unabated regard,

"Thy truly affectionate Wife,

"S. PHILLIPS."

My mother, as I have before mentioned, was of a very retiring disposition; which made it really painful to her to be among those with whom she was not intimately acquainted. At such a period, therefore, she must have felt very acutely the absence of her husband; to whose afflicted relatives she was performing all those offices of affection and sympathy which, as his wife, it befitted her to render to them: but as she had not, I believe, been much accustomed to the society of persons who were not of her own peculiar persuasion and habits—and some of these estimable but newly-acquired relatives were hitherto personally unknown to her—they had not learned to love each other, as they subsequently did; and it must altogether have been a truly uncomfortable position for such a woman to be placed in. The general tone of her Letter, does, if considered with reference to these circumstances, place the firmness of her mind and the soundness of her judgment, as well as her gentle affection, in a very favourable light; and goes far to prove how correctly her husband estimated her character, and how "safely his heart might trust in her[32]."

The tone which pervades these Letters of my dear father is indicative of so much exercise of mind, and is altogether so depressed, that I may perhaps be permitted to pause and make a few remarks; which I would hope will place them in their true light, and prevent

([32]) Prov. xxxi. 11.

the discouragement which they might cause to those who have not yet known that

> "The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
> Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

And experienced, that that "land," or rather that state, is to be found brightly pictured out even here:—

> "All joy to the believer, he can speak;
> Trembling, yet happy; confident, yet meek."

It has been well said, by a pious and highly-gifted writer, that "Christianity is a religion of motives[33];" and, in this point of view, the confidential and familiar Letters of a spiritually-minded person are most valuable to us, because they reveal the secret springs of his actions: but they develop the sources of the virtues which adorn his character, rather than those virtues themselves.

Correspondence with a dear and intimate friend is often a kind of written meditation; and, in minds of considerable spiritual and moral excellence, the more solid qualities, particularly in the early part of their christian life, frequently lie deep in the recesses of the heart. Communications of the nature I have spoken of, reveal their existence and power; and shew us, that, like the abounding waters of a noble river, though

([33]) See "Life of Dr. Claudius Buchanan," p. 124; and a beautiful paper on the subject, by J. J. Gurney, in "The Amethyst for 1833," p. 145.

sometimes superficially ruffled, and their course even reversed by passing tempests, they yet maintain a strong under-current, pursuing, with undeviating purpose, its onward way.

In such Letters are disclosed to us the working of grace in the inmost soul; and its never-failing concomitant, sore conflict with innate corruption: so that sometimes we learn, from these data, rather at how high a standard of excellence the individual aims, than what he really is;—what are the powers of his mind, rather than his actual attainments. The one may be truly good; the other, great and varied: but to what extent they have been carried out into his real character, remains to be told by his actions.

Many traits, both estimable and the reverse, will not be discovered by perusing those productions of the pen; though doubtless, where the thoughts and intents of the heart are decidedly governed by the best of all guides, we may safely conclude that the fruits are, and will be, more and more apparent to his fellow-men. A mind by which the beautiful gem of humility is possessed—and minds of the highest order, whether in religion or talent, are most likely to possess it—resembles a person carrying a dark lantern: he makes his light shine brightly on all around him, while he is himself cast into that shadow in which he feels it to be his great privilege to abide: indeed, he is very often unconscious of the utility and brilliancy of the lustre

which marks his path in the sight of others. Thus does he make his light shine before men, so that they may glorify his Father which is in heaven.

It is deeply instructive to trace the operations of Divine Grace in forming a christian character, when we have an opportunity of seeing its gradual progress. It has been observed, in marking the course of many true Christians, that there is a state in which the believer is led to take remarkable heed to his steps; so earnest a watching of them, that we are inclined to fear he is in danger of being betrayed into a vain dependence on the merits of his own works for acceptance, rather than regarding them as fruits by which his faith is shewn—as labours which grateful love deems but too cold and small a service to render to his Heavenly Father—to Him, who, with His ever-blessed Son, has indeed given us all things. But, sometimes by degrees, and often even at the close of life, increased light breaks in upon the mind; and he gives full evidence of the real ground of his hope, earnestly disclaiming all reliance upon his own righteousness, and, as a title to salvation, utterly renouncing it. He then, with childlike simplicity, rests upon the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, as the sole ground of his hope; and, with his home just in view, is prepared to approach it with no other plea for admission.

But the Christian looks for sanctification, as well as justification: and it would appear, that this close walk,

this narrow path, in which the attention of the soul is so intently fixed upon the guidance of the Holy Spirit, is one way in which it is experienced: for without holiness no man shall see the Lord[34]. Nor could we, if admitted to the blessed "Society of Jesus," in "the heavenly Jerusalem[35]," bear its holy atmosphere; much less find it to be pure, unalloyed happiness, unless we were sanctified—made "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light[36]."

In all states, let us endeavour to come boldly to the Throne of Grace; remembering, that we have an High Priest, who can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities[37]—a Mediator between God and man[38]—an Advocate with the Father[39], who ever liveth to make intercession for us[40]; whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us: for, "saith the Lord, I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them; and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more[41]." And let us take heed that we fall not out by the way, with our fellow-pilgrims; and that, while we earnestly strive to hold fast the whole counsel of God, we forbear one another in love; and judge not those, who, either from the bias of their natural temperaments, or from being in different states of their

(34) Heb. xii. 14.
(35) Heb. xii. 22.
(36) Col. i. 12.
(37) Heb. iv. 15, 16.
(38) 1 Tim. ii. 5.
(39) 1 John ii. 1.
(40) Heb. vii. 25.
(41) Heb. x. 15, 16, 17.

christian life, appear to dwell more exclusively than we think desirable on one or other of the great doctrines of the Gospel plan.

If we are faithful to our different degrees of light, we shall be helpful to those who are still less advanced than ourselves; thus keeping up a constant succession; "ever rising with the rising mind."

Of one thing we may rest assured: The more we cultivate the blessed habit of looking to Jesus—of spreading our sins and sorrows before the Mercy-seat to which he has purchased our access—the easier will be our path. It is at once our duty and our privilege to lay at His feet our errors and our cares; to carry out, in every possible form, the beautiful similitude of a gentle confiding flock, following, with the simplicity of perfect love which casteth out fear [42], the Good and long-tried Shepherd. Let us not shrink from His hand, who probes our wounds but to cure them. We shall assuredly find, that godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation, not to be repented of [43]: it is a sorrow that leaves no sting behind: it makes the heart better. And though the Christian's conflicts are hard to bear, yet, as they drive us to the "strong-hold," [44] they eventually bring us out into green pastures; and beside the still waters [45], where our leaf shall not

([42]) 1 John iv. 18.
([43]) 2 Cor. vii. 10
([44]) Zech. ix. 12.
([45]) Ps. xxiii. 2.

wither[46], and we shall not be careful in the year of drought[47]. It is our own unsubdued and evil nature that causes the heaviest conflicts which we endure. When once we are brought to bend completely, as at the feet of Jesus[48], we shall find a sweetness even in the cup[49] of bitterness, if His hand present it to our lips.

I believe we shall generally see, that the nearer the prepared spirit approaches to the borders of the Promised Land, the more it dwells in adoring contemplation of the Author and Finisher of its faith[50]; feels, that it is of His free and unmerited mercy[51] that it has been led onward, through heights and depths; and desires no more than the assurance, that nothing may be able to separate it from the love of God in Christ Jesus[52]. This appears to me to have been the case with my precious father. The foregoing Letters were written when he was in the first stage of his christian course: and I shall be able to finish the picture, by those Letters and Papers which were written quite at the latter period of his life[53]; when he had entered into the last stage, when he stood waiting the summons to depart hence and to enter into the joy of his Lord[54]:—

([46]) Ps. i. 3.
([47]) Jer. xvii. 8.
([48]) Luke viii. 35.
([49]) Matt. xx. 22.
([50]) Heb. xii. 2.
([51]) Rom. v. 18.
([52]) Rom. viii. 39.

([53]) Chiefly to his dear and highly-valued friend, J. J. Gurney, who has kindly permitted me to use them.

([54]) Matt. xxv. 21.

"There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the LORD, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.

"Still, in undisturb'd possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

"Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But your griefs, for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in Me.

"GOD shall rise, and, shining o'er ye,
Change to day the gloom of night;
HE, the LORD, shall be your glory,
GOD your everlasting light."[55]

Never shall I forget, although I was quite a girl at the time, hearing my dear father, at the dinner-table of a friend at Ipswich, repeat this lovely Hymn, in the melodious tones of his fine voice. I believe somebody was very ill; and my father had been to visit him, or there had just been a death among the circle of their acquaintance. How little do we know the value of such apparently unimportant conversations, which arise from having our attention chiefly fixed on the things of Heaven. My father's recitation of these lines indelibly engraved the sweetness of them upon my memory; and many times since have they risen up to cheer me, in moments of deep sorrow and depression.

([55]) Cowper.

This is a trivial instance; but, doubtless, thousands productive of truly momentous results will be revealed to our adoring spirits, when we enter that land where we shall know even as also we are known[56]. Then, I believe, many of us will discover, that, having kept our eye much upon Jesus, we have unconsciously proclaimed to those around us that we have been with Him[57]; and, with blessed effect, spoken a "word fitly[58];" and preached the Word out of season as well as in season[59]."

A short Letter to my beloved mother—full, as usual, of affectionate solicitude to spare her anxious feelings at the uncertainty of his return—shews that my father was at Reading, attending a Monthly Meeting, about the 2d of the 1st month 1795; but it does not contain any thing sufficiently interesting to extract.

My next materials consist of two Letters addressed to a dear and intimate friend of my precious father; and afford some valuable additions to the selections of this period. This friend was a Minister; of whom I have often heard my father speak, as a man possessing a most extraordinary gift of "discerning of spirits[60]": he was not a person of high mental capacity, and was subject to great depression of mind.

([56]) 1 Cor. xiii. 12.
([57]) Acts iv. 13.
([58]) Prov. xxv. 11.
([59]) 2 Tim. iv. 2.
([60]) 1 Cor. xii. 10.

To those who are not acquainted with the striking manner in which our Ministers do "discern the spirits," and speak words "in season," to the states of others, I should "seem as one that mocked[61]," were I to relate some of the remarkable, hidden things which this person brought to light, during the course of some of his religious visits, and which were surprising even to our own people.

"32 East Street, 22d of 4th mo. 1795.

[62] "Dr. ———, Thine was received the 17th, two days after our arrival from Wickham, our stay being prolonged there (not disagreeably) a week longer than expected. Although, from the depressed state of thy mind, and the increasing view which thou seemedst to have of the propriety of thy returning home, it was not for me to obstruct; yet thy departure seemed to leave me so naked, by being deprived of thy company, on which I was willing to build—it may be more than was meet (for I frequently find I want weaning from undue dependence),—that doubting and discouragement had nearly prevented our going: however, we went, and, as yet, have not seen any cause to regret: for although (speaking to a small degree, compared to many) bonds and afflictions awaited us, yet, when the allotted portion of suffering was borne, the bonds were

(61) Gen. xix. 14.

(62) I do not like to remove little characteristic peculiarities, when I can avoid doing so. My dear father almost always abbreviated the word "Dear," in the commencement of his Letters.

broken, and the Seed reigned, in a degree of the Father's strength[63]; which He fails not to communicate to the wrestling children in due time; when, happily, dependence is known to be solely on the never-failing arm of the Omnipotent—the true consolation of the little-ones (in this day of lukewarmness and suffering), as in past ages;—and it continues to be sufficient,

"I often think how lovely, how powerful, these little dependent ones are; and nearly as frequently lament my deficiency. How backward, how dull a scholar I am! Were it not for multiplied allowances, what must have been my present situation? Well is it, I have not to do with one who is extreme, or even prone, to mark what is omitted to be done, or done amiss. This thought, at times, excites gratitude and desire for preservation in His favour, wherein is life, and in whose service is perfect freedom.

"At Wickham, there are, I believe, of the true-born, to whom a visit of love proves refreshing;—and of the bodily afflicted, of which there seemed ground to hope it might not prove in vain. Our late visit has increased our love for Friends there: it seemed as if a tendering call was felt by some of the youth; one of the chief means whereby I believe it is designed our Society shall regain her first brightness. Some of the youth, I trust, have been truly yoked. I much desire their dependence may be preserved entire; and their

(63) By this expression is meant the presence and power of Christ, as the Head of the Church.

eye single, that they patiently wait the gradual openings of a gentle Master, and not take offence thereat; or, by pressing unwisely forward, leave Him behind, and forsake the true support. How wise should the nursing fathers and mothers be, in their conduct towards these little-ones! avoiding extremes of keeping them back, or urging to premature steps. These tender plants are so liable to be hurt, that I am solicitous, by all, the Master's counsel, as to them, should be particularly attended to; which, I believe not unfrequently, it will be found to be, to let them alone, under His immediate direction;—counsel, which, if followed, I believe future days would testify it was best for individuals.

"I have not been without fear, that some, enamoured with the appearance of these lovely plants, have sought a more rapid growth, and a more early abundant production than the Great Husbandman designed; so that, forcing them by encouragement beyond real strength, a pretty certain foundation is laid for fruit of less savour, if not less abundant, than if they had abided under the immediate wise management of the Lord of the Vineyard. But, Dear ——, what can be said to these things? If the deputed vine-dressers act thus, how can the tender branches escape harm, or yield the savory sustaining fruit, which, for the benefit of the flock, the Good Lord designed? . . . . . .

"In regard to thy coming to Yearly Meeting, thou knowest where to find a bed and welcome in East Street; of which we wish to be informed, as soon as thou canst. — — In coming to the Yearly Meeting,

I wish thou mayst be rightly directed. Suffering Meetings require a consciousness of this kind, to support under. We unite in love to thy wife and daughters.

"Thy sincere friend,

"RICHARD PHILLIPS."

"Bath, 19th of 9th mo. 1796.

"Dr. ——, Thine reached me here yesterday; where I came the preceding day, to see my mother, who is much indisposed; and has been here for some time, attended by one of my sisters. I expect to return the latter end of this week, to attend our Quarterly Meeting. The receipt of thine caused friendly wishes for thy encouragement in the pursuit of manifested duties; wherein, doubtless, He who has supported will continue to support, and provide every thing necessary for thy furtherance in the way of peace, whether in the line that may appear to thee most agreeable or otherwise. What is best, He will do; for Omniscience cannot err.

"And now, my beloved friend, I trust I need not tell thee I esteem and regard thee, and, on this occasion, wish thy continued preservation on that unshaken Foundation which never yet [was], and we trust never can, be shaken. Yet thou well knowest all this is not sufficient to authorise a going forth in the awful work of Religion—to qualify for services not required at our hands; or to support under those exercises and baptisms to which travellers are necessarily exposed, whether in small or more extensive engagements. I have thought the Great Master's time is the most effica-

cious time (although frequently unseen, as to efficacy, by short-sighted mortals); while man's time is marked for being unproductive. Happy are they, that in this respect keep the word of patience in the day of battle (engaging neither in their own wills nor in their own service)!—they experience a covering impenetrable to all the darts of the enemy.

"After this unexpected introduction, I scarce need inform my friend, I am not to be depended on in regard to the journey he intimates; and, if he comes to the Quarterly Meeting, could add other reasons than what he may think hinted at above: and, as thou hast entertained hopes of seeing my Sarah and myself in the country, may we not, with equal propriety, expect seeing thee at our next Quarterly Meeting? I believe thou hast no doubt as to the kind of welcome East Street would afford. I should sincerely regret any thing relating to me should have the least tendency to turn thee aside from the right way. If London be in this way, by no means miss it. . . . . .

"Remaining, in dear love and wishes for thy encouragement,

"Thy affectionate friend,

"Richard Phillips."

CHAP. V.

Among the numerous methods by which the active mind of my father endeavoured to effect his benevolent schemes, one, to which he not unfrequently resorted, was that of directing the attention of men of talent and literature to subjects which were likely to produce beneficial results, when brought before the public in attractive forms. The diligent attention which he conscientiously bestowed on his profession naturally exhausted his mental vivacity, and rendered him less equal to apply himself to the sedentary occupation of composing for the press. He always asserted—and I believe with some truth—that he did not possess the ready flow of ideas, when writing, which is one very essential qualification for a popular author: therefore, as he had not either leisure, inclination, or power, to perform much himself in that line, he occasionally applied to some of his kind and valued friends; and prompted their energies successfully, in different ways, as the need of particular works presented itself to his penetrating observation. He used, in these affairs, to compare himself to the quiet little mole,

which works in silence and obscurity beneath the surface of the earth, and permits only the effects of its labours to become visible.

Some plan of this description appears, in 1797, to have been proposed for the pen of that excellent and pious author, Lindley Murray; but what the subject was, I cannot discover. In a Letter from him to my father, which now lies before me, after replying to a suggestion by the latter of some addition to the "Power of Religion on the Mind," Lindley Murray proceeds to say:—

—— "I have seen thy Letter to William Tuke, in which thou hast planned a little employment for me. It is, indeed, a work that would be very useful to our youth, if it were well executed. But, besides my inability to perform such a task as it ought to be done, I have before me several little works, which will occupy a considerable portion of my time, should I be favoured to get through them. My feeble state of health renders a performance, which would be short to others, a work of time to me. But I shall not forget thy proposal; and it is possible that, at a future day, both leisure and powers may better correspond to the undertaking than they do at present.

"I remain thy sincere friend,

"York, 2d mo. 13. 1797. "LINDLEY MURRAY."

In the summer of 1801, a little journey undertaken to Ackworth furnishes three or four more Letters; but

they contain so much less of sentiment, that small extracts must suffice.

"York, 25th of 7th mo. 1801.

"I expect my beloved Sarah received this morning my short note of yesterday, mentioning [my] having safely proceeded sixty miles on the journey. We then proceeded, favoured by the weather—arrived at Stamford about eleven—supped there—breakfasted at Retford—dined at Ferrybridge, about two—and arrived here a little after six. — — I have given Cowper's Translations to Henry [Tuke], for his wife. — — The country exhibits an unusual appearance of vegetation, in all the most material articles of food: it is truly beautiful! and calls for gratitude for such additional unmerited bounty. I hope my dear Sarah is attentive to her health. My dear love attends both thee and little Mary. I hope she is attentive to what her mother desires; which will, when I hear it, please me much.

"From my dear Sarah's affectionate

"Richard Phillips."

"York, 28th of 7th mo. 1801.

"I received my beloved Sarah's Letter yesterday; as usual, with pleasure, particularly as it contained so favourable [an] account of thine and dear Mary's health. Thine, by continued care, has, I hope, continued to mend. Having spent here the time expected, and been kept in the noiseless tenor of my way, this after-

noon I intend, accompanied by Henry Tuke, in his one-horse chaise, to set off, about three o'clock, for Pontefract (three miles short of Ackworth); remain there the night; and proceed to-morrow morning to Ackworth.—I have been twice to see L. Murray and wife, agreeably: they desired their love; inquired for you both; and thought they should have been pleased to see you. I have not seen H. T.'s wife[1]; but sent her the Poems, as from thee; with which she was pleased. — — The Retreat exceeds much my expectation. My dear love to little Mary.

"Affectionately thine,

"RICHARD PHILLIPS."

The completion of these Extracts from my father's Letters brings me to the conclusion of my First Division, and to the consideration of his character in active and public life. I trust I have been enabled to present a tolerably minute and faithful history of the gradual development of divine grace in his heart: and having thus traced the formation of the only safe and secure foundation for moral excellence, I must now delineate the superstructure which, by obedience to the leadings of the Holy Spirit, was raised upon it. For the sacred lip of Truth has told us, that we must judge of the tree by its fruit; and an inspired Apostle recommends us to shew our faith by our works.

(1) This dear Friend was confined to her bed for many years, and almost wholly secluded from society; but she retained a surprising vigour and brightness of intellect during her long trial.

In this place—following out my father's ideas in his remarks upon Samuel Scott's character—I would pause, to make a few reflections; leading us to see, that here, as in every other part of the Divine Government, we "shall, if we observe these things, understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." We may notice the discriminating arrangement which is made of those who are honoured instruments of good in the hands of God—how, "dividing to each one severally as He will," those, whose natural dispositions qualify them for any peculiar line of service, are called into the sphere wherein they will have the widest scope for the exercise of their talents, and can most freely "magnify their office."

To the timid and reserved disciple, his gracious Master assigns the labours of the pen, in the retirement of the closet;—to the enterprising and companion-loving mind, he gives the free and social path of active engagement. Both are equally prepared, and their tempers sanctified; while a far greater amount of good is effected in the world at large, than if their respective duties were reversed. The wild spirit of the sea-bird is as little fitted for the enjoyment and shelter of the smooth parterre and the peaceful garden, as the gentle nature of the dove is ill adapted to breast the stormy waves of the unquiet ocean. Those, in whom the tender sensibilities are predominant, in whom the milk of human kindness exists in most purity—those, whose dispositions display, in its most unsullied form, the

peaceful benignity which doubtless distinguished our unfallen parents, in whose bosoms we are bound to believe there dwelt no feeling opposed to perfect love towards all the created beings around them—must obviously be better adapted for philanthropists, than those in whom the soft feelings of compassion are but faintly perceptible, and whose stern natures render them more calculated to wage war against vice and folly than to soothe the miseries of suffering humanity. Both dispositions may be of essential service, in the economy of the great human family; but, like the impetuous and iron-minded Luther, and the sweet and gentle Melancthon, they have different departments to fill.

Yet, I think, in the moral government of the world, the mercies of the Supreme Being are, beyond compare, more frequently exhibited to us, than his judgments. Never may we for a moment forget the one stupendous proof of this assertion — the mercy which provided the sacrifice of God's only Son, to satisfy the claims of that justice which man's disobedience had outraged. Ah! surely the tender mercies of the Almighty are far more familiar to us than his severe frowns! What a much closer approach we seem to make to the temper of Heaven, if, applying the metaphor to the moral world, we contemplate Him, when, sitting

> "Like the Ruler of the storms,
> He smiles the winds to peace;"

than when we behold him, in needful wrath, lashing them to fury; so that men are tossed and driven upon the foaming billows, even though it be to their desired haven!

With this view, it is very desirable to cultivate, in the minds of children, a tender feeling towards what is termed the minor creation; for I do believe, that no child, who is permitted to treat those beautiful "handi-works" of our Creator with inconsiderateness, will grow to manhood with so much abounding compassion in his soul towards his fellow-beings, as he would have possessed, had that sweet quality been assiduously cultivated.

If, in early life, we cherish the habit of gentleness and kindness towards so defenceless a portion of animated nature as the brute creation confessedly is, we shall go far towards sowing seed which, in maturer years, will produce the lovely plant of benevolence; whose fruit will be, the good works of charity towards helpless and afflicted human beings. Indeed, it is perhaps impossible to begin too early to train children in the practice of kind offices to all around them. How beautiful and cheering are the sweet charities of life, when bestowed through the medium of a child; if it be only the flower gathered with the fresh dew of the morning sparkling on its fragrant blossoms, and presented, by its tiny hand of friendship, to the weary and imprisoned invalid!

My precious father's peculiar line of usefulness, besides that of a Minister of the Gospel, was unquestionably that of a Philanthropist. To this he brought to bear a natural disposition, remarkably enterprising and social—a mind inquisitive, and delighting in the acquisition of useful matter-of-fact knowledge. He was a keen investigator of circumstances—a clear discerner of motives; and, with a sound judgment, possessed the lively imagination fitted to conceive, and the vigorous intellect necessary to carry out, benevolent schemes.

Cheerful, and hopeful, and singularly persevering, he held on the course which he had determined to pursue, for the attainment of any of his plans—often amidst discouragements which few others would have surmounted: and so great were his powers of constancy, when once he embarked on an attempt of the kind, that I do not remember his ever failing of ultimate success, excepting in one instance. His compassionate love of the animal creation was, I believe, clearly developed in his childhood: it led, combined with conscientious feelings, in early manhood, to the abandonment of all field-sports, though they possessed great charms for him in other respects; and, in mature life, I can testify to its being so strong, that he exercised care to keep it within those bounds which every rightly-judging person deems fitting. At the sufferings of those creatures he evinced the keenest sensibility; and I well remember a little incident which

occurred, when I was quite a child; and which I will relate, though it be at the risk of producing a smile, or it may be a frown, upon the countenances of some who are cast in other mould than he was.

A poor little bat was found in our house, in an almost torpid state: my father superintended the care of it for some days; but at last it died, in his own hand. Never shall I forget his tender sorrow, when it was gone; and my mother and myself found it quite desirable to abstain, for a long time, from alluding to the occurrence. It might literally be said, that he would not

"Needlessly set foot upon a worm;"

and, as he truly rejoiced at the sight of happy animals, so he grieved at that of suffering ones; enjoying those creatures for their own sakes, and also because they were the handiwork of the Great Creator. He could, and evidently often did, entertain the full feeling of the phrase—

"My FATHER made them all!"

It is not designed that man should take up his rest in this world: he is compelled, by the force of circumstances, to labour either in the service of God or Mammon. Happy for him if he enlist himself under the banners of Him who is not a hard master, and with whom his deeds are neither misinterpreted nor unrewarded! Work enough, indeed, there is for us all to do; and day by day there arises, to the willing labourer, little acts of faith and deeds of mercy, too

plainly brought before him to be doubted of as being his proper business, though too minute to be regarded as matters of much importance. Yet, as life is, generally speaking, made up of trifles, it is a blessed and a happy course to endeavour to execute these little missions faithfully and simply; for we do not know the ultimate bearing or intrinsic value of these apparently minor labours:—they may be mere exercises of our own virtues; or they may be in themselves germs of, or auxiliaries to, important works.

A favourite topic of conversation with my dear father, was these grains of mustard-seed—these tiny links in the chain of Providence; and he delighted to trace, from apparently very insignificant commencements, several of the charities which he had been the means of establishing. How encouraging to the way-worn traveller, in the world's rough path, are these traces of the "footsteps of Providence"! — how different from the chilling theories which would lead us to believe we are treading the mazes of life undirected and unassisted by a Superior Intelligence!

I have often had occasion to remember a sentiment which I read in some pious author, whose name I have forgotten: it was, that "if man will settle down too much in his nest here, God will set it on fire, and drive him out." Ah! how frequently do we find our nests thus set on fire; and ourselves sent forth, in ways and places we little anticipated or desired!

I think that the afflictingly-delicate health of my beloved mother was sometimes like a setting of my father's nest on fire. He disliked the effort of leaving home; though no one could enjoy the variety of travelling among his friends more than he did, when he was once started: and, as he always travelled well stocked with Pamphlets, containing pattern Rules and Reports relating to the Societies he was particularly interested in, he was led into scenes of usefulness, by means of his social and cheerful companionable qualities, which would not otherwise have opened before him. His own health too, and my requiring purer air than that of London, were also compulsory motives which led him to visit places where he established useful and now very flourishing Charities. He was always abounding in the work of the Lord; and truly his labour was not in vain in the Lord[2]!

As the natural bias of our dispositions decides our peculiar line of service, so it imperceptibly conducts us into it; and that, sometimes, in a manner which is very surprising to ourselves and others. "Who is blind as he that is perfect, and blind as the Lord's servant[3]?" I have seen instances, though not in my dear father's case, where the most indomitable restlessness and uncontrollable distaste for the quiet routine of home, in a mind far from being a discontented one, were the symptoms which indicated the "nest being on fire," and were the means of leading the individual into

(2) See 1 Cor. xv. 58. (3) Isaiah xlii. 19.

a circle of active duties little apprehended when these soul-stirring feelings were combatted, very ignorantly, but with perfectly upright intentions, as being the offspring of sinful discontent, and the forerunner of dangerous enterprise. Here the hand of Divine Providence was doubtless at work; like the eagle, stirring up her nest, and impelling, by natural feelings, a mind which could rejoice in the activity of the engagements into which it was thus conducted.

From such instances as this—and I doubt not that there are many, if we could lift the veil of domestic privacy beneath which they are concealed—we may learn not to cramp the innate energies of the soul, which do grievously disturb us, until we perceive that they only need wise direction and judicious application. Let us fear to crush them in the first stage of their existence: they may, for aught we know, be the germs of labours of love, which will not cease with our present state of being. They may lead to the cultivation of the tempers of Heaven, and to the practice of the employments of purified and disembodied spirits. For that happy Intelligences are occupied on such errands, will surely not be deemed a visionary notion: and we may remember, that among the few places in which we are permitted, through the Holy Scriptures, to obtain a glimpse of the unseen world, there are several instances in which the angels were employed on missions of love and mercy to ourselves.[4]

(4) See Selections from Letters and Papers: C.

It has been remarked, that the constant aspiring of the human mind, its ceaseless reaching forward to something yet beyond its present possessions, furnishes a strong proof of the immortality of the soul. There is something peculiarly delightful and cheering to the feelings, in believing that the employments of mercy which we begin here shall be continued in another state of being;—that the pattern which our Blessed Redeemer set for our imitation on earth, that of going about doing good, bears the stamp of fadeless immortality, and will abide, in undiminished beauty, "in the land that is very far off."

Can it be, that in that state we are destined to lay aside those holy tempers and labours of love which we have cultivated and practised here with so many prayers and with so much delight? No; surely no! On the contrary, we shall be enabled to carry them on "pure and undefiled;" not "in weakness, but in power." This belief will give us to feel, that death will not sever us from pursuits which have become very precious to us: it will encourage us more and more to become as "servants of all," when we can reflect, that, in this respect, we shall not have to change our habits, but that works of charity, in the full meaning of the term, are but the commencement on earth of some of the employments of blessed spirits in heaven.

To return to the fruits of my father's faith. —— I will now endeavour to record the leading transactions of

his busy life, so far as I can trace them; the Charitable Institutions which he established; the books he wrote, or persuaded talented and pious authors to prepare; and his christian bearing under affliction.

I have mentioned his entrance into the great work of the Slave-Trade Abolition in 1786: he indeed devoted much time and energy to this, the first object of his christian philanthrophy: and the succeeding years of his long and active life beheld no change pass over his spirit, with regard to the deeply-injured African Race.

The next public labour of charity in which I have any knowledge of his taking a leading part, was the establishment of a Hospital "for the Cure and Prevention of Contagious Fever in the Metropolis." He co-operated, for this purpose, with a benevolent young physician—the late Dr. Thomas Archibald Murray: and, in 1801, they opened a house in Constitution Row, Gray's-Inn Lane, for the reception of persons suffering from typhus fever. The amiable and humane Dr. Murray speedily fell a victim to his devotion to the cause: he freely visited the miserable dwellings which were in the focus of infection, caught typhus fever, and sunk under it.

For many years, my father was Treasurer to this Institution, and zealously watched over its interests, both regarding the funds and the internal arrange-

ments. At one time (1803), when its finances were at a very low ebb, his friend, the late Joseph Smith, Banker, of Broad Street, observed him to be a good deal depressed, and having inquired the cause, offered to accompany him to some Bankers, who, knowing Joseph Smith, would listen to my father's solicitations on behalf of the Fever Hospital. They devoted some days to the business; and I have often heard my father mention this time as one of sweet and abiding interest to his own mind. He was frequently cheered, when, on entering the banking-houses, the gentlemen said: "Come, Mr. Smith, you are our almoner; what do you want?"—and my father then stating his case to them, they gave with the cheerfulness and liberality which usually characterize British mercantile men.——My father particularly reverted to the satisfaction which he felt, when, returning home in an evening from those fatiguing days, toiling up Holborn Hill with weary limbs and exhausted spirits, he reflected, that he was not labouring thus for profit, nor devoting the whole of his time to worldly pursuits. He raised about £1100 by this effort, which placed the Institution for some time above its difficulties.——This charity is still in operation; and, with the addition of a few wards for the reception of scarlet-fever patients, took possession, in 1815, of one wing of the Small-pox Hospital, near Gray's-Inn Lane.

Here let me drop a hint to those who love my father's memory, or, like him, delight in diminishing

human suffering, on behalf of a charity which is far more important than is generally imagined. Indeed, among its class, which is not of a religious character, I doubt whether, in positive utility, it yields the palm to any. Its operations are naturally unobtrusive and hidden: they steal in quiet obscurity among the most wretched objects of the densely-populated capital. Its advantages cannot be fully estimated, because they are in part negative. It professes to prevent as well as cure; and this is effected by the removal of the patient into the airy ward of the hospital, while his infected dwelling is purified and whitewashed: thus frequently saving the sufferer's life, and preventing the extension of the malady to a degree which, of course, cannot be calculated. Its funds are not, I believe, very large; and, owing to the difficulty of obtaining pecuniary aid, there exists but one establishment of the kind in our vast metropolis.

My father took a warm and active interest in the success of Vaccination, as introduced and practised by Dr. Jenner. He was personally acquainted with the benevolent Doctor, whose social visits to our fire-side I can remember.

The subject of the amelioration of the Criminal Code, and the diminution of the punishment of death, appears to have been the next which engaged my father's vigorous co-operation. The early history of the little band who associated for this deeply-important object

bears, in one point, a strong resemblance to that of the Committee for the Abolition of the Slave Trade. Two names were inscribed upon its banners, under whose peculiar guidance it marched onward: they were, emphatically, the Wilberforce and the Clarkson of the cause.

The fine talents and the benevolent mind of Basil Montagu have been, through life, devoted to the diminution of capital punishments; while the labours of the lamented Sir Samuel Romilly brought just that kind of Parliamentary aid which the cause required, and which Africa found in her own Wilberforce.

Sir Samuel Romilly did not remain to witness so much achieved as did Wilberforce; and, in both cases, others have entered into the field of their labours. Thomas Clarkson yet lives; and stands like a time-hallowed beacon, around which the friends of Africa delight to rally. Basil Montagu still lives, and still labours to ameliorate that code which was once traced as in characters of blood.

In the very commencement of both these great works my father was engaged. In one, the Slave-Trade Abolition, I believe I may safely assert he was the most intimate friendly co-adjutor of the leading Labourer. In the other, the Abolition of the Punishment of Death, his position was a prominent and active one, involving also a true friendship with the highly-

gifted founder. Basil Montagu's attention was awakened to the urgent necessity of a reformation in our Criminal Code, by the circumstance of his carrying a reprieve to Huntingdon—that memorable reprieve, the history of which his pen has told with a pathos and beauty peculiarly his own. It will be remembered, that, after incredible exertions, he succeeded in taking this reprieve, in time, into Huntingdon Gaol. He was advised by the gaoler to quit the prison by a circuitous and a back way; because the assembled multitude had gathered to witness an execution, and would surely visit, with ferocious insult, the person who, by saving the culprits' lives, had deprived them of the pleasure of such a spectacle. By this incident, the mind of Basil Montagu was powerfully impressed with the more than unfitness of capital punishment, as a means of preventing the commission of crime. He returned to London with a fixed resolve, that something should be attempted to change a system so obviously demoralizing in its effects upon the mass of the population. That resolve, he—who, we may not doubt, was a chosen instrument in the ordering of Divine Providence—has been enabled to "hold fast," and to contend for, amidst the arduous toils and difficulties of long succeeding years.

On the return of Basil Montagu to London, he conferred with his friend, Frederic Smith; who cordially entered into his views, and introduced my father to him as a man possessed of more than a usual share of

the energy requisite to such undertakings[5]. I think myself happy in being able to give the account of my dear father's first Committee-sitting in this cause, in the words of his valued friend, Basil Montagu; to whom I wrote, requesting him to give me the date of my father's connection with the Society.

Referring to my Note, he says:—

"It has vividly recalled the many sweet associations which always accompany the recollection of your father, and the labours of love in which he passed his virtuous and religious life.

"I have now before me the Minute Book of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, upon the Punishment of Death. It thus begins:—

"4 Gray's-Inn Place, March 21, 1808.

RICHARD PHILLIPS, FREDERIC SMITH, GEORGE DYER, and BASIL MONTAGU, met in this place, to consider the expediency of forming a Society to diminish Capital Punishments, and to alleviate the Miseries of Public Prisons.

"What a multitude of thoughts are awakened in my mind, by the recollection of this Meeting! It is scarcely possible for me to attempt to note them down! Let us be grateful to the Almighty, for having lived to see the work that we have made; and to see that it is good!

(5) For these particulars, I am indebted to the kindness of Anne D. Montagu, the wife of Basil Montagu.

"A year or two since, the following statement appeared in the Newspapers:—'There has not been one execution in London during the last shrievalty.'

"You know not, Dear Child, how my heart beat with joy, when I read this. At the time when we first met, there were regular monthly executions of ten young men and young women for crimes without violence. Such is the effect, the certain effect, of perseverance in a good cause.

"'So have I seen,' says one of our divines[6], 'the sun, with a little ray and distant light, challenge all the powers of darkness; and, without noise, climbing up the hill, hath made night so to retire, that its miseries were lost in the joys and sprightliness of the morning.'

"Let us pass for a moment from grave to gay. You will have seen, that, at this Meeting, George Dyer was present. He is, at a very advanced age (between 90 and 100), yet alive. He always has been, and still is, one of the kindest creatures on earth. He is a very absent man: he retired first from our Meeting: after he had quitted us for about an hour, the Meeting broke up; when, to your father's astonishment, his hat was gone. Your father, in great good humour, said, 'Why Basil, thy friend, thy absent friend, has taken my *umbrella*, and left this *mushroom!*' holding up a little miserable hat which Dyer had left.— — I mention this as illustrative of what, I used to say

(6) Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

to your father, constituted much of his character—thoughtfulness, with a disposition to cheerfulness—light work upon a dark ground, which is said to constitute the perfection of dress. 'Judge therefore,' says Lord Bacon, 'of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye.'

"Your Friend,

"Nov. 8, 1840." "Basil Montagu."

I think I may safely designate the little Committee Meeting, which is mentioned in the beginning of this Letter, as one of those grains of mustard-seed to which my father delighted in referring. How is it now become a denizen of our moral forest! How numerous are its branches; and, beneath the added culture of more recent Labourers, how do they overshadow our land! I here allude particularly to the Institutions connected with the improvement of Prison Discipline, and the care of Discharged Prisoners.

In speaking of this branch of the subject, it is needless to advert to the unwearied efforts of that sweetly-gifted one, whose bright example is still permitted to edify and gladden us. Her name will rise to every one's lips, as the beloved and venerated being, whom England will ever delight to designate her own Female Howard.

At Brighton, in 1809, where we were not infrequently residing for the benefit of our health, my father

succeeded, after considerable exertion, in establishing a Dispensary. An eminent physician, who resided a good deal in the town, was desirous of deferring any movement of the kind until the conclusion of peace, and then he hoped to establish an Infirmary. My father urged immediate activity, in that way which, though less useful, was the only one then practicable; saying, "Does Dr. —— know when the war will cease? or, that he shall then be alive?" The physician kindly gave his hearty co-operation to the minor charity, which was established on the 17th of the 11th mo. 1809. This Dispensary pursued its quiet course for some years, cheering and relieving much distress among the poor population; while the physician has had the satisfaction of seeing his benevolent wishes carried into effect, and my father's Dispensary become amalgamated with the noble County Hospital, in 1813.

About the year 1810, my father was zealously engaged in the promotion of what were then termed Lancasterian Schools. They were so called from the peculiar mode of mutual instruction adopted in them by their founder, Joseph Lancaster—a person once a member of the Society of Friends. His plan received active support from the philanthropists of that day, who wished that a Scriptural Education should be provided for the mass of the people, without the introduction of any peculiar religious tenets. These Schools are now designated the British and Foreign

Schools; while those which, about the same time, originated with Dr. Bell, and are exclusively connected with the Church of England, are now called National Schools.

At the period I have just named, my father was visiting his native town; and, with more than usual difficulty, established a School there for the education of Boys. He often spoke of the discouragements which were then placed before him concerning this undertaking. One inhabitant of Swansea plainly told him, that it was a place in which no charity could flourish. He however persevered; going from house to house soliciting subscriptions, from the higher class down to the very smallest tradesman, not even omitting the public-houses; and finding the total resources insufficient, he collected more money on his return to London. Thus the School was established; and he used to remark, that "it seemed to break up the fallow ground;" for the town can now count up a goodly portion of Charitable Institutions. A Letter, which I recently received from a gentleman residing at Swansea, mentioning this charity, says, that "upwards of 5000 Boys have passed through this School since its establishment."

The importance of availing ourselves of small openings, my father thought was strikingly elucidated by the apparently casual origin of another truly-valuable Institution in his native town. It occurred while we

were staying at the house of his sister, Esther Phillips. One morning, during breakfast, a poor sick woman applied for assistance; and either my aunt or my mother lamented that there was not a Dispensary in the town. The idea became rivetted in my father's mind: he walked out; called upon some of his friends; and, though a wet, unfavourable day for going much about, he had, before dinner-time, laid the foundation, and collected a comparatively-handsome sum towards the establishment of the desired charity. That Dispensary has now merged in a good Hospital; and thus continues to diffuse the blessing of timely medical aid to the suffering poor of Swansea[7].

A few years after the erection of the School-house for Boys at Swansea, my father was visiting his relations there again. He found that Joseph Lancaster had, in the mean time, got a School opened for the instruction of Girls. But the situation was an extremely deleterious one, and greatly endangered the health of those Ladies who visited it. The room in which the school was conducted was small and close; the window could not be opened for the purpose of ventilation, because a fellmonger's yard stood beside it; and bad sore-throats were of frequent occurrence, from the putridity of the atmosphere. My father considered, that the Ladies deserved better accommodation; and therefore, with his indefatigable energy, he devoted his time and

(7) See Selections from Letters and Papers.

strength to the work. He raised at Swansea, and subsequently in London, about £900; with which a good School-house, and a little Committee-room, and Dwelling for the Mistress, were erected.

A departure from the fundamental plan of conducting the school, in what my father deemed an important religious point, occasioned him to withdraw from this school some years afterwards: and during another sojourn in Swansea, he became, by the kind assistance of some benevolent friends[8], the founder of another School for Girls; for which purpose a good house was erected at the other end of the town.

The population had greatly increased since the first house had been built; and thus

> "Seeming evil, still educing good;
> And better thence again, and better still,"—[9]

was beheld in that alteration which had greatly distressed my father at the time: but was now converted into a blessing, by the further facilities which were thus afforded for educating the numerous female children of the lower classes.

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(8) Two of these, who took a sincere and untiring interest in the school, were Robert and Jane Eaton; both now, I trust, entered, with my precious father, "into the joy of their Lord."

(9) Thomson's Hymn.

Had I followed exact chronological order, I should probably ere this have mentioned my father's becoming a Member of the British and Foreign Bible Society—that noble Institution, which became his very engrossing object of interest for so many years.[10] But, as I believe he commenced his labours for Schools and Dispensaries before he was completely embarked in the Bible Cause, I thought it best to finish my sketch of his exertions for the establishment of such of these as I could well trace out, before I touched upon the subject. Upon the day of the Public Meeting which was held at Freemasons' Hall, in 1804, to form the British and Foreign Bible Society, my father left home, with the intention of going to it. But he happened to be very much depressed that day: he saw many carriages assembled—a large concourse entering; and he thought he could not be wanted there—that the proceedings would not be in his retired practical line of operation; and therefore he turned away, and went home.

Three or four years elapsed before he joined the Society; and then he immediately became an active and truly diligent Labourer in its blessed field. At one of the first Committee Meetings which he attended, his name was proposed for a Sub-committee. My father hesitated a little, because he had so recently become a Member of the large Committee; but John Owen,

([10]) I think he used to call it his "Aaron's rod."

one of the Secretaries, and for whom he afterwards entertained a strong value and friendship, exclaimed, "Come, come! we have none but working-bees here!" —My father's name was entered on the Sub-committee; and a true "working-bee" he proved: and, "as he was emphatically a practical man, they derived no common advantage from his co-operation;" for "it was more especially to the work of the Bible Society that he brought the full weight and power of his capacious and intelligent mind[11]." My father's mind was one that descended into the minutiæ of most subjects: he reflected much, reasoned clearly, and drew correct conclusions from sound premises. He soon turned his attention to contrive the most advantageous mode of internal organization for the Bible Society. About the time that his mind was so occupied, he received an injury on his leg, which rendered a temporary confinement to the house necessary. This little seclusion, which took place at Hampstead, he eagerly employed in drawing up a set of Rules for the government of that noble Society. All the Rules which guided their operations for many years, and under which it attained its singular prosperity, were, with two small exceptions, drawn up by my precious father. He arranged the gradation of Societies within the pale of the Parent Society—the Auxiliary, the Branch, the Association.

([11]) From the British and Foreign Bible Society's Monthly Extract, for February 1836, containing a Memorial on the Death of Richard Phillips.

I believe the plan of Bible Associations was entirely my father's; or, if not a strictly-original idea, it certainly was first applied by him, on a large scale, to a charitable purpose; and he introduced it into the constitution of the British and Foreign Bible Society with singular effect. By the term Association, I mean that uniting of the small efforts of the many, whereby we produce large results in the mass.

It was a very favourite scheme of my father's, to induce the poor to help themselves—to awaken their sympathies—to rouse their energies—to shew them a way by which they might enjoy the luxury of doing good;—in every point of view producing the best results; and, by the domiciliary visits of the wealthier members of society, bringing into friendly contact those classes which are but too far divided asunder;—teaching us all practically, that God has indeed "made of one blood all nations of men[12]." The penny of the poor man, given weekly for his own Bible, or for that of a still poorer neighbour, proved a mighty lever in this truly-popular Society; and the plan is now adopted by many Religious Institutions. Female Associations, which have proved Auxiliaries of such singular efficacy, were engrafted into my father's plan by his friend Charles Dudley, a truly energetic and successful Labourer in the Bible Society.

([12]) Acts xvii. 26.

The strictness of the internal Regulations of the Bible Society did not permit the Committee to publish any thing, either in explanation or defence of their objects. Such publications were nevertheless occasionally needful, in consequence of the ignorance of its objects which prevailed in society at large, and because of the attacks which were made upon it by the pen of calumny or bigotry. A private subscription was therefore resorted to, in order to print little Addresses and Speeches in single sheets. These were designated, by my father's playful fancy, as "Small shot;" and were always well known, among his friends, by that title. Some of them were written expressly for the purpose: others were the reprint of Speeches which had been delivered at Meetings of Bible Societies, and were fitted to meet particular and local objections. They were, many of them, beautiful specimens of pious oratory; and, even now, I can almost recall the fine tones of my father's voice, as he read them aloud to little evening parties whom he had assembled to interest upon the subject. One of these little publications, called "The Appeal to Labourers and Mechanics," was produced by the pen of James Montgomery: for, during a journey which we took into Yorkshire in 1812, my father, having succeeded in engaging the co-operation of that sweet Christian Poet, persuaded him to add to the number of the "Small shot"; and that beautiful little paper was the result. Another, the "Address to Servants," was written by my father's friend, Charles Dudley.

As I have already hinted—when we travelled, we took with us a great parcel, containing Pamphlets, Reports, Rules, and "Small shot," suited to the wants of different localities and classes of objectors. On arriving at the houses of his friends, my father immediately inquired into the condition of the town respecting Charitable Institutions, and then proceeded to lay the foundation of such as appeared most needful or eligible.

I have just alluded to the journey into Yorkshire. It was one full of interest, and of occupation to my father's active and devoted spirit. We travelled through Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, into Yorkshire; and a truly busy, fruitful time, I believe, it proved.

I find a rough copy of a Letter from my father to an aged relative of my mother's—John Kendall; whom we had visited, on our way, at Colchester. It furnishes so good a specimen of my father's indefatigable labours, and mode of proceeding on these excursions, that I will transcribe part of it:—

"Springdale, near Huddersfield, 4th of 11th mo. 1812.

"....At Ipswich there is a Dispensary (one of the most relieving establishments for the sick poor); but thought to be so ill managed, as not to relieve above one-fourth of the number it should. This, properly, with R. Alexander was a cause of regret: with him, I called on several of the inhabitants of Ipswich; who,

since then, by information from R. A., I hear have had a meeting, and approved of reforming the Dispensary; and thereby affording relief to 500 or 600 of the afflicted poor, more than are relieved at present.—Does not this afford real pleasure to the benevolent mind?—and this pleasure, in an extended degree, may be experienced at Colchester, if only a few of the leading inhabitants were properly to feel the distresses of the infirm poor, and become pressingly zealous in a good cause.

"For the purpose of forwarding this object (by procuring the establishment of a Dispensary at Colchester), accompanied by my friend, James Barker[13], I called at —— Ward's, a Clergyman, and on others. Ward appeared zealous and solicitous to promote such a charity; but the absence of the President of the Bible Auxiliary Society, who was expected to become a powerful promoter of such a charity, was alleged as a reason for their delaying any public proceeding. Lately I have received a kind Letter from my friend, J. Barker, intimating that the prospect of forming a Dispensary seemed, for the present, to subside;—to me a cause for regret; not doubting, that, with little difficulty, and without much trouble, this charity might be established at Colchester; and thereby, at an expense scarcely credible, many hundreds of the sick poor be relieved every year.

([13]) The person at whose house we were kindly entertained, during our stay of a few days at Colchester.

"James Barker is willing to afford his Professional assistance, which is material. The Rules for a Country Dispensary are left with J. B.; and any additional information which I could afford, I would, with pleasure, on my return to town.

"As the bustle of the election is now over, and probably the President of the Bible Society (I forget his name) returned, what can prevent any, who are friends to this highly-beneficial charity (which Colchester should have possessed long since) from stepping forward and promoting its establishment? Probably thou wilt recommend it to the serious attention of some of thy friends and acquaintance, and urge them to do so to others. It is a good benevolent work, and will afford thee pleasure in promoting it.—Please to shew this Letter to J. Barker.

"From Ipswich we went to Norwich[14]; and from thence to Doncaster, at William Smith's. There they are on the eve of forming an Auxiliary Bible Society; having procured and dispersed a number of the small papers in favour of the same; the expense to be borne by the Society, when formed.—From Doncaster we went to Henry Tuke's, at York: at this place, as at Ipswich, they are endeavouring to form Bible Associations." . . . . .

At Springdale, the hospitable residence of John and Phœbe Fisher, whence this Letter is dated, we were detained six weeks, by the severe illness of my beloved

([14]) Earlham, the seat of John Gurney.

mother. The leisure time was, as usual, fully occupied by my father; and he got a Dispensary formed there.

We were a week, during this journey, at Ackworth; and the time so spent in the school and family was a truly interesting one to my parents. The mention of Ackworth recalls to my memory the desire which my father then felt to introduce a more thorough knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, by reading them aloud, and judiciously questioning the children upon the parts selected. This mode of christian instruction has since, I believe, by the labour of one pious individual in particular, been much followed out: but before the time of my father's visit, it had not been practised; and this little sojourn in the school was, in this respect, one of deep interest to the inmates, and, I trust, of permanent utility to the Institution.

At that period, far less religious instruction was given to children than in the present day; and my father often regretted that so very little information was afforded them on the subject of the religious tenets of their own body. All other Denominations had their Catechisms, in which their youth were carefully instructed; while ours were left in much ignorance of the doctrinal views which their fathers professed; and which they were themselves expected to understand, love, and practise.

There was a work of this description, of which my

father had a high opinion; and I remember his recommending it frequently and widely. It was published by John Bevans; but whether it be still in print, I do not know[15].

In the summer of 1813, my dear father was called to bear a trial which was indeed a heavy one;—though, at first sight, to those unconnected with the legal profession, it will not appear in its real magnitude. His office, which happily stood apart from the dwelling-house, was burned to the ground, and many deeds and papers greatly injured or consumed. My mother considered it a very providential circumstance that we were absent at the time of the accident; for had my father been on the spot during the conflagration, we could hardly have hoped that he would have escaped severe illness, or some terrible injury, from the exposure and exertion which he would have undergone. He was not of a nature to shrink in the moment of danger; and would unquestionably have compromised his safety by his endeavours to preserve some of his valuable papers.

The kind friend[16] who came out to Hampstead to tell him the tidings as cautiously as possible, took him up to the scene of destruction. He subsequently

([15]) I cannot find the book, to mention its precise title; but I think it was similar to "A Brief View of the Doctrines of Friends."

([16]) Abraham Beaumont.

remarked how edified he was by the striking resignation and calmness which mingled with my dear father's evident feelings of great distress at this calamity. It is difficult to conceive a more afflictive one, short of the loss of near and dear friends, than this fire was. Many papers of importance are entrusted to the care of gentlemen in the Law; and to a highly-sensitive mind, like that of my father's, it was deeply grievous to cause inconvenience, and, it might be even loss, to others. By his friends, who were capable of appreciating the keenness of the stroke, he was most affectionately soothed; and many sweet letters of condolence came from them, expressive of their sympathy, and earnest christian desires for his support and consolation.

Among these, I must not omit to mention one beautiful token of a sister's love, which he received. One of my aunts[17] wrote up to him; and offered to place the whole of her property at his disposal, should the event have rendered such an assistance needful. Nothing of the kind was required; but it was a sweet instance of the value of those tender ties wherewith a kind Providence unites His creatures. How desirable it is that we should cherish them, and keep the delicate links of the chain of family connexion whole and bright!

In 1818, the deplorable condition of the poor inhabitants of the Scilly Islands was brought under my

([17]) Esther Phillips.

father's notice. A bold and active sea-nursed race, they had few resources, but upon the ocean. They had carried on a traffic, I suppose, irregular enough, with homeward-bound vessels; and stricter coast regulations, I believe, rendered them at that period unable to obtain a subsistence at all. There were many widows and orphans totally destitute; and, altogether, their cry seemed to rise up with resistless appeal to the heart of every one who possessed the power to aid them.

Very soon after their case came to my father's knowledge, we went to Brighton. There my father gained access to Sir Benjamin (now Lord) Bloomfield, the Regent's Privy Purse;—for the Prince Regent being Duke of Cornwall, it appeared peculiarly fitting to solicit assistance from him, for the poor people of Scilly. And so pressingly did my father feel the actually starving condition of these islanders, that he carried the Letter and Statements to the Pavilion, as soon as they were ready—though it happened to be during the time of holding our Meeting for worship on the week-day: considering, I doubt not, that, in so doing, he was acting in the spirit of the law of christian liberty and love—in the spirit of HIM who told the Pharisees, that even "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."[18] The Regent, of course, made inquiry concerning my father's respectability: and having asked of his physician, who also attended our family, he was

([18]) Mark ii. 27.

told that my father might "be safely trusted; though he was the greatest beggar in the kingdom." One hundred pounds, through Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, was the result of this appeal to the kind feelings of the Prince. Some of the household were also applied to; and responded liberally to the call on behalf of the suffering islanders.

A Lady[19] who resided on the Marine Parade became so greatly interested in the cause, that, though she had contributed twenty pounds to the subscription which my father was raising, she sent for him one day, and told him that she felt unable to partake with comfort of her own dinners, when they came upon her table, without doing something more for the poor of Scilly. She therefore gave him one hundred pounds; fifty pounds of which she directed to be applied towards the assistance of a surgeon, who lived among the poor people, and was in grievous need of a boat to convey him about among the group of islands. He was at that time nearly starving with his patients; and more than one hundred and seventy pounds was collected for his use, and for medicines which were sent down to him for the use of the poor. At first, some vessels of potatoes and oatmeal were despatched without delay; and then the money, which was thus raised, was carefully applied from time to time, in small sums, as occasion required: for a large Public Committee coming into operation soon after that most pressing period, rendered the immediate

([19]) Lavinia Luther.

total expenditure of this private fund unnecessary. My father watched very carefully over it: for his disposition, though generous, was not lavish: he thoroughly understood and practised economy in every thing: he considered all money as a sacred trust committed to his keeping, and did not deem himself permitted to fling it about with heedless recklessness or improvident profuseness. Unlike some unsteady minds, who seize every possible opportunity of visiting persons of exalted rank, my father, with the good feeling which prompts some of our most choice philanthropists, who are now among us, used his incidental power of approach near them as a simple means of doing good, not as a gratification of vanity or curiosity. With this feeling, he declined an interview with the Prince Regent, which appeared accessible to him, after the donation of the hundred pounds for the Scilly Islanders; and also one with the Duke of York, on another occasion, through the means of Sir Herbert Taylor.

My father had solicited Sir Herbert, at Brighton, on behalf of a child, whose father, a sergeant, had been shot by a soldier. The application was for its admission into the Duke's School at Chelsea; and it was successful: for I remember, after we returned to London, that the widow called, with her fine little boy, to thank my father for his assistance to her in her hour of affliction.

CHAP. VI.

I HAVE spoken of some little Works which my dear father published: they were three: and I will mention them now; though their dates do not properly arrange them all together. In 1802, he brought out an "English Harmony of the Evangelists, after the manner of the Greek of William Newcome, Archbishop of Armagh."[1] This is a very useful work; and shews, with clearness and simplicity, the different manner in which the same events are recorded by the Sacred Historians, when they all tell the same incidents; which, as any New-Testament reader knows, does by no means always happen.

Two small Tracts succeeded this work; but I cannot ascertain the precise year in which they came out. The earliest edition which I can hear of—and I believe it was the first—was in 1810. They were entitled,

([1]) A new edition of this work was published by T. Bagster, in 1827.

"Hints, chiefly Scriptural, on Regeneration"; and "Concise Remarks on Watchfulness and Silence." Both these little works have very copious notes, from the writings of pious and learned Christians of various Denominations: for my father delighted to recognise true spirituality in those whose sentiments, on some points, differed from his own; and the names of Cudworth, Monro, Law, Bishop Wilson, Bishop Taylor, Fenelon, and Smallbridge, Bishop of Bristol, are found in his quotations; with those of his own Religious Society, Barclay and Pennington.[2]

In 1810 or 1811, my father made an effort to procure the publication of a little periodical, to be called "Traits of Instinct." He delighted to trace the impress of the Finger of Almighty Wisdom and Goodness, in His works; and he considered that this subject afforded many beautiful illustrations of those which were peculiarly adapted to instruct the youthful mind, and lead it from the contemplation of "Nature, up to Nature's God." Pursuing his favourite method of engaging talented and popular authors to execute his projects, he applied to some gifted Female Writers, and endeavoured to gain their co-operation. But the plan of a periodical work was ultimately abandoned; chiefly from the difficulty of collecting anecdotes sufficiently novel to keep alive the interest requisite for

(2) A new edition of these little Tracts has just been printed; and is sold at Harvey and Darton's, Gracechurch Street, London.

ensuring the success of a periodical. A very pleasant little volume was, however, produced in 1811, from the pen of Priscilla Wakefield, and entitled "Instinct Displayed."—Of the other books which I may claim as having emanated from the suggestions of Richard Phillips, I believe I must speak, as they arose incidentally, from peculiar circumstances.

Through the critical state of my beloved mother's health, we were at Brighton from the latter part of 1818 till the summer of 1819 was far advanced: and at that time came upon us an overwhelming weight of sorrow, in her death, which happened in the 8th month 1819. To my father, it was a cup, the bitterness of which we can perhaps best, though faintly, estimate, by remembering the degree of singular fondness with which his affections had been entwined about one who was, in every respect, worthy to receive them.

As the marriage tie, when wisely and happily formed, is, of all bonds, the sweetest and the dearest; so the dissolution of it is, of all human calamities, the most intensely desolating. It is formed after we have been able to ascertain our own tastes, and principles and habits; and though other links of connection may produce much support to a clinging disposition, yet the companionship which the matured energies of the human mind require, is to be found chiefly in this condition. My father's affectionate disposition reposed

exceedingly on companionship; and the stroke was therefore far more overwhelming than it would have been to one differently constituted.

But in this fiery trial, he was not found wanting; and his christian virtues shone with resplendent lustre. His assiduous attentions to our darling sufferer, night and day, never slackened, while she remained with us to require them. Calm, gentle, and alive to every duty which devolved upon him at that trying moment, he evinced, in every action, the firm possession of that faith which is, indeed, an anchor of the soul; and, by his perfectly unrepining resignation, he proved that he experienced the fulfilment of the promise—"My grace is sufficient for thee."

I have often thought how great a privilege it is to be able to command our feelings at such moments of bereavement: it is a blessed thing, to retain, when all is over, the consciousness of having done what we could—to have remained in quietness beside our beloved ones, assisting their departing spirits with our aspirations to the Throne of Grace—receiving, it may be, some little portion of that heavenly succour wherewith the loving-kindness of their and our Redeemer visits their souls, at the moments of their last conflict.

Contrast this with the painful scene which some, even pious, death-beds present!—friends, and relatives, flying from the sight of sufferings which ought to chain

them to the couch of the dying; and leaving them to the consolations of mere attendants; which, however faithfully and tenderly bestowed, cannot descend with so sweet a balm upon the parting spirit, as those which are bestowed by the hands of the nearest and dearest friends!

When this hour of sorrow came upon me, I had never looked on death in the human form: but I shrunk not; and, reclining upon the bed, beside my mother, I remained as long as my father wished; which was a great while after she had left us:—and the satisfaction which the retrospect has ever given me, has made me indeed grateful to those who thus trained me[3].

My precious father's own words will best describe the frame of mind in which he was favoured to meet this bereavement;—and I transcribe the following Memoranda, from among the very few which he left behind him:—

"1818. 11th mo. 23d.—Benjamin White, a friend from America, in a family visit to my dear wife, myself, and daughter, said his mind had been occupied with part of the Seventh Chapter of the Revelation, which referred to those who had washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb, as he thought applicable to

(3) On this subject, see a very interesting and recent little work, from the pen of Basil Montagu, entitled, "Funerals of the Quakers."

the heads of the family; and signified his mind being comforted under the impression.

"The 25th—we left East Street for Brighton, where we arrived the 26th;—where, during the winter and spring &c., my dearly beloved had several severe bilious attacks.

"1819. 8th mo. 21st.—This day, at or very near half-past five in the afternoon, my greatest earthly treasure, my dear invaluable wife, leaning on my arm, and our dear daughter on the other side, was removed from works to (no doubt) everlasting rewards.

"Oh! may our Merciful Father sanctify fully unto my beloved daughter and myself this severe affliction; and thereby restore our spirits into an union with her, in the realms of never-ceasing bliss! A few minutes previous to my dearly beloved ceasing to breathe, a calming, peaceable influence, like a gentle current, was felt to prevail; which lasted for some time after her purified spirit had taken its departure:—at the same time, there seemed to be something heard, like a rush or rushing wind through the chamber-door, which attracted our attention, and struck me as if it had been guardian angels coming to convey her purified spirit to the realms of perpetual bliss. 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright! for the end of that man is peace.'"

"The 22d early, my sister E. Lloyd, and niece E. Lloyd, arrived.

"22. Read the Seventh Chapter of the Revelation.

"23. On opening the Bible to read, the Thirty-ninth

Psalm presented itself, and was read; which appeared strikingly descriptive, and peculiarly to belong to my very dear Sarah.

"24. The cxxxixth Psalm was read. May exhaustless mercy realise it unto us, poor afflicted, frail sinners and worms!

"25. Read the xixth Psalm.— How peculiarly deserving of attention is the latter part!

"26. This day, about one, the remains of my dearly-beloved were interred in Friends' Burial-ground at Brighton. At the previous Meeting, and in the ground, it may not be too much to say, a realising, consoling influence was felt to prevail; and an undoubting faith, that the spirit of my precious Dear was centred in never-ending peace and bliss. Oh! may exhaustless goodness and mercy grant that the mourning spirits of my dear daughter and myself may ultimately be united with hers, in hymns of gratitude and praise, throughout the endless ages of eternity!

"Eliz. Jos. Fry, both in the Meeting and at the grave, alluded to my Dear, as one who had washed her robe white in the blood of the Lamb. A striking similarity to the allusion of B. White (of which she was ignorant), in his sitting in the family, previous to our leaving London.

"27. This morning read, as having occurred on opening the Psalms, the cxliiid.— May the petition therein be realised to us!

"28. Left Brighton about ten; visiting, on our way,

the grave of my much-beloved; and there supplicating, on behalf of my dear daughter and self, that the present heavy affliction may be sanctified unto us, and our spirits ultimately united with hers in the realms of ceaseless praise. My sister-in-law, Elizabeth Lloyd, and D. P. Hack, were present.

"28. About half after six, arrived in East Street—a comparatively-desolate habitation, having been deprived of, to us, its chief earthly comfort.—But the dear Redeemer still lives.

"29. Read (as what occurred on opening the Psalms) the xcth and xcist Psalms.—Who can avoid an earnest solicitude, that the petitions and promises which they contain may be realized, as to us; which Infinite Mercy can alone effect."

I have so fully sketched the outline of this dear parent's character, when I first introduced her name upon my pages, that little more remains for me to say. Her last illness was marked, as all her's were, by patient, unrepining submission to every thing which came upon her. She was unable to express any thing, for many hours before she died; and her remarkable diffidence on holy subjects would probably have prevented it, had the power of speech remained with her: but she evidently knew she was leaving us; and I think the few tears she shed were on that account, not because of pain; for I do not think she suffered much, at the last. Through great mercy, it was a

singularly-quiet dismission, exemplifying the words of the Poet:—

> "One gentle sigh their fetters breaks,
> We scarce can say they're gone,
> Before the willing spirit takes
> Her station near the throne."

And though it would have been very consoling to us to have heard from her lips the last farewell, and to have received the assurance of the peace she evidently experienced, yet we felt no need of words to convince us of her safety. Her life had been a practical commentary upon her faith; and knowing that faith to have been a pure and holy one—that her every-day conduct was regulated by a constant reliance upon the only source of life and peace—we felt that words were not required to set the seal to her profession. As she had loved and followed her Redeemer through the varying and often very trying scenes of her life, so His everlasting arms were underneath her, and His angels encamped round about her, at the moment of her death;—if "death" we must call that passing out of the body, which permits the purified spirit to enter into the unseen world of light and glory — which liberates it from its fetters of clay, and introduces it into the free, the boundless area of heaven. Very tenderly sweet is her memory to me; and long, long years of yearning loneliness were my portion after this dear one, who seemed to occupy in my heart the position of both mother and sister, was thus taken from me.

One of the most striking proofs of my beloved father's resignation to the affliction which was thus allotted to him, was the immediate clinging attachment which he then shewed for me—and he appeared to bow himself with unrepining submission to the will of his Heavenly Father; and, instead of closing his heart against all earthly comfort, he simply reposed upon what remained to him, and took thankfully as much of enjoyment as was still within his reach. He appeared to wish for, and he received, my assurance never to leave him; and there existed, from that moment, far more of companionship between us than usually obtains between parents and children. His views were those of an enlarged mind and an enlightened piety, and his society was peculiarly lively and cheering: he did not circumscribe my pursuits by any narrow bigotry. He took an interest in my little works of fancy, and most particularly in my drawings; and he interfered with no study or reading with which I felt disposed to occupy myself.

My father's general information rendered him a delightful companion, and the keenness of his intellect kept that of every other person in full exercise. When not suffering under illness or unusual depression, his playful sparkling wit was the sunshine of our dwelling; while "his fervent love for Christ, and remarkable reliance on the Saviour's redeeming love"—to quote the expressions respecting him by one who knew him well—gave a sweetness, a humility— and a happy tone, I had

almost said—to the very atmosphere around him. He was an assiduous and general reader; and, after passing great part of his mornings in some kind or benevolent engagement, he usually read to himself all the evening; while I worked, read, or drew.

My dear father disliked regular visiting, and we seldom gave or went to any thing resembling a party: but when residing in London, he encouraged and delighted in the calls of men of talent and beneficence, who came to our house at all hours of the day. As long as his strength permitted him to enjoy this most free and pleasant kind of social intercourse, he clung to the metropolis, as being the centre of so much intelligence, philanthropy, and piety; which, of course, he could not obtain in any other locality.

His cheerful acquiescence in the necessity which my health, even more than his own, at first imposed upon him, of removing from the scene of such hallowed gratification, was truly instructive; and added another to the many proofs which he constantly gave, of the happy turn of his disposition, which so readily accommodated itself to circumstances. I have mentioned how, in the earlier part of his life, his mind was often deeply exercised in divine things; and I felt it right to give, unaltered, a striking visitation which he then received, believing that in so doing I should fulfil his own wishes. Another extraordinary exercise of mind which he had, is also left in his own hand-writing; and

was, as well as the former, sometimes related to me, in a manner which makes me imagine I ought not to hesitate in simply recording it here[4]. Whether this incident occurred in 1820, or ten or twelve years previously, he was unable to tell me; and his memorandum does not fix the date. I am inclined to think it was in the summer of 1820; just a year after his irreparable loss, and when his mind was likely to be more inclined to solemn impressions. It was at Llangattock, in Brecknockshire, the residence of his widowed sister, Elizabeth Kendall. As he mentions it to have occurred after perusing what he designated "Cowper's Creed," I will copy that, before I give my dear father's memorandum. A year or two before his death, he borrowed the work which contained this article; and I copied it for him;—so much did the whole transaction continue to dwell upon his feelings.

LETTER TO MRS. COWPER.

"March 11, 1767.

"My dear Cousin—To find those whom I love, clearly and strongly persuaded of Evangelical Truth, gives me a pleasure superior to any this world can afford me. Judge, then, whether your Letter, in which the body

(4) I am more inclined to do this, from recollecting his frequently-expressed regret at the expulsion of some remarkable experience of a similar nature, which had been made from an account of Job Thomas; drawn up by his cousin, J. G. Bevan. He thought it looked like limiting the Holy One of Israel, to fear to mention such amazing proofs of condescension.

and substance of a saving faith is so evidently set forth, could meet with a lukewarm reception at my hands, or be entertained with indifference!—Would you know the true reason of my long silence? Conscious that my religious principles are generally excepted against, and that the conduct they produce, wherever they are heartily maintained, is still more the object of disapprobation than those principles themselves—and remembering that I had made both the one and the other known to you, without having any clear assurance that our faith in Jesus was of the same stamp and character—I could not help thinking it possible that you might disapprove both my sentiments and practice—that you might think one unsupported by Scripture, and the other whimsical, and unnecessarily strict and rigorous; and, consequently, would be rather pleased with the suspension of a correspondence, which a different way of thinking, upon so momentous a subject as that we wrote upon, was likely to render tedious and irksome to you. I have told you the truth from my heart: forgive me these injurious suspicions, and never imagine that I shall hear from you upon this delightful theme without a real joy, or without prayer to God to prosper you in the way of His truth—His sanctifying and saving truth. The book you mention lies now upon my table. Marshall is an old acquaintance of mine: I have both read him, and read with pleasure and edification. The doctrines he maintains are, under the influence of the Spirit of Christ, the very life of my soul, and the soul of all my happiness. That

Jesus is a present Saviour from the guilt of sin, by His most precious blood; and from the power of it, by His Spirit—that, corrupt and wretched in ourselves, in Him, and in Him only, we are complete—that, being united to Jesus by a lively faith, we have a solid and eternal interest in His obedience and sufferings, to justify us before the face of our Heavenly Father—and that all this inestimable treasure, the earnest of which is in grace, and its consummation in glory, is given, freely given, to us of God—in short, that he hath opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers. These are the truths, which, by the grace of God, shall be ever dearer to me than life itself—shall ever be placed next my heart, as the throne whereon the Saviour himself shall sit, to sway all its motions, and reduce that world of iniquity and rebellion to a state of filial and affectionate obedience to the will of the Most Holy.

"These, my dear Cousin, are the truths to which, by nature, we are enemies:—they debase the sinner, and exalt the Saviour, to a degree which the pride of our hearts (till Almighty Grace subdues them) is determined never to allow.

"May the Almighty reveal His Son in our hearts, continually more and more; and teach us to increase in love towards him continually, for having given us the unspeakable riches of Christ!

"Yours faithfully,

"W. C." [5]

(5) Hayley's Life of Cowper, Vol. I. p. 163. Letter 22.

COPY OF MY FATHER'S MEMORANDUM, ABOVE ALLUDED TO:—

"While musing one morning in my chamber, after having read the Creed of W. Cowper in one of his Letters, my mind was very unexpectedly exercised in an unusual manner; which seemed speedily to occupy the whole mind, to the exclusion of all other thoughts, and to possess it under a feeling of solemn, humble silence, when suddenly there appeared seated before me, at a short distance on my left, my unutterable Merciful Heavenly Father; and a little farther off, on my right, my very precious beloved Saviour. I then felt urged in my mind to go towards them; and also a pressure, as if pushed forward. On approaching to, and when near my merciful beneficent Father, I felt a reluctance and fear to go forward: but when near to my dear Father, I felt such an increased degree of strength and animation, as encouraged and enabled me to look towards him; and, at the same time, pointing with my right hand (which seemed peculiarly strengthened) towards my dear Saviour, I exclaimed, "There's my Advocate!"—upon which all fear ceased; and the vision immediately vanished; but was very soon succeeded by such a sweet, pure, unmixed feeling of peace (except the consciousness that in this state of being such a feeling could not continue long), that not any language is competent fully to describe.

"To the best of my recollection, this state of mind remained for about three-quarters of an hour.

"N.B.—The foregoing occurred at my sister's, Elizabeth Kendall, Llangattock, Brecknockshire.—I have forgotten in what year.

"10th mo. 1834."

The circumstance of this being written out so short a time before my precious father's death, and when he was in very feeble health, proves the indelible impression it had made upon him, and which the course of long years had not been able to sweep away. He must have known he was then hastening towards the presence of that Majesty, a glimpse of which it had thus been permitted him to behold: and, it appears to me, as if feeling the consolation and support which such a clear view of our Redeemer, in the exercise of His office of Intercessor for man, was calculated to produce in the minds of others, he desired—himself deriving comfort, while his flesh and his heart failed[6]—to leave it among us, in order that it might strengthen the faith of such as would receive it.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God[7]."—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear[8]!"

([6]) Ps. lxxiii. 26. ([7]) 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10.
([8]) Matt. xi. 15.

CHAP. VII.

It was natural that my dear father's bereavement should powerfully affect his thoughts upon the subject of meeting our departed christian friends in heaven. Possessed of warm feelings and a fine imagination, it was not to be expected that Richard Phillips could witness the departure of long-loved and valued friends and relatives without suffering his thoughts to accompany their emancipated spirits into the regions of never-ending bliss, with the consoling assurance that the separation was but for a "little while." It was not for his affectionate heart to bid them an eternal farewell, and to sit down contented with the chilling idea that they should never again hold communion on the themes of highest interest to the christian soul. He also beheld the subject fraught with considerations of vital importance, and was convinced that it was capable of becoming a powerful incentive to devotion.

Living as we do, with so many attractions to earth—so much that is calculated to deaden our spiritual perceptions, and keep our affections grovelling here below—

how great is the power of such a hope to quicken our aspirations after the things which belong to our peace! Can we call to mind the love and delightful society of those who have been taken from us, as we humbly yet firmly believe, to dwell in unspeakable happiness, and be indifferent whether or not we ever take sweet counsel with them again? Is it of no consequence to our present comfort, whether we can indulge the hope that we shall be re-united to them in the society of Heaven—that with them we shall join in the everlasting song of praise to their and our Redeemer? Surely, surely not! It is one of the greatest means of support, under bereavements which require all the balm we can pour into the wounded spirit. "We shall meet again!" is often among the last fond words of parting. "We shall meet again!" are among the first expressions wherewith we console ourselves, when the silence of death compels us to believe we are alone.

And though we then feel, that, undoubtedly, the first and most important consideration is, can we entertain the belief that our friend is happy? yet that does not satisfy us:—and then we turn to strive and pray that we may so follow him as he followed Christ, and so as to allow us to cherish a well-grounded hope of a speedy and eternal re-union.

That this sweet belief is mercifully natural to us, seems proved by the general opinion in its favour

which prevails among the uneducated: they almost invariably derive the greatest consolation from this hope, which I imagine will usually be found in every unsophisticated mind. It is possible that I might have unconsciously imbibed it from by-conversations; but it certainly grew up in my heart from earliest childhood, so that I never remember thinking otherwise; and it became, when suffering overwhelming losses, a most powerful incentive to diligence, in seeking to tread a heavenward path, and a means of sweet support and holy consolation.

Our all-merciful Father graciously permits us to use all the helps we can procure, to aid us on our way. It would almost seem that such afflictions would lose one of their most cogent means of usefulness, were this idea abandoned. I doubt not that there have been many to whom this secondary motive was the blessed means of leading them into a persevering christian preparation for their own solemn change;—to many more, a strong prompter to a holier diligence in that path in which they were already walking;—and last, not least, a sweet consolation to those who could humbly solace themselves with the hope of, ere long, joining their "treasures in heaven."

My father used to converse much on this subject, during the last fifteen or twenty years of his life. He considered, that our not recognising the redeemed spirits of our christian friends would go far to involve

an oblivion of past events in our own lives, which were closely interwoven with the agency of our fellow-beings;—and if the retrospect of them was lost, one of the most fruitful sources of adoring gratitude would be also removed.

Surely, when we see face to face—when we know, even as we are known[1]—when the veil, which now conceals the footsteps of Providence, is withdrawn—and we behold something of the unfathomable wisdom of the Divine appointments, we shall be furnished with endless themes of adoration; as, retaining the perception of our own identity and that of others, we trace the links of the mighty chain, which, bright and unbroken, will then be revealed to our wondering spirits. And we shall indeed be able to say—

> "When all thy mercies, O my God!
> My rising soul surveys,
> Transported with the view, I'm lost
> In wonder, love, and praise!"[2]

In a Letter to a dear friend of his, dated 1st month, 2d, 1835, my father remarks: "I much fear that the animating, exciting, and encouraging christian doctrine of christian friendship and recognition is but little known, and less duly considered, by us, poor mortals, in this our day, than its importance merits. — — If recognition did not exist, or, in other words, the

(1) 1 Cor. xiii. 12. (2) Addison.

remembrance of actions on earth ceased in heaven, then all the transactions of this life, and even this state of existence, will be buried in total oblivion, as if it never had been; and a great source of everlasting gratitude and love and praise would be obliterated or dried up, which necessarily flows from, or is produced by, the view of our multiplied transgressions forgiven —of the forbearance, long-suffering, and innumerable other mercies of our dear Saviour to us; and of His excruciating, unparalleled sufferings endured for us, his rebellious creatures, that He might secure our salvation, and preserve us from endless misery or perdition; manifesting, that in Him, even towards his frail, rebellious, repentant creatures, there existed 'Love without end, and, without measure, grace.' Such would be the consequence, to the spirits of the redeemed, of the loss of recollection of what has taken place on earth; who would thereby become ignorant of the astonishing wonders of Redeeming Love, and its glorious effect, in frustrating the malicious design of Satan, depriving him of his usurped dominion, and gaining an everlasting victory; which, as prophecy declares, will be celebrated by the heavenly host, with the voice of triumph, in the sublime hymn of 'Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!'[3] Also, by such obliteration of recollection, a state of infancy is made to possess (in this very important respect) superior knowledge to a state far more advanced towards

(3) Rev. xix. 6.

maturity; and where we are authorised, by Scripture, in believing, knowledge will be greatly increased[4]. Does not this render the supposition of the cessation of recollection in heaven very improbable?"

Leaving the consideration of this subject for a while —for I must slightly touch on it again, when I notice the period of my father's seclusion from active life— I must turn to a very little more public work which he accomplished; and relate the commencement of the gradual decline of his energies—that decline, which slowly but surely proceeded, till his body rested in the quiet grave.

In 1828, my father made some stay at Tunbridge Wells; and there formed a Dispensary. The local obstacles to the establishment of this Institution were so great, that one who subsequently became a liberal supporter of it deemed them almost insurmountable; though he concealed that opinion from my father, until this, which was almost the last of his philanthropic efforts, had been crowned with success. I believe it has now grown into an Infirmary.

The last labour of love, requiring active exertion, in which my dear father co-operated, was that of employing precautionary measures on the appearance of the cholera in England. In 1831, both at Tunbridge

(4) 1 Cor. xiii. 12, &c.

Wells, and on his return home, at Wandsworth, he exerted himself considerably; and never appeared to rally entirely from the effects of the fatigue and excitement which he then underwent. My dear father had been declining for some time previously; and had a very serious attack of indisposition at Tunbridge Wells, that autumn. His nervous system, always very susceptible, gave way before his bodily strength decayed; for his mode of life had involved great use of the mental powers. The Legal profession demands intense application to a dry study: and his other duties and pursuits were of a nature which drew largely on the vital energies of the brain.

CHAP. VIII.

I AM now entering upon the consideration of my third division of this Memoir—that of my precious father's withdrawal from active life, and the season of deep provings and "searchings of heart"; which, I believe, is often purposely assigned to those who have been blest to labour extensively and usefully in the busy world. This has been the path in which our gracious Master has led many of his devoted servants. I particularly remember Legh Richmond, and the Bible Commentator, Thomas Scott; who appeared to have, as it were, a most marked time of purification allotted to them, before they were called from works to rewards.

As it is needful that we be thoroughly emptied of our own works, to enable us to ascribe the glory and honour to Him who alone merits it; so we must be given to see our own utter unworthiness; that we may fully say, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy

truth's sake[1]:" therefore He occasionally, and particularly towards the close of life, draws aside more fully the veil which self-love has woven before our eyes; and shews us more of that fearful sight, "a naked human heart." But at the time He shews His dear children the disease, He also enables us to behold, with the anointed eye of faith, the remedy: then we understand what it is to covet a shelter beneath the robe of Christ's righteousness; for in proportion as His spirit exhibits us to ourselves as we really are, He takes of Messiah's, and shews it unto us. Then comes the deep self-abasement which peculiarly marked my father's latter years—the full and abounding views of the love of God, which provided and gave the propitiatory sacrifice of the spotless victim, even Christ Jesus, "who hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us unto God[2]."

It became needful, in the early part of 1832, I think, to keep my dear father entirely secluded from society, in order to prevent the recurrence of attacks which always came on after mental excitement: they were not faintings, nor were they regular fits; but he sometimes fell down in them; and, as they were evidently the effect of a feeble condition of the brain, he might never have awakened from them; or, awaking, never have regained his consciousness. Such was the opinion of his medical attendant[3], a gentleman whose talents

([1]) Psalm cxv. 1. ([2]) 1 Pet. iii. 18.
([3]) James Howell, of Wandsworth, Surgeon.

and kind attention to my father rendered him as much the valued friend, as he was the skilful adviser of his patient, in a case which required great watchfulness, during a deeply-anxious period of four or five years.

After some months, the system of total seclusion, which he himself had found truly acceptable, was gradually relaxed; and he was again able, under prudent management, to receive and enjoy the visits of his intimate friends.

During this whole period, as well as subsequently, he was capable of conversation; and derived pleasure from listening to reading. His devotional reading, when possible, he performed himself. The Bible, Bishop Lowth's Translation of Isaiah, and Bishop Horne's Commentary on the Psalms, were favourite companions of those morning hours. Other kinds of books were read to him; and newspapers, biography, and travels, were resorted to, in order to interest his mind; which retained its original thirst for information, and its acute powers of investigation, if slightly deadened, yet still in much vigour.

It is impossible for those not similarly situated, to conceive the arduous nature of amusing such an invalid: no trifles could be resorted to; no light reading interested him. Yet, while this unquestionably increased the onerous nature of my deeply-interesting

task, it now, on retrospection, affords a cause of deep thankfulness, that it was so; rather than that he should have been called to bear, and I to witness, the affecting decay of intellect which is permitted to overtake so many aged persons. He was not unfrequently in a painful state of depression; arising, as I have said, from the final mental conflicts through which he was called to pass, as well as from the decaying condition of his constitutional energies. He, of course, felt the absence of the pleasant excitement and variety of the active mode of life to which he had been so long devoted. It was indeed a heavy trial for him "to learn to vegetate[4]"; and to relinquish an activity, which had its matter as well as its manner to recommend it to his warmest affections. But, with his characteristic contentment, he maintained a sweet patience; and was generally, in appearance, negatively cheerful;—perfectly willing, even desirous, for his own sake and mine, to avail himself of every lawful means of improvement to his health, or stimulus to his spirits; —practically evincing his belief in the truth of those lines which he sometimes quoted, as referring to the loving-kindness of our Heavenly Father,—

"Who is good, when He gives,
Supremely good; nor less, when He denies
And crosses, from His sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise."

([4]) Zimmermann on Solitude.

As long as my dear father could bear the exercise of a carriage, he took a short drive daily: but about six or seven months before he was taken from me, the brain became so feeble, that the motion made him feel very sick, and he was compelled to relinquish the pleasant change which it had given him.

As my precious father approached "the land that is very far off"—the "Father-land" of love and harmony, in the full meaning of the term—he seemed to overflow with the antepast of it; as the following extract, from what he wrote to one who could fully appreciate those feelings, will evince more clearly than any words of mine. It is dated 18th of 12th month, 1834:—

"The song or hymn of the morning stars, and the shout for joy of the sons of God[5], manifest the general, perfect, and ecstatic harmony which prevailed at the Creation; and it is, I believe, the first instance which is given of this kind of heavenly harmony.

> "From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
> This universal frame began;
> From harmony to harmony,
> Through all the compass of the notes it ran,—
> The diapason closing full in Man[6].

([5]) See Job xxxviii. 7.

([6]) Dryden.—See Johnson's Dictionary, under "Diapason:"—"Harmony and love are nearly united."

"At the Incarnation of our Blessed Saviour, was there not a song or chorus by a multitude of the heavenly host—praise to the Great I AM—of 'Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, good-will towards men'[7]!'? Well, indeed, might such a hymn, such praise, be given amongst men, of their Blessed Redeemer—of Him, in whose face

> "Divine compassion visibly appear'd;
> Love without end; and without measure, grace[8]!'

"The quotation in my last, from Cowper's Winter Walk at Noon—as follows—

> "One song employs all nations; and all cry,
> 'Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us!'
> The dwellers in the vales, and on the rocks,
> Shout to each other; and the mountain-tops,
> From distant mountains, catch the flying joy;
> Till nation after nation, taught the strain,
> Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round!—

gives a beautiful description of the increased prevalence of divine love and piety, particularly during the prevalence of the blessed and glorious Millennium.

"The extension of this divine song or hymn must occupy the attention, and animate the desire of the pious; and, at the conclusion of time, the glorious celestial hymn of "Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" will be sung by a great multitude of the heavenly host[9]. Thus it appears, by the

([7]) Luke ii. 13, 14.

([8]) Paradise Lost, Book III. 135.—See also Joyce on Love to God, Third edition, p. 202. ([9]) Rev. xix. 6.

Scriptures, that celestial rejoicing prevailed at the commencement of time, was heard at the Incarnation, and will be repeated at the conclusion of time — a strong testimony to divine love!"

The remarks contained in this extract were written upon the subject of divine love;—one, which I shall presently mention, as having occupied much of my beloved father's attention, particularly towards the close of his life.

In the course of his gradual decay, my father's mind recurred, with yearning thoughts, to sacred music, as a sweet and soothing means of diminishing his sufferings, and calming his spirits. He did not, however, permit himself to yield to the wish, until, after diligent examination of the subject, he felt thoroughly persuaded in his own mind that he was permitted, without offending his conscience, to do so.

When my dear father's decision was formed, he procured a large barrel-organ, with only sacred tunes upon it: and very greatly did he enjoy it, during the last eight months of his precious life. He frequently expressed his thankfulness, that, having made a sacrifice of this gratification in early life, he was now permitted to resume it, in a guarded form, in old age: he did indeed often experience it to be,

"Like David's harp of solemn sound,"

of real service to his spirit. At times he liked that

those of his little household, who were able, should unite their voices to its swelling notes, in singing a hymn; but not unfrequently he appeared to use the tones of it merely to wing his thoughts to those regions whither his soul stood waiting to depart[10], "in the ready dress of a long preceding preparation[11]."

One day, soon after he had given an order for the instrument to be built[12], he shewed me the following version, by Dr. Doddridge, of the Hundred and forty-sixth Psalm; saying, it was as if it had been written for him on that occasion; requesting that I would read it all, and, I thought, directing my attention particularly towards the three last stanzas:—

God of my life! through all its days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

When anxious cares would break my rest,
And grief would tear my troubled breast,
Thy tuneful praise I'll raise on high,
And check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak,

([10]) It was on 3d mo. 1st. 1835.
([11]) Bishop Jeremy Taylor.—Ante, p. 8.
([12]) See Selections from Letters and Papers (E).

But, oh! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing Seraphs round thy Throne!

This sweet hymn is indeed a perfect transcript of the peculiar cast of my precious father's piety, which was so glowingly tinctured with joyous thanksgiving and adoring praise.

I feel that I owe it to my father's precious memory, and to myself, to say that I have not thoughtlessly or perversely brought forward this subject of sacred music. I do not wish to enter into the full consideration of it, but only as far as it was connected with this Memoir: it was an important event in the evening of my beloved parent's life, which I seemed almost bound, as a faithful biographer, to relate: and I believe I ought not to shrink from recording the testimony of his opinion respecting its guarded use[13]; nor, for the sake of other invalids, omit to state the fact of the sweet and heavenly effect which its beautiful harmony produced upon the mind of Richard Phillips, when suffering under disease and depression. I ought to say, further, that he used to express himself much satisfied with the circumstance that his instrument, being a

([13]) See Selections from Letters and Papers (E).

barrel-organ, nothing "light" would ever be played upon it, nor any precious time consumed upon learning to perform. Nor would he have permitted an instrument of another description to have entered his dwelling, upon any consideration whatever; nor did the most vague idea enter his thoughts of the propriety of introducing music into our Meetings for Religious Worship.

Many of his friends did regard with indulgence this soothing expedient; which proved to him a salutary medicine, and greatly tended to allay the sufferings consequent on that condition of the nervous system which accompanies the decay of vital energy in those whose temperaments have been distinguished by some of the striking characteristics of genius, and those peculiar qualities of mind which have been pourtrayed in this Memoir.

CHAP. IX.

WHILE my dear father was thus declining, three subjects occupied his mind with intense interest; which were at once a setting of his seal to the sincerity of his past life and labours, and a means and evidence of his ripening for glory.

They were—A still more earnest consideration of the perpetuation of christian friendship in the heavenly state—The importance of the nature of those habits which we form on earth, and to the controul of which we surrender ourselves—and, Divine Love, as exemplified in the dealings of our Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, towards mankind.

The first, branched into a few minor points; such as, christian intercourse; brotherly love; communion and sympathy between the spirits of the saints, both while in this state of probation, and after the veil of flesh is withdrawn;—the latter coming under the head of the ministry of angels, and the work of departed blessed spirits.

The subject of christian friendship, in all its different positions, demands a few more lines, before I mention that of habit.

Long interested upon the topic, my father persuaded Thomas Gisborne, A.M., to write a little work: it was published in 1822 (bound up with some other Essays), entitled "Essays on the Recollections which are to subsist between Earthly Friends re-united in the World to come[1]."

On the 25th of the 3d mo. 1835, my father thus writes to a friend:—

"My BELOVED —— will not be surprised to hear from me on the interesting and important subject alluded to in my Letters of —— and ——[2]: I mean, the importance, or advantage and duration, of christian friendship; shewing the genuine gospel spirit of love from whence it originates, by which it is regulated, and will be continued through everlasting ages; having its place or station in the celestial regions, amongst

(1) A little volume by C. R. Muston, A.M., contains much that is deeply interesting. It is called "Recognition in the World to come; or, Christian Friendship on Earth perpetuated in Heaven:" 1830. And another by Robert Meek, of St. John's College, Cambridge, entitled, "The mutual Recognition, and exalted Felicity of glorified Saints," came out in 1830.—There is also a Tract called "A Dialogue between a Widow and her Friend;" published by Mason, 66 Paternoster Row.

(2) Of these Letters, I select this, from which to give extracts, as being the most suitable for the purpose.

the purified spirits of the redeemed, and there manifesting itself, by 'for ever blessing, and being for ever blest.' On earth, how little understood, and less thought of, are the great advantages and encouragements which proceed from the mutual sympathy and kindness (both in affliction and joy) which flow from such friendship, and excite to increased zeal and diligence for its preservation; and, consequently, its continuation (without termination) in another state;—a solicitude much increased on the decease of pious near relations and friends. Such mourners, even when thus afflicted, may rejoice in hope, as David did: 'I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me[3].' How encouraging is such a hope, and exciting to the being found engaged in the lovely endearing bonds of christian friendship!—and how pleasing must it be, on the removal of pious friends, to be made in any degree instrumental in administering such excitement and encouragement to the surviving mourning friends!... As to christian friends, who can limit or set bounds to the beneficial effect of their mutually feeling for, or sympathizing with, each other, in this trying state of conflict—and of the increase of strength and encouragement of which such a similarity and union of feeling would be productive—crowned, as at times it doubtless would be, with authorised petitions to the Throne of Grace for each other's continued preservation and progress in the way to everlasting peace; so that

([3]) 2 Sam. xii. 23.

the termination of their earthly conflict and pilgrimage may prove a glorious crown to the whole. The advantage of christian spiritual sympathy being not limited to their being present with each other, but also operating when they are remotely situated, or separated from each other, they experience, though separated, a mutual rejoicing in their gracious Lord—from a sensible feeling of His merciful operations in their seeking, wrestling minds—to their no small encouragement and strengthening. Thus, in degree, do they fulfil the royal law of charity—of rejoicing with them that rejoice, and of weeping with them that weep[4], and of loving their neighbour as themselves[5]. Who can refrain from being ardently solicitous that such a christian friendship may extend to great multitudes, carrying with it many striking features of the blessed Millennium."

In another point of view, my father considered that the subject of the "communion of saints" might be made conducive to the consolation and encouragement of mourners. I believe I have not any thing more of his writing which bears immediately on this subject to transcribe; though there was a Letter of his, written only a few months before his own departure, in which he mentioned it as a source of sweet consolation to a bereaved mourner; asserting his opinion, that the spirit of the departed one was probably even then permitted

(4) Rom. xii. 15. (5) James ii. 7.

to minister to the sorrowing friend, who remained "yet a little while" longer on earth. Those who have bent beneath the pressure of affliction can well appreciate the value of every aid which we are mercifully permitted to call in, on those occasions; and truly some there are who can bear testimony to the sweetness of this belief[6]!

The important consideration of attending to the nature of these habits, into the bonds of which we consign ourselves, I think began to dwell most on my father's mind about 1831: he conversed much with his friends upon it, collected opinions from various authors, and corresponded, as I have said, with an intimate and beloved friend[7].

The astonishing power which habit exercises over us is scarcely credible to those who are unaccustomed to analyse the deep workings of the human mind, and who have never been called upon to change the every-day routine of their proceedings. But a little observation will convince us, that the chains in which habit binds every faculty of the soul are most powerful

([6]) See Selections from Letters and Papers (D).

([7]) A Paper on Bad Habit appeared in the "Amethyst" for 1834, from the pen of J. J. Gurney. I believe it sprung from my father's solicitude on the matter: and I hope that the earnest desire of his departed friend will be remembered; and produce, from the same source, that benefit to society which the completion of the subject by him could not fail of conferring.

engines of good or evil. And while we take heed not to confound cause and effect; while we remember, that habit is not itself the holy principle of grace within us, which, when really formed in the soul, seems as a well, springing up to eternal life; we shall yet find that habit becomes a singularly useful hedge about the spiritual vineyard; strengthening the feeble aspirations of the soul after good things, encouraging the growth of divine grace in the heart, and retaining in the service of piety all the nobler faculties of the intellectual part of our natures.

When the soul has learned to seek and receive grace from her Reedeemer; when she has learned to meditate much upon the abounding mercy, the unfathomable love, the spotless purity, the majestic grandeur of His character, as exhibited to us in the Holy Scriptures; she will have formed habits of contemplation, which will bring into action, gratitude, love, and a pure exalted taste, capable of appreciating conceptions the most perfect and sublime.

To a soul thus trained, we shall perceive that cause and effect will act and re-act on each other;—the sentiment of grateful love will lead to actions of obedience and devotion on the one hand; the habit of performing those actions will, on the other, deepen the love by which they were originally prompted. Many of us know how the habit of rendering thanks, which spring from love to our Heavenly Father, for His never-

failing mercies, strengthens that love towards Him;—how the habit of tracing the footsteps of Providence, amid the intricate paths of life, strengthens our faith and hope, from which the habit arose;—how the habit of referring all events to His choice and direction strengthens the resignation, which gave birth to the habit.—And thus might we proceed, through the whole catalogue of christian graces.

Such being the use and the power of habit, how greatly does the cultivation of good ones, prompted and assisted, as it doubtless is, by the Holy Spirit, prepare us for the employments and happiness of glorified spirits—for the society of Heaven!

It is an awful assertion—but, I believe, an incontrovertible one—that if God were to grant us only the pardon of our sins, even that pardon which has been purchased for us by the precious blood of His Son, it would not, of itself, fit the soul for enjoying the happiness of Heaven. And why? Because it would not implant in us the tastes, the tempers, the habits, which must be ours, if we would expect to enjoy the society of that innumerable and holy company.

When we love a dear friend, are we not imperceptibly led to follow his example, and to practise his virtues; either because we are attracted by a similarity of disposition and tastes, or because affection leads us to form ourselves after the model which we perceive

to be one so delightful to us—so full of moral beauty? At all events, his habits become ours. We cannot be happy in the society of those whose habits are diametrically opposed to our own: the lover of peace and harmony would not bear the companionship of him who delighted in contention and discord;—much less the lover of this world's evanescent trifles can accord with the disciple of Jesus.

My dear father, in reference to this subject, often recurred to a sermon, entitled "Meetness for Heaven," by John Venn, late Rector of Clapham. He places the matter before us in a light which cannot be too deeply laid to our hearts. He regards the term, "felicity of heaven"—a phrase too often on our lips, with but little definite meaning attached to it—as describing a state, rather than a locality; and considers that we must indeed be made "meet" for the inheritance of the saints in light.

With what an unerring test do our habits furnish us, with regard to our meetness for heaven. For whose companionship are we fitted?—Our habits will tell us the simple truth. The Holy Scriptures, which "are able to make us wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus," reveal sufficient of the employments and characters of the inhabitants of that "land that is very far off," where we "shall behold the King in His beauty." Would He have any beauty

in our eyes?—"any form or comeliness, that we should desire Him?"

Let us contemplate the votary of this world's customs and pursuits. Where are the fine aspiring qualities of that soul, which makes him to differ from the beast? They are chained down to the little frivolities of earth, if not engrossed by sinful objects, till his spiritual perceptions are so dimmed, and his affections towards heavenly things so deadened, that he neither knows nor desires them. His senses are not exercised to discern good and evil. Is he fit for spiritual enjoyments? Could he appreciate and love them? Would the kind of happiness which we are taught to expect in heaven, be such as his habits have prepared him for?—or, must he change them, think you?

Far, far be it from us to limit the tender mercies of the Most High: yet, generally speaking, it is safer for us to believe—and my father often referred to the passage, which implies that a miraculous change of heart is not effected at the moment of dissolution:—"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: he that is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still. And behold, I come quickly: and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be."[6]

(6) Rev. xxii. 11, 12.

Let us imagine a man of the world, properly so designated, without one holy temper, or one aspiration of love and gratitude to God having been formed in his soul, admitted into the innumerable company of angels—to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven; and to God, the Judge of all; and to the spirits of just[7] men made perfect; and to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant[8]. Can we conceive the possibility of his enjoying the society in which he thus found himself? Does not the idea strike us as bordering on the absurd?—if, indeed, such a term may be used, on such a subject. Let us pause, and be wise ere it be too late: let us learn, that this life is but a passing preparation for another, not a distinct state of existence; —time, is eternity begun.

Religion is not merely a sentiment; it is not a set of abstract theories, apart from our every-day occupations. Like an atmosphere, it must surround, pervade, and mingle with every motive and every action. Some appear to believe that Religion consists in worshipping the Supreme Being; and, by consequence, deem all time mis-spent which is devoted to secular objects: even the Creator's beautiful handiworks, the earth, which is full of His riches, and teeming with beauty, life, and joyousness, are all quite beneath the

(7) Justified in Jesus, and purified.

(8) Heb. xii. 22, 23, 24.

contemplation of such as imbibe this narrow view of man's duty, and his destiny.

I would rather define that mind as a religious one, which has acquired the habit of conducting every thing with reference to its Creator and eternity. While such a soul forgets not to worship publicly, as well as in the closet; and, in the secret of the heart, to commune with its God, under an abiding sense of His Omnipresence; it will also take a far wider range than the one to which I have alluded. While he traces the guiding finger of the Deity in all the minor events of life, he remembers that we are placed in this world to be trained for Heaven—that we must practise the tempers and the graces of Heaven in our every-day employments—that the man of business, who, from motives which arise in a conscience enlightened and guided by the Holy Spirit of Christ, preserves an unsullied integrity amidst the contamination of the world's traffic, does exhibit the beauty of a religious character as truly as another who sits in his closet and writes a devotional treatise. They are parts of a whole; and it is dangerous to separate the idea of them. "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God[9]." We weave snares for our consciences, when we allow ourselves to believe that the lawful pursuits, the intellectual or the simple pleasures of life, necessarily carry

(9) 1 Cor. x. 31.

us out of the atmosphere of Religion. They may be the very best means of bracing our minds for the highest department of Religion—devotional exercises, either on behalf of ourselves or others. "Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me." I believe we do offer no unacceptable praise to the Father of mercies, when, with hearts peacefully reposing on His love, we enjoy the beautiful world in which He has placed us; and when we expand with glowing benevolence towards all around us, or receive, with adoring thankfulness, the sweet love with which, as in silver chains, some of us are bound to each other.

To return to the test with which our habits furnish us.—What are they? Love to God and to our neighbour, we are told by the sacred lip of Truth, is the sum and substance of the divine law; and it appears impossible to enumerate a grace which is not employed in carrying out these two principles. Are we then watching, as at the feet of Jesus, for the precious opportunities which are presented by the swiftly-changing events of each day, to do His work? For, whether it be in public or in private life, each day brings with it the Christian's proper business, both towards his God and his neighbour; and, by patiently persevering in its performance, we call into exercise almost every christian grace which we shall need in Heaven: and we shall, ere long, be surprised to find how firmly these graces are engrafted on our natures, and bound about our souls with the bands of habit.

The commencement of great works is generally small and insignificant: the seed is minute, though the tree be of great magnitude; but the seed must be planted in the earth, or the tree will not spring up. So must we take heed that we form good habits; which, though they may at first be feeble and of slow growth, will surely strengthen and expand by degrees.

As the tender plant is nourished by the oft-descending rain and the constant dew of heaven, so is the vital principle of divine grace within us cherished by the persevering, rather than the great, efforts of daily practice;—and these efforts constitute our habits[10].

From the subject of good and bad habit, my father was led into that of divine love. A long correspondence was carried on by him to his beloved friend, J. J. Gurney, during the preparation, by the latter, of the little volume entitled "Essay on Love to God." This work was written at the earnest desire of my father; and the communications which were sent to Earlham, during the progress of its composition, furnished the dear invalid with much interesting employment: indeed, it seemed to be a labour of love, which rested on his spirit, so that he could scarcely "depart in peace" until he saw it accomplished. And, "according to the good hand of his God upon

([10]) See Selections from Letters and Papers (G).

him[11]," and through the kindness of his highly-gifted friend, he lived to read, greatly delight in, and widely circulate, the much-desired little book.

In a Letter, dated 20th of the first month, 1834, speaking to his friend of the consideration of it, he remarks—

"With respect to good habit, how highly important, interesting, and animating must it be, as necessarily including a reference to the love of the Great Supreme, and the wonderful operations of His spirit of love in fallen sinful man, in sowing what has been compared to a grain of mustard-seed, on account of its smallness and subsequent great increase; and in carrying on and completing the great work of preparing fallen sinful man for an everlasting inheritance in the realms of light, happiness, and glory."

Again, in a Letter dated 9th month 1834, he says—

"To whom is frail, feeble, erring, sinning man indebted for the all-important and increased effusion of that great and mighty principle and power of regeneration, or of purification and sanctification, whereby the immortal soul is prepared for the possession and enjoyment of endless felicity. The reply is evident—the declaration of Scripture being clear[12]. It is, to the Blessed Saviour.

([11]) Ezra vii. 9. ([12]) John xvi. 7—15.

So again, in the Letter dated 1st mo. 20. 1834, he says: "It is all Divine Love, however diversified or varied in its operations in sinful man, preparing and qualifying him to ascend and be for ever with his Heavenly Father and his beloved Redeemer, and uniting with the great multitude in the ecstatic exclamations of 'Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!' "[13]

"From whence sprang the Creation? What produced the Incarnation of our Blessed Saviour—induced the dear Redeemer to expose himself to the malignant and cruel treatment of sinful man? Why did the King of Glory become a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief—being tormented and wounded for our transgressions, and smitten for our iniquities—but that we (diseased and wretched man), by His chastisement, bruises, and sufferings, might be healed, and our peace established, according to the wonderful appointment of His Almighty beloved Father respecting His well-beloved and only-begotten Son[14], who, even when thus tormented, being crushed by affliction[15], pouring out His soul unto death[16], employed His omniscience and omnipotence in performing miracles of mercy for the relief of sinning, rebellious man?

"What induced him to endure the agonizing death of the cross, and the yet more trying dispensation of the withdrawing of His Almighty Father's presence? What induced our Merciful and Blessed Saviour thus to suffer (sufferings heightened by the perfect purity of

([13]) Rev. xix. 6.
([14]) Isa. liii. 3.
([15]) Lowth's Isa. liii. 10.
([16]) Isa. liii. 12.

His nature), and so wonderfully to act, as to give Him the victory over death, hell, and the grave; and place Him on the right hand of the Majesty on high, there to intercede for fallen, miserable man[17]? — — Was it not Love?—for 'God is love[18].

"How wonderful, how astonishing, have been the operations of Divine Love, for saving rebellious, miserable man from the dreadful consequences of the Fall, and restoring him to purity and peace! An Almighty, beloved, merciful, and beneficent Father surrenders His Fellow[19], His companion in eternity, His well-beloved and only-begotten Son, to a cruel, agonizing death; raises Him from the dead; and places him on His right hand, there effectually to intercede for the pardon and redemption of rebellious man!

[20] "On such a subject, how soon do all created beings, with their limited capacities, find themselves unequal to deep or much investigation!—and, with a small variation, may they not adopt the language of one formerly—

"——I lose
Myself in Him—in *Love* ineffable.—
Come then, expressive Silence, muse
His *ever-glorious* praise!'[21]

Thus did my precious father's mind overflow with the love of God; and thus was he prepared, by the

([17]) Mark xvi. 19. Rom. viii. 34. ([18]) 1 John iv. 7, 8, &c.
([19]) Zechariah xiii. 7. ([20]) 12 mo. 18. 1834.
([21]) The words in italics are altered in this quotation from the conclusion of Thomson's "Hymn on the Seasons." My father was

settled bent of his soul, and fitted, by his tastes and affections, to enter into the society of Heaven — the company of the redeemed ones: for his habits were of the same nature as theirs.

There now remains little more for me to do, besides tracing the few events of his last suffering days. To strangers, it will appear extraordinary that I made no memorandums, until a few weeks afterwards: but those who are aware of my circumstances, know, that the task of watching over the precious invalid was one which so completely exhausted my powers, that no energy remained to be applied to writing. I trust I may say, that no inattention caused the omission, but simple and positive inability to perform the otherwise imperative duty. To him I was enabled to pay constant personal attention; which has ever since been to me a source of the sweetest retrospect and true thankfulness.

I have said that my father became unable to walk down stairs, for some months previous to his death;

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was fond of these lines, beginning at—

" ——I cannot go
Where Universal Love smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;
From seeming evil still educing good;
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. — But I lose
Myself in Him—in Light ineffable.—
Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise!"

See Selections from Letters and Papers (G).

because, from the feeble state of his brain, it produced most distressing retching: this symptom occasionally attacked him in the night: and, long before he required sitting up with, we were often roused from our sleep, to give him a remedy for it.

For some time after he relinquished going down stairs, he occasionally removed into a room on the same floor with his own, and passed some hours there; rather enjoying the change of scene and prospect which it afforded him; for, in degree, he continued alive to the beauties of nature till very near his departure. He loved those lines of our great poet;—though, perhaps, his enjoyment of them was rather previous to the time I am describing:—

> "These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
> Almighty, thine!—This universal frame
> Thus wond'rous fair, Thyself how wondrous then,
> Unspeakable, who sitt'st above the heavens,
> To us invisible, or dimly seen
> In these thy lowest works!—yet these declare
> Thy goodness, beyond thought and power divine." [22]

By degrees, this movement from room to room became too great an exertion for him; and he remained entirely in his own apartment. From the total absence of exercise, which it thus became impossible to give him, while his appetite (which we could not, from the presence of other symptoms, place much restraint upon) continued very craving, there at last appeared signs of

([22]) Paradise Lost.

fulness in the vessels of the head; and a very severe fit, one morning, rendered it necessary to take blood from his arm.

I was summoned early; and hastily took my place, a little on one side behind him, on the bed; and a faithful female attendant supported him on the other side. Here we remained, while he was bled, and for some hours afterwards. Mercifully, the violence of the attack subsided in a few hours; and those terrible hours were the worst through which we were called to pass. He had a great repugnance to seeing fresh persons around him—a feeling very natural to invalids; and my earnest desire seemed to be granted, that I might be still permitted to minister to his necessities, in the same way which I had had the privilege of doing, through his long and gradual decline.

From this attack my father rallied considerably; but with returning strength, we saw our fond hopes blasted; for there appeared, also, strong indications of a return of the former seizure, and bleeding was again resorted to. After that operation, my precious father remained sitting up in his bed for some little time, in a very peculiar, calm silence; as if, relieved from the pressure of disease, his mind was taking a thorough, quiet survey of his situation. It was very striking to me, as I watched beside him. After a time, he said, "Well, my dear Mary, we are in good hands!"—and then took leave of me for a while.

Throughout the whole of this last illness, he evinced a sweet, childlike, and passive submission; but the tendency to delirium was great, and precluded much conversation. His whole deportment, however, clearly shewed a daily increasing "meetness for Heaven."

During his illness, he did not relinquish his usual custom of rendering thanks before he took refreshment or medicine: it was nearly in silence; though his uplifted hands and some half-uttered ejaculation generally told of his deep and humble gratitude. The last time he dined out of bed, he was seized with illness so severe, that for some time his immediate departure seemed probable. At this never-to-be-forgotten meal, though he was in such a fearfully-exhausted state, and in urgent need of the refreshment, he stayed, and raised his trembling hands over the plate in a manner so affecting, that myself and his attendant scarcely restrained a flood of tears.

Before my precious father became very ill, the sublime description of Death, by Dr. Watts, ranked among his favourite poetical pieces; and he often dwelt upon the last few lines with peculiar interest:—

"It was a brave attempt!—advent'rous he,
Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea,
And, leaving his dear native land behind,
Trusted his life to the licentious wind!
I see the surging brine—the tempest raves—
He on the pine-plank rides across the waves,
Exulting, on the edge of thousand gaping graves:

He

He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails;
Conquers the flood, and manages the gales!—
"Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land,
Fearless, when the Great Master gives command.
Death is the storm;—she smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempest waft her from the shore:
Then, with a skilful helm, she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease:
Her faith can govern death: she spreads her wings
Wide to the wind; and, as she sails, she sings,
And loses, by degrees, the sight of mortal things.
As the shores lessen, so her joys arise;
The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies.
Now vast eternity fills all her sight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright."

But all through life, my beloved father had entertained that dread of the last change which a deeply-conscientious mind, not accustomed to shrink from investigation, was likely to feel, at the realizing contemplation of so unutterably awful an event. Accustomed to meditate upon the infinite purity of the Great Supreme, and keenly alive to a sense of his own infirmities, he beheld the moment which should fix his eternal condition, as one fraught with inexpressible solemnity.

Those who knew this rather prominent feature in my dear father's character, will best know how to appreciate the mercy which enabled him to behold quietly, and calmly, the slow but certain approach of death.

The delirium had almost wholly subsided for some days before he died; but he had great difficulty in articulating. Yet, though he did not converse, he evidently knew he was going. He occasionally exclaimed, "My Father!"—and once said, "My dear Saviour! sustain me!" About three-and-thirty hours before he departed, he desired me, as I sat upon the bed supporting him, to raise him up myself; and told me to kiss him.

I think it was two nights before his death, that I asked him if I should send for any friend, to talk to him; but he refused, and said, "Thou must talk to me." I reminded him of the remarkable impression made upon his mind by the incident which I related at page 169; and which he had been accustomed to mention, with much comfort, during the last three or four years. To my surprise, it was all swept away from his memory; nor could I recall it.

Simple reliance upon the mercy of God in Christ Jesus seemed to be all that sustained him. No reference to past experience availed him any thing. Most strikingly did he thus illustrate the words of his favourite hymn—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

"Nothing

"Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace—
To the cleansing Fountain fly!
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

"While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on thy Judgment-throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

In the full spirit of this most beautiful hymn, he continued occasionally to raise his clasped hands, uttering, in a gentle supplicating tone, the word "Mercy!" And thus, leaning on my arm, and holding one of my hands, as I sat behind him, myself supported by pillows, he became quieter and quieter, and his breathing gradually shorter; till he passed away, and "was not," and "his place knew him no more."

But "we know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens[23]." "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord[24]."

([23]) 2 Cor. v. 1. ([24]) Rom. viii. 38, 39.

Richard Phillips died on the 16th of the 1st month, 1836, aged eighty years and a few days. His dear remains repose in the burial-ground of the Friends, at Croydon, in Surrey.

In detailing the various incidents of my father's life, I have endeavoured, too diffusely perhaps, to frame, as it were, every sketch which I drew: there now, therefore, remains less for me to do, in the way of summing up, and condensing into one view, the most marked traits of his character. Something of this nature I must, however, attempt: for there are several points still untouched upon; which, though I could not easily weave them into the Memoir as I proceeded, without being too discursive, are yet too important features to be omitted, in my endeavour to draw a faithful portrait of Richard Phillips.

Society, at the present day, presents so very different an aspect with respect to Charitable Institutions, that much which I have told of my dear father's exertions in that line will not appear to possess nearly the interest they did at the time, or convey an adequate idea of the labour and perseverance necessary for the accomplishment of his plans, or of their value when carried out: neither will the details be so useful, in the light of examples, as they were when individual activity was far more rarely met with, because less frequently practised. Still, the pattern, which the life of Richard Phillips exhibits, possesses much which can

be imitated; for the principles upon which he acted remain immutable. He was but an uninfluential individual, be it remembered—not particularly distinguished for rank or station, wealth or learning; yet we have seen much which he effected, by piously watching, and faithfully following out, the openings of Divine Providence, by steady, untiring, and undaunted perseverance, in whatsoever his "hand found to do."

The grand secret of my father's usefulness is unquestionably to be found in his habits of simple obedience to his Divine Teacher and Leader[25]. Thus was he enabled to shew his faith by his works[26]. An abiding sense of the omnipresence of the Deity was a prominent feature of his christian character. He literally lived in the spirit of prayer, and the habit of communion with his God. When alone with us, the moment that conversation paused, we so often heard him ejaculate "My Father!" that it was evident he returned to His presence, with a constancy which had become indeed a "habit": and well did he know the strength which the Christian derives from such internal recollection; whether it be in moments of perplexity, such as the Prophet alludes to, when he says, "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the

([25]) Isaiah liii. 10.
([26]) James ii. 18.

name of the Lord, and stay upon his God[27];" or whether it be in tranquil seasons, when the promise is fulfilled to the humble believer, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee[28]."

It is difficult—I had almost said impossible—to conceive a Christian living without the practice of private prayer: even the habitual internal recollection which is almost constantly maintained, as an under-current in his soul, does not suffice to satisfy him, or keep in vigorous exercise his filial affections towards his Heavenly Father. Those who have not yet been literally and frequently bowed upon their knees before their God in private prayer, would scarcely believe the firm position which the practice would enable them to maintain in heavenly things; nor how, when thus permitted to draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, they would find ability to "hold fast the profession of their faith without wavering[29]."

Ah! would that I could lead some of those weary and heavy-laden ones, who may peruse these pages, to a knowledge of the importance of private prayer! It is truly like a hand, whereby we lay hold of that "hope which we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the veil[30]."

([27]) Isaiah l. 10. ([28]) Isaiah xxvi. 3
([29]) Heb. x. 22, 23. ([30]) Heb. vi. 19.

Well did the Poet understand its value, when he said—

> "That were a grief I could not bear,
> Did not God hear and answer prayer;
> But a prayer-hearing answering God
> Supports me under every load."[31]

And, surely,

> "Satan trembles, when he sees
> The weakest saint upon his knees."

Those who have known the billows of affliction to overwhelm them, refuge fail them, and no one appear to care for their souls[32], when friends were put far from them[33]—those can tell of the value and sweetness of prayer. Some there are, who have felt that they were alone in the wide and busy world;—they can tell of the hallowed privilege which they have found, in the permission to kneel as at the feet of their Redeemer, and, in every little accident of life, to commend themselves to the high and holy keeping of Israel's Shepherd — to that "Friend who sticketh closer than a brother[34];" who has said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world[35]."

It will be expected that I should be able to say that the practice of this delightful duty was the daily habit of Richard Phillips. Morning and evening he did

(31) Cowper.
(32) See Ps. cxlii.
(33) Ps. lxxxviii. 18.
(34) See Prov. xviii. 24.
(35) Matt. xxviii. 20.

direct his prayer unto the Lord, and looked up[36]. For this purpose, he retired twice a day to his apartment; and "while he was thus secluded, his melodious voice was sometimes overheard by the other inmates of his dwelling, breaking forth in the expression of earnest aspirations after the Fountain of light and life[37];" and when he rose from his knees, refreshed and cheered, he often sang parts of hymns while walking about his room.

Of the character of my father's public ministry I am, unhappily, not able to say much from personal recollection; owing to the circumstance of my health not permitting me to attend the Meetings, for about fifteen years before I lost him. I remember that his voice was a very fine and melodious one; and sometimes, when he was engaged in declaring the praises of his God and Saviour, it seemed to swell into a chant: his delivery, after the first few sentences, was easy and rapid; his language, flowing, and partaking of the style of the

([36]) Ps. v. 3.

([37]) From a Sketch kindly drawn up by his beloved friend, J. J. Gurney, preparatory to the testimony furnished by the Monthly Meeting. It is a custom among the Friends to draw up a short Memorial of their departed Minister, which is read and signed in the Monthly Meeting to which the deceased Minister belonged. It is subsequently read at his own Quarterly Meeting and the Yearly Meeting, and, if judged expedient, is afterwards printed.—The relations, or most intimate friends, are expected to prepare a sketch, by way of material for drawing up the "Testimony," as it is termed.

more poetic part of the Bible; his manner, animated and impassioned; his matter, persuasive, not denunciatory—deeply imbued with the spirit of Redeeming Love, and abounding with joyous thanksgiving. He would paint in glowing colours the blessed condition of those who submit themselves to the guidance and government of the Redeemer. I once heard him thus quote the words—

> "How are thy servants blest, O Lord,
> How sure is their defence!
> Eternal wisdom is their guide;
> Their help, Omnipotence."

Often was he engaged in earnestly entreating those who listened to him to follow the "God of Jeshurun," whose banner over them would be love: and he would exclaim, "Why will ye die, O House of Israel?"

"Animated by a living sense of the love of God in Christ Jesus, and very careful not to engage at any time in Public Service without the constraining and qualifying influence of the Holy Ghost, he was very acceptable to his friends in this important capacity: and although he was very seldom engaged in public supplication, the songs of praise which he often uttered, in the course of his preaching, will long be remembered by those whose hearts were accustomed to respond to them[38]."

([38]) Sketch, above referred to.

"Richard Phillips was a highly useful member of our Society; and the acceptable part which he took in our Meetings for discipline, and especially in the Yearly Meeting itself, cannot be soon forgotten. There are many who still remember the noble stand, which, with other valiants for the Truth, he made against the inroads upon us of heresy and unbelief, at the time of the late —— ——'s[39] visit to this country[40]."

My father was gifted with much far-sightedness—a faculty which sometimes caused him a little opposition and mortification. In the Meetings for the transaction of business in his own Society, as well as in Charitable Institutions, he not unfrequently proposed measures to which the majority of his friends were by no means prepared to accede: they were not rash and visionary schemes, but plans of which his sound judgment perceived the utility, though they stretched so far into the horizon of the future as to be beyond the ken of the many[41].

He used to return home on such occasions, and say to us, that his friends were not yet ready for such

([39]) An American Minister, whose principles were strongly tinctured by infidelity: towards whom, however, my father forgot not to practise the Christian charity which mourns over those who are out of the way; compassionating the sinner, while it hates the sin.

([40]) Sketch, as before.

([41]) See Selections from Letters and Papers (H).

measures; though they would probably be adopted, after he had ceased to be amongst them.

I have spoken of far-sightedness as a natural quality in my father's mind. I would not confound it with the spiritual gift of prophetic vision, which is unquestionably bestowed upon some Christians. However useful the quality may be—and I believe it is one which is capable of being made an instrument of much good—its possessor certainly requires no small strength of mind, and, above all, that wisdom which comes from above, to conduct him safely through the paths into which it often leads: and I think that both the quality and the gift do especially call for patient submission to the openings of Divine Providence, in order that we may avoid an over-hasty reaching forward to the end, which has been clearly indicated to us, while the intermediate steps have been veiled from our mental gaze. We may indeed find exercises of strong faith, in resigning ourselves wholly into our Saviour's hands, while He leads us, by ways which we have not known, to those positions which we have seen before, without comprehending how we should arrive at them.

In the domestic circle, my father's manner of reading aloud, either the Holy Scriptures or devotional books, was singularly beautiful—perfectly free from affectation. It was evidently the result of deep feeling, acting through refined taste; and producing those delightfully modulated tones, which render the subject

so much more impressive, that we can hardly overrate the importance of thus remembering to do every thing "to the glory of God."

My father's reverence for divine things was very remarkable; and he seldom expressed the sacred name of the Great Supreme;—never without that reverential tone and manner, the absence of which is so revolting to a mind which is at all imbued with a just sense of the awful majesty which invests the Highest—He who dwells "in the light which no man can approach unto[42]."

In all kinds of society, and among all classes, my father was apparently at ease; conversing with those who came within his reach, and endeavouring to gain information from them on any subject with which they were most familiar. His disposition was so social, and his thirst for knowledge so ardent, that he never remained long beside any person without communication: and when we were spending any time in the environs of London, the little journeys backwards and forwards, in the stage-coaches, were seasons of considerable interest to his fellow-passengers[43].

In all these scenes, I feel convinced that he kept his attention much fixed upon benefitting those with

([42]) 1 Tim. vi. 16.

([43]) The drivers of the coaches used to tell him, that their conveyances always filled well when he went by them.

whom he mingled; though he often appeared as if he were but interesting and amusing those around him. —I may mention one instance, as corroborative of this assertion; though it belongs to a later period than the little journeys which I have been alluding to. A little party[44] were sitting with him in his chamber of languishing; to whom, among other pious conversation to which they well knew how to respond, he drew their attention to the rapid flight of time, by repeating these lines, in his own beautiful manner:—

"Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep decrepit with his age.—
Behold him, when past by! — What then is seen,
But his broad pinions, swifter than the wind?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong—
Rueful, aghast cry out at his career!"[45]

In this kind of conversation, he delighted to dwell upon the theme of never-failing universal charity; and a paraphrase of the Thirteenth Chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, by Pryor, was a great favourite of his; particularly this part—

"Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die—
One lost in certainty, and one in joy;
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three!
Thy

([44]) The friend of his early youth, the late Sir Digby Mackworth, and one of his excellent daughters.

([45]) Young's Night Thoughts.

Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shalt still survive———
Shalt stand before the host of Heaven confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest."

Those who knew my dear father will also recollect the wit which rendered his company so acceptable to young people; and to whose kindly feelings it proved so winning an attraction, often opening a door of usefulness for him to labour with them in the best things. Though I believe it was frequently the spontaneous effusion of his own happy temper, it was also not at all unusually resorted to as a means of pleasing those whom he was desirous of persuading to assist him in his charitable schemes; and I believe his tact in the use of the pleasant gift became one great means of that success which attended his labours. He never suffered this talent to descend into levity or folly: it was a bright, sparkling wit; not degenerating into what is called punning, but consisting much in repartee, and that indescribable and odd opposition of ideas, which produces irresistibly ludicrous effects at the moment, without one's being able to repeat or define it.

Few will deny, that there are times when the perfect unbending of the care-worn mind is, in itself, a laudable motive for the exercise of wit and humour. It is well to relax our energies for a season, that we

may return with renewed vigour to serious duties and engagements. The dark and cheerless gloom of the cloister does not tell of a soul acquiescing in the appointments of divine wisdom, and happy in the pardoning love of the Redeemer: nor does it attract, by its sweetness, those who seek a rest for their weary spirits, and an anchor for their souls, when tossed on the world's tempestuous billows.

It may, at first sight, appear difficult to define the limits of innocent cheerfulness, and the overflowings of that bounding gladness which sometimes passes over our spirits. But I think we shall seldom err, if we endeavour to keep our mental eye fixed upon a rule which does seem to me one that cannot safely be lost sight of—never to suffer our cheerfulness to be other, in matter or in manner, than such as will permit us instantly to return, in the secret of the soul, to the presence of our Redeemer;—as the playful child leaves the side of its parent, to crop some bright flower by the way-side, and returns with open countenance and confiding step to the shelter and sweet companionship where it finds the repose of safety and of peace. The cheerfulness of a pious spirit composes while it cheers, and seems to tune the soul for praise and adoration.

The following beautiful passage, which was a favourite with my precious father, well bespeaks his

feelings in some of his more seriously sweet and overflowing moments:—

"Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light—
Angels! for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne, rejoicing—ye in heaven!
On earth, join all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end."[46]

I have already alluded to my father's unrepining disposition, and the ease with which he reconciled himself to circumstances which were unquestionably distasteful to him. In this, he found his feelings well expressed by the sweet hymn of that poet, who is so justly called the Christian Poet:—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

"Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take;
The clouds, ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

"Judge

(46) Morning Hymn, Paradise Lost.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain." [47]

Surely there is no antidote to the corroding cares of life, so efficacious, or so sweet, as the gift of being able to lie passive in the hands of our Saviour; whereby we experience the fulfilment of the promise—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee [48]."

In private life, I can indeed bear testimony that my father's was one of those christian characters which shone with attractive loveliness, when followed from public life to domestic retirement, and beheld in the endearing light of the indulgent husband—the tender, yet judicious father—the faithful, active friend—and the kind, considerate master.

([47]) Cowper. ([48]) Isaiah xxvi. 3.

"Those, perhaps, who witnessed his return to his quiet home, with exhausted spirits and wearied body, yet with persevering ardour in the cause of christian philanthropy, can most fully comprehend the extent of his labours, as proportioned to his strength; and best appreciate the value of that innate principle of love to God and man which supplied the motive and the energy for exertions which laid the foundation of protracted sufferings in old age."

This quotation is made from my Letter to the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society; which had most kindly forwarded to me a copy, from their Minute Book, of their Memorial on the death of my precious father, and which subsequently appeared in the Monthly Extracts for February 1836.[51]

This leads me again to the subject of my revered father's connection with that noble Institution. I have related his entrance into it, and some of his labours in its sacred cause; and though the infirm state of his health, for a few years prior to his entering into his eternal rest, was such as to compel him to abstain from all fatiguing exertion, either bodily or mental, yet the cause of the Bible Society, as well as the other important charities to which he had devoted his meridian energies, were, through the evening of life, tenderly cherished in his ardently-philanthropic heart. He

([51]) See Selections from Letters and Papers (I).

continued his attendance at the Earl-Street Committee Meetings as long as he could bear the fatigue: and ever after delighted to hear of their proceedings; and to unite with them in the feelings of sorrow or of thankful joy, for which their more chequered course at that time presented occasion.

Penned, as the Memorial was, by those, some of whom, from long co-operation, were well qualified to judge of my father's character and the value of his labours, I venture to transcribe it in these pages. It was truly a sweet balm to the heart of his mourning child; making her abundantly feel that the memory of a pious parent is a precious bequest.

"MEMORIAL ON OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF THE LATE RICHARD PHILLIPS, ESQ.

"The Committee, in putting on their Records the death of Richard Phillips, Esq., one of their oldest friends, and for many years one of their most active Members, wish, at the same time, to express the sense they entertain of his personal worth, and of the important services which he rendered to this Society. In social life, his temper, always cheerful and animated, his affectionate disposition, and the depth and variety of his information on almost every subject, rendered him a peculiarly interesting companion, and gave him an influence which he seldom failed to make conducive to the benefit of all around him. In all those plans of

christian benevolence which have occupied the public attention during the last forty years, where he could conscientiously unite, the personal and pecuniary services of Richard Phillips were conspicuous; and, as he was, emphatically, a practical man, they derived no common advantage from his co-operation. He was a philanthropist, in the best sense of the expression.

"But it was more especially to the work of the Bible Society that he brought the full weight and power of his capacious and intelligent mind. He loved the Society, because he loved the Bible. He admired the grandeur of its object, and the simplicity of its principle; and to his pen, among others, we are indebted for the plain, intelligible exposition of that principle. To see the foundation laid, was to him only the incentive to increased activity. A private suggestion from his lips led to the establishment of the Southwark Auxiliary Society[52]; which was speedily followed by the formation of other similar Institutions, which extended, with unprecedented rapidity, throughout the kingdom. Still, the mind of Mr. Phillips was not satisfied: he rejoiced, indeed, in witnessing the progress of the Society, and the increasing recognition of its claims by the more educated and influential classes of the community; but he had long cherished a persuasion that it was possible to interest the poor also, and to devise a plan by which, through their own instrumentality, they might not only supply themselves with the Holy

([52]) In the parlour of those devoted christian females, whom I am privileged to call "my friends," the sisters of Charles Dudley.

Scriptures, but assist in extending the same blessing to the whole world. With characteristic energy, he endeavoured to carry out the happy idea. At his suggestion, the masterly Paper by Dr. Dealtry, entitled 'The Advantages of Distributing the Holy Scriptures among the Lower Orders of Society, chiefly by their own agency,' was drawn up; and its publication was promptly followed by that of 'The Bible,' 'The Appeal,' 'Address to Servants,' and other short Papers, which prepared the way for the practical application of the principles enforced; and, through the gracious extension of that blessing which alone 'giveth the increase,' his most sanguine expectations were more than realized. The establishment and extraordinary success of the twelve Bible Associations of Southwark demonstrated the correctness of his views, dispelled every doubt on the subject, and set an example to the nation, the beneficial effects of which eternity alone can fully reveal. He was, in an important sense, the FATHER OF BIBLE ASSOCIATIONS; and, under this title, his memory has a claim on the gratitude, admiration, and love of every friend of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

"For many years, it was the privilege of the Committee to rank among the most zealous and efficient of their members, their late excellent friend. They well remember his unvarying good humour, his patience, his perseverance; but, above all, his piety and practical wisdom, which gave such weight to his counsels: and they cannot but cherish the earnest desire, that others, 'like minded' with him, may be raised up, to

assist them in their work: and that, when the part allotted to each is accomplished, they may, in the better land, meet again with those who have gone before, and join them in giving 'glory to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever.' "

My precious father's humility was genuine, and therefore simple. It was not humble conduct arising from a constant effort to avoid exaltation of spirit, whereby some very excellent Christians are obliged to guard themselves; but it arose from the true light[53] upon his soul. This is the effectual antidote to pride; and, through the teaching of this "light," Richard Phillips knew that he had nothing whereof to boast. Thus resting simply in the conviction that he might, even ought to be, a "cheerful giver" of his talents and his strength, his money and his time, he could safely permit himself to enjoy his own philanthropic labours with happy and childlike simplicity.

It thus seemed permitted him to labour, as in the sunshine;—a temper of mind which, I am persuaded, does produce much more fruit, to the praise and glory

(53) "In Thy light we shall see light." Ps. xxxvi. 9. "That was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." John i. 9.

of our great Master, than that desponding and fearful spirit which casts the gloom of a certain fearful, though half undefined, "looking for of Judgment," over all we think, say, and do. If we strive to mortify ourselves when we are not called so to suffer, we cramp our usefulness; and cherish a murmuring spirit, instead of that disposition which "rejoices in God our Saviour,"[54] and in His works of "good-will toward men."[55]

God will give us crosses, when we need them; for in His hands, we are safe in all things: and I think we dim our brightness, and diminish our energy in His service, when we help ourselves, or others, unnecessarily to them. From the hand of our Redeemer, even the cup of bitterness contains a healing balm for our soul's health: not so the benumbing potion which man's wisdom would mix, and offer to our lips, to keep us humble, when perchance our drooping spirit needed a cordial.

My father's good works were indeed those fruits by which the lip of Truth has declared we may form a judgment of our fellow-men:—"By their fruits ye shall know them[56]."

"The love which our late friend exercised towards his neighbour, flowed, as we believe, from his love to

(54) See Luke i. 47. (55) Luke ii. 14.
(56) Matt. vii. 20.

God. His many good works were but the evidences of his faith; and were, in the strongest manner, disclaimed by him as the ground, either of glorying on his own part, or of his acceptance with God. His hope of an entrance into the heavenly kingdom was founded exclusively on the pardoning mercy of God in Christ Jesus; and it was only to the grace of the Holy Spirit that he looked for the formation in his soul of those habits and affections which would fit him for the engagements and enjoyments of Heaven. He had a strong sense of the value and importance of that perceptible guidance of the Holy Spirit in the conscience by which the Lord's Children are enabled to apply the great principles of the Law of God to all the circumstances and occasions of life; and thus to become conformed, by degrees, to the image of their Creator." [57]

A Minister[58], who was in the habit of friendly intercourse with my beloved father during our residence at Wandsworth, thus spoke of him, in a sermon which he preached on the occasion of his decease:—

"The great object which seemed to occupy his mind, as he drew near the close of his life, was the love of God. This he delighted to contemplate, in

([57]) Sketch for the Testimony, by J. J. Gurney, before quoted.—See Selections from Letters and Papers (K).

([58]) J. E. Richards, Minister of the Independent Chapel at Wandsworth.

Creation, Providence, and Redemption; speaking of it as a subject too vast for the finite mind of man to comprehend; and anticipating its continued development in another world, where its manifestations would be

'Ever rising with the *rising mind*.'" [59]

These anticipations he has now realized: he now experiences the joy, and more than the joy, so beautifully described in the following lines of his favourite author:—

There, while the golden ages roll,
And speed their ceaseless course;
And pleasure spreads from soul to soul,
From an unfathom'd source;

And Contemplation's eye surveys,
From heights before untrod,
With silent, fix'd, enraptur'd gaze,
The glories of our God;

And sweet communion draws the tie
That binds us to the Lord;
And thrill the chords of sympathy,
Responsive to His Word;

And swift to do His high behest,
Each speeds his rapid flight;
And virtue glows on every breast,
A gem of purest light;

([59]) This is a passage from Thomson's Seasons—"Summer:" and was frequently used by my father, as expressing his favourite idea of the constant progression in knowledge, happiness, and love, which he believed would be experienced by blessed spirits in heaven.

And Friendship lends her generous fires
To all that glorious throng,
Who join, with zeal that never tires,
In one harmonious song.

Love is an ever-flowing tide
O'er all the plains above,
Spreads like a sea immensely wide,—
For God Himself is Love!

And now, before I lay down my pen, I would say a few words for myself. I have written this Memoir while emerging from an invalid state of mind and body, which long pressed heavily upon me. I have earnestly sought the guidance of Him, whose "strength is made perfect in weakness": and if there be any "good thing" in my book, I would humbly ascribe it to that assistance which is never denied to the sincere seeker. If there be aught erroneous in its pages, I wish it to be distinctly understood, that on myself alone must the odium fall. The Religious Society to which I belong is not answerable for the sentiments which it contains. And, while I take this opportunity of recording my grateful sense of the affectionate kindness which has prompted some, whom I am privileged in calling "my friends," to revise it, I must assert that it is really the work of the individual

whose name it bears. It has been to me an arduous, but a sweet, a teaching, and, I trust, a blessed task: and I earnestly desire to send it forth "in the confidence of faith"; while I crave that the fertilizing blessing of my Redeemer may rest upon this "work of my hands." May He grant, that, by thus embalming the memory of the "pious dead," I may be the means of persuading some to follow Richard Phillips, as he also endeavoured to follow Jesus Christ[60]; considering the "end of his conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."[61]

([60]) See 1 Cor. xi. 1.

([61]) Heb. xiii. 7.

See Selections from Letters and Papers (L).

APPENDIX.

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SELECTIONS FROM LETTERS AND PAPERS.

RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES.[1]

CHILDREN SHOULD KNOW THE HOLY SCRIPTURES;—AND WHY.

2 Tim. iii. 15, 16, 17.

15 And that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

16 All Scripture is given by inspiration of God; and is profitable, for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness:

17 That the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works.

John v. 39.

39 Search the Scriptures: for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of Me.

Acts xvii. 11.

11 These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so.

([1]) See p. 14.

THE NATURE AND IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION IN GENERAL.

ECCLES. xii. 13, 14.

13 Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.

14 For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

JOB xxviii. 28.

28 And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.

THE END TO BE OBTAINED BY RELIGION——MAN'S CHIEF GOOD—THE FAVOUR OF GOD.

PSALM iv. 6.

6 There be many that say, Who will shew us any good? Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us!

PSALM lxxiii. 25, 26.

25 Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.

26 My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

THAT GOD IS, MUST BE BELIEVED, AS THE FIRST PRINCIPLE OF RELIGION.

HEB. xi. 6.

6 But without faith it is impossible to please Him: for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.

THE BEING AND PERFECTIONS OF GOD PROVED BY THE WORKS OF CREATION AND THE COURSE OF NATURE.

ROM. i. 20.

20 For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse.

PSALM xix. 1—6.

1 The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handy-work.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

3 There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun,

5 Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and His circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

GEN. viii. 22.

22 While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.

PROVED ALSO BY MAN'S BODY.

PSALM cxxxix. 13—16.

13 For Thou hast possessed my reins: Thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.

14 I will praise Thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are Thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

15 My substance was not hid from Thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.

16 Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in Thy Book all my members were written; which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.

Job x. 11.

11 Thou hast clothed me with skin and flesh, and hast fenced me with bones and sinews.

Psalm xciv. 9.

9 He that planted the ear, shall He not hear? He that formed the eye, shall He not see?

1 Cor. xii. 15—21.

15 If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body?

16 And if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body?

17 If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling?

18 But now hath God set the members, every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased Him.

19 And if they were all one member, where were the body?

20 But now are they many members, yet but one body.

21 And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you.

AND BY THE MIND.

JOB xxxv. 10, 11.

10 But none saith, Where is God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night;

11 Who teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth, and maketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven?

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PERFECTIONS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

ACTS xvii. 23—31.

23 For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.

24 God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands;

25 Neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though He needed any thing; seeing He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things;

26 And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation;

27 That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us:

28 For in Him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own Poets have said, For we are also His offspring.

29 Forasmuch, then, as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device.

30 And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent:

31 Because He hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead.

THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

PSALM XC. 1, 2.

1 Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.

PSALM CII. 25—27.

25 Of old hast Thou laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are the work of Thy hands.

26 They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed.

27 But Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

PSALM CXXXIX. 1—12.

1 O Lord, Thou hast searched me, and known me.

2 Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; Thou understandest my thought afar off.

3 Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

4 For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether.

5 Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon me.

6 Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is high; I cannot attain unto it.

7 Whither shall I go from Thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?

8 If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there.

9 If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

10 Even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.

11 If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

12 Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.

THE POWER OF GOD.

JOB ix. 4—12.

4 He is wise in heart, and mighty in strength: who hath hardened himself against him, and hath prospered?

5 Which removeth the mountains, and they know not: which overturneth them in his anger.

6 Which shaketh the earth out of her place, and the pillars thereof tremble.

7 Which commandeth the sun, and it riseth not; and sealeth up the stars.

8 Which alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea.

9 Which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south.

10 Which doeth great things past finding out; yea, and wonders without number.

11 Lo, He goeth by me, and I see him not: he passeth on also, but I perceive him not.

12 Behold, He taketh away, who can hinder him? Who will say unto him, What doest thou?

THE WISDOM OF GOD.

Isaiah xl. 12, 13, 14, 26.

12 Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?

13 Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or, being His counsellor, hath taught Him?

14 With whom took He counsel, and who instructed Him, and taught Him in the path of judgment, and taught Him knowledge, and shewed to Him the way of understanding?

26 Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number. He calleth them all by names, by the greatness of his might; for that He is strong in power; not one faileth.

Psalm civ. 24.

24 O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches.

THE HOLINESS OF GOD.

ISAIAH vi. 3.

3 And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory.

HAB. i. 12, 13.

12 Art Thou not from everlasting, O Lord my God, mine Holy One?—We shall not die. O Lord, Thou hast ordained them for judgment! and, O Mighty God! Thou hast established them for correction.

13 Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity: wherefore lookest Thou upon them that deal treacherously, and holdest Thy tongue when the wicked devoureth the man that is more righteous than he?

PSALM cxlv. 17.

17 The Lord is righteous in all His ways, and holy in all His works.

1 PETER i. 15, 16.

15 But as He which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation;

16 Because it is written, Be ye holy; for I am holy.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

PSALM xxxvi. 5—10.

5 Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens; and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.

6 Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; thy judgments are a great deep: O Lord, thou preservest man and beast.

7 How excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore

the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings.

8 They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of Thy house; and Thou shalt make them drink of the river of Thy pleasures.

9 For with Thee is the fountain of life: in Thy light shall we see light.

10 O continue Thy loving-kindness unto them that know thee; and Thy righteousness to the upright in heart!

PSALM ciii. 1—13, 17, 18.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless His holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all His benefits;

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known His ways unto Moses, His acts unto the Children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide; neither will he keep His anger for ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.

17 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children;

18 To such as keep His covenant, and to those that remember His commandments to do them.

GOD'S RELATION TO HIS CREATURES.

Nehemiah ix. 6.

6 Thou, even Thou, art Lord alone! Thou hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens, with all their host; the earth, and all things that are therein; the seas, and all that is therein; and thou preservest them all: and the host of heaven worshippeth thee.

Daniel iv. 34, 35.

34 And at the end of the days, I, Nebuchadnezzar, lifted up mine eyes unto heaven, and mine understanding returned unto me; and I blessed the Most High, and I praised and honoured Him that liveth for ever, whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and His kingdom is from generation to generation.

35 And all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing: and He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth: and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest thou?

Malachi i. 6.

6 A son honoureth his father, and a servant his master. If then I be a father, where is mine honour? and if I be a master,

where is my fear? saith the Lord of Hosts unto you, O priests, that despise my name. And ye say, Wherein have we despised Thy name?

OUR DUTIES AS MEN, WHAT GOD REQUIRED.

MICAH vi. 6, 7, 8.

6 Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the High God? Shall I come before Him with burnt-offerings, with calves of a year old?

7 Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?

8 He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good: and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

MATT. xxiii. 23.

23 Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin; and have omitted the weightier matters of the Law—judgment, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.

MATT. xxii. 37—40.

37 Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

38 This is the first and great commandment.

39 And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

40 On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets.

THE DEGENERACY OF MANKIND.

ROM. i. 21—23.

21 Because that, when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened.

22 Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools,

23 And changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things.

ROM. iii. 9, 19, 20.

9 What then? are we better than they? No, in no wise; for we have before proved both Jews and Gentiles, that they are all under sin.

19 Now we know, that what things soever the Law saith, it saith to them who are under the Law; that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God.

20 Therefore by the deeds of the Law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight: for by the Law is the knowledge of sin.

EPH. ii. 1—3.

1 And you hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins;

2 Wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience:

3 Among whom also we all had our conversation in times past, in the lusts of our flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind; and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THIS THEIR DUTY AS SINNERS, WHAT THE GOSPEL REQUIRES, IN ORDER TO THEIR RECOVERY AND SALVATION—viz. REPENTANCE.

LUKE xiii. 3.

3 I tell you, nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.

MATT. iii. 8.

8 Bring forth, therefore, fruits meet for repentance.

DESCRIBED ISAIAH i. 16, 17.

16 Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil;

17 Learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.

FAITH IN CHRIST.

1 JOHN iii. 23.

23 And this is His commandment, That we should believe on the Name of His Son, Jesus Christ; and love one another, as he gave us commandment.

JOHN iii. 16.

16 For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

JOHN xx. 31.

31 But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that, believing, ye might have life through His name.

THE PRINCIPAL THINGS WHICH THE GOSPEL TEACHES CONCERNING CHRIST.

JOHN i. 1—3.

1 In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

2 The same was in the beginning with God.

3 All things were made by Him; and without Him was not any thing made that was made.

HEB. i. 1—3.

1 God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the Fathers by the Prophets,

2 Hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds;

3 Who being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.

1 TIM. ii. 5, 6.

5 For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus;

6 Who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time.

ACTS x. 38—43.

38 How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him.

39 And we are witnesses of all things which He did, both in the land of the Jews, and in Jerusalem; whom they slew, and hanged on a tree:

40 Him God raised up the third day, and shewed him openly;

41 Not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God, even to us, who did eat and drink with Him after he rose from the dead.

42 And He commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is He which was ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead.

43 To Him give all the Prophets witness, that through His Name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.

PHIL. ii. 5—11.

5 Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.

6 Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God;

7 But made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men:

8 And being found in fashion as a man, He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

9 Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name:

10 That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth;

11 And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

EVANGELICAL OBEDIENCE DESCRIBED.

TITUS ii. 11—14.

11 For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men,

12 Teaching us, that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world;

13 Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the Great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ;

14 Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

A MOST ESSENTIAL PART OF WHICH IS CHARITY.

1 Cor. xiii.

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

DUTIES OF YOUNG PERSONS TOWARDS GOD.

ECCLES. xii. 1.

1 Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

1 CHRON. xxviii. 9.

9 And thou, Solomon my son, know thou the God of thy father; and serve Him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind: for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts. If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee; but if thou forsake Him, He will cast thee off for ever.

PSALM cxix. 9.

9 Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy word.

DUTIES OF YOUNG PERSONS TO THEIR PARENTS.

EPHES. vi. 1—3.

1 Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right.

2 Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise;

3 That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth.

TOWARDS THEMSELVES.

PROV. viii. 32—36.

32 Now therefore hearken unto me, O ye children: for blessed are they that keep my ways.

33 Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not.

34 Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors.

35 For whoso findeth me, findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord.

36 But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate me love death.

MOTIVES.

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GOD PLEASED WITH THE SALVATION, NOT WITH THE DEATH OF SINNERS.

EZEK. xxxiii. 11.

11 Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way, and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways: for why will ye die, O House of Israel?

2 PETER iii. 9.

9 The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

ROM. ii. 4—11.

4 Or despisest thou the riches of His goodness and forbearance and long-suffering; not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance?

5 But after thy hardness and impenitent heart treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God;

6 Who will render to every man according to his deeds:

7 To them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life:

8 But unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath,

9 Tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile;

10 But glory, honour, and peace, to every man that worketh good; to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile:

11 For there is no respect of persons with God.

(B.)

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

Forc'd from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn;
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But, though "Slave" they have enroll'd me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in White and Black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.
Think ye, Masters, iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards,
Think how many backs have smarted,
For the sweets your cane affords!

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there ONE who reigns on high?
Has He bid you buy and sell us,
Speaking from His throne, the sky?
Ask Him, if your knotted scourges,
Matches, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means that duty urges,
Agents of His will to use?

Hark! he answers!—wild tornadoes,
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks,
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which He speaks.
He, foreseeing what vexations
Afric's sons should undergo,
Fix'd their tyrants' habitations
Where His whirlwinds answer—No!

By our blood in Afric wasted,
Ere our necks receiv'd the chain;
By the mis'ries we have tasted,
Crossing, in your barks, the main;
By our sufferings, since ye brought us
To the man-degrading mart;
All, sustain'd by patience, taught us
Only by a broken heart.

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard, and stronger
Than the colour of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your boasted powers,
Prove that you have human feelings,
Ere you proudly question ours!

PITY FOR POOR AFRICANS.

Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor.

I OWN I am shock'd at the purchase of Slaves,
And fear those who buy them and sell them are knaves;
What I hear of their hardships, their tortures, and groans,
Is almost enough to draw pity from stones.

I pity them greatly; but I must be mum,
For how could we do without sugar and rum—
Especially sugar, so needful we see?—
What! give up our desserts, our coffee, and tea?

Besides, if we do, the French, Dutch, and Danes,
Will heartily thank us, no doubt, for our pains:
If we do not buy the poor creatures, they will,
And tortures and groans will be multiplied still.

If Foreigners, likewise, would give up the trade,
Much more in behalf of your wish might be said;
But while they get riches by purchasing Blacks,
Pray tell me why we may not also go snacks?

Your scruples and arguments bring to my mind
A story so pat, you may think it is coin'd,
On purpose to answer you, out of my mint;
But I can assure you I saw it in print.

A Youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test:
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And ask'd him to go and assist in the job.

He was shock'd, Sir, like you; and answer'd—"Oh no!
What! rob our good neighbour! I pray you don't go:
Besides, the man's poor—his orchard's his bread:
Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave;
But apples we want, and apples we'll have:
If you will go with us, you shall have a share;
If not, you shall neither have apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom ponder'd:—"I see they will go:
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But staying behind will do him no good.

"If the matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropp'd from the tree;
But since they will take them, I think I'll go too;
He will not lose by me, though I get a few."

His scruples thus silenc'd, Tom felt more at ease,
And went, with his comrades, the apples to seize:
He blam'd and protested, but join'd in the plan;
He shar'd in the plunder, but pitied the man.

THE MORNING DREAM.

'Twas in the glad season of Spring,
Asleep at the dawn of the day,
I dream'd what I cannot but sing,
So pleasant it seem'd as I lay.
I dream'd—that, on ocean afloat,
Far hence to the westward I sail'd;
While the billows high-lifted the boat,
And the fresh-blowing breeze never fail'd.

In the steerage a woman I saw—
Such at least was the form that she wore—
Whose beauty impress'd me with awe
Ne'er taught me by woman before.
She sat, and a shield at her side
Shed light, like a sun, on the waves;
And, smiling divinely, she cried,
"I go to make freemen of Slaves!"

Then, raising her voice to a strain,
The sweetest that ear ever heard,
She sang of the Slave's broken chain,
Wherever her glory appear'd.
Some clouds, which had over us hung,
Fled, chas'd by her melody clear;
And methought, while she liberty sung,
'Twas liberty only to hear.

Thus swiftly dividing the flood,
To a slave-cultur'd island we came,
Where a demon, her enemy, stood—
"Oppression," his terrible name.
In his hand, as the sign of his sway,
A scourge hung with lashes he bore;
And stood looking out for his prey
From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But soon as approaching the land,
That goddess-like woman he view'd,
The scourge he let fall from his hand,
With blood of his subjects imbued.
I saw him both sicken and die;
And the moment the monster expir'd,
Heard shouts, that ascended the sky,
From thousands with rapture inspir'd.

Awaking, how could I but muse
At what such a dream should betide?
But soon my ear caught the glad news,
Which serv'd my weak thought for a guide—
That Britannia, renown'd o'er the waves
For the hatred she ever has shewn
To the black-sceptred rulers of slaves,
Resolves to have none of her own!

(C.)[1] (D.)[2]

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM RICHARD PHILLIPS, TO J. J. GURNEY.

Dated 5th of 9th month, 1835.

In reference to friends calling on me, I may be said to be much alone; yet it is possible that may not be the case. How little does poor man know of the visible—how much less of the invisible world! Although apparently dwelling in solitude, yet it is not impossible, if it is not probable, that numerous or many celestial spirits may be commissioned, by divine love, to communicate with our feeble minds, and become, under divine direction, the means of turning erring man from the paths of vice and folly, to those of virtue and peace. We do not know but that some of the purified spirits of our pious predecessors may, by divine command, be engaged in this work of love. What millions of purified spirits may be thus engaged, under the direction of divine love, in these missions of mercy! Who can set bounds to the extension of divine love, [of Him] whose tender mercies are over all His works? "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." [3]

([1]) See p. 128. ([2]) See p. 192.

([3]) Psalm xxxiv. 7: and see Zech. vi. Gen. xxii. 1, 2. Psalm lv. 18. Psalm cxviii. 6.

SWANSEA INFIRMARY.[1]

ANOTHER department was added to the Infirmary at Swansea, for the promotion of an object which, both there and in other places, caused my father considerable interest and labour; namely, for the purpose of providing, at a very low price, mechanical assistance for those who labour under Herniary complaints.

My father found these afflictions common among the labouring population; and he was earnestly engaged to provide the sufferers with that relief which often enables them to continue active employment with comparative ease and safety —a boon, which those who remember how frequently the support of poor families depends upon the daily exertions of their parents, will perceive to be of no small value.

My dear father established a little dépôt of this nature in Wandsworth: one of the Medical Gentlemen of the town (J. Chapman) kindly undertaking its superintendence.

([1]) See page 140.

(E.)[1]

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM RICHARD PHILLIPS, TO A FRIEND.

Dated 5th of 9th month, 1835.

"THE barrel-organ answers our expectations; and I hope, at times, proves a *means* of withdrawing the mind from thinking on the vanities of time, and meditating on the permanent riches of eternity."

In a sheet of Memorandums in my father's hand-writing, about the 3d month 1835, I find the following Extracts:—

"At Perth, in Scotland, George Fox, Alexander Parker, Robert Midders, James Lancaster, were forced out of the town, by a company of foot-soldiers procured for that purpose. As they passed through the town, guarded by the soldiers, 'James Lancaster was moved to sing with a melodious sound, in the power of God': and George Fox preached the everlasting Gospel to the people; who generally came out of their houses, so that the streets were filled with them[2].

"How well might these supported, privileged Friends sing for joy, when thus persecuted for righteousness' sake.

([1]) See pp. 185, 186.

([2]) Henry Tuke's Biographical Notices, Vol. I. p. 135. printed at York, 1813.

" The Mayor of Cork, in Ireland, and some Magistrates, manifested a persecuting spirit respecting Friends; and George Fox says—

" ' Friends were greatly refreshed and comforted, in feeling the love of God. Oh the brokenness that was amongst them, in the flowings of life! so that, in the power and spirit of the Lord, many broke out into singing with audible voices, making melody in their hearts.[3] "

" Thus the flowings of eternal life made way for or led to singing, making melody in their hearts; no doubt similar to what prevails (as proceeding from the same divine life or power), though in a higher or far more powerful degree, in the celestial regions, amongst its glorified inhabitants. Has there ever been, or can there ever be, a justifiable prohibition, or even discouragement, of singing unto the Lord, as a tribute of thanksgiving and praise, the Songs of Zion, for blessings great, innumerable, and invaluable? "

([3]) H. Tuke's Biographical Notices, Vol. I. p. 215.

(G.)[1]

I FIND, in a rough copy of a Letter from my Father, addressed to a person connected with the Religious-Tract Society, some remarks, which I subjoin. I do not know what was the title of the little Pamphlet alluded to in it. It is dated 26th of 1st month 1831.

"As I promised, I enclose the small Pamphlet, which contains, in pages 29 and 30, the note I mentioned to thee, relating to the effect or consequence of habit or custom in the world to come.

"The paper on this subject, in the Spectator, is No. 447, page 190 of the 6th Volume, 10th edition; and I think well worthy attention. By the note in the Pamphlet, thou wilt perceive the opinion of Monro and Scott; and in Addison's paper, that of himself, Tillotson, Sherlock; and also of Dr. Scott, in the First Book of his Christian Life, on this highly-important subject;—names that, I trust, will encourage your procuring a Tract that I believe will be productive of considerable advantage to some, into whose hands it may come."

The opinion of Dr. Scott, above referred to by my father, is, I believe, as follows:—

—— 'It is to be considered, that all these lesser goods, 'which are the objects of our extravagant affections, are things 'which we must, ere long, be for ever deprived of: for the lesser

(1) See pp. 200—204.

'goods are those which are only good for the worser part of us; 'that is, for our body and animal life; the proper goods whereof 'are the outward sensitive enjoyments of this world; all which, 'when we leave this world, we must leave for ever; and go 'away into eternity, with nothing about us, but only the good 'and bad dispositions of our souls:—so that if our soul be 'carnalized, through our immoderate affection to the things of 'this world, we shall carry that affection with us; but leave the 'things, which we thus reluctantly affect, behind us for ever: 'for that which is the prevailing temper of souls in this life 'will doubtless be so in the other also. For though the coming 'into the other world will, questionless, improve those souls 'which are really good before, yet it is not to be imagined how 'it should create those good who are habitually bad: and if we 'retain in the other world that prevailing affection to these 'sensitive goods which we contracted in this, it must neces- 'sarily render us unspeakably miserable there. For every lust 'the soul carries into the other world, will, by being eternally 'separated from its pleasures, convert into an hopeless desire; 'and, upon that account, grow more furious and impatient. For 'of all the torments of the mind, I know of none that is com- 'parable to that of an outrageous desire, joined with the despair 'of satisfaction; which is just the case of sensual and worldly- 'minded souls in the other life, where they are full of sharp and 'unabated desires, and, like starving men that are shut up 'between two dead walls, are tormented with a fierce but hope- 'less hunger, which, having nothing else to feed on, preys and 'quarries on themselves; and in this desolate condition they are 'forced to wander to and fro, tormented with a restless rage, an 'hungry and unsatisfied desire, craving food, but neither finding 'nor expecting any; and so, in inexpressible anguish, they pine 'away in long eternity. And though they might find content

'and satisfaction could they but divert their affections another 'way, and reconcile them to the heavenly enjoyments, yet, 'being irrecoverably pre-engaged to sensual goods, they have no 'savour or relish of any thing else; but are like feverish 'tongues, that disgust and nauseate the most grateful liquors, 'by reason of their own overflowing gall. So impossible is it 'for man to be happy, either here or hereafter, so long as their 'affections to the lesser goods of this world do so immoderately 'exceed the worth and value of them!'[2]

Again, in a Letter to a Friend, dated 1st mo. 20, 1834, speaking of Bad Habit, my father alludes to "its distressing effect on the children of those parents who have been subjected to its baneful influence, by producing a diseased body, weak constitution, and a disordered mind; instead of a sound mind, the estimable gift of our Merciful Father[3]. Thus diseased in body, or enfeebled in mind, these pitiable children become less equal to resist the temptation to bad habits, and even more prone to adopt them. Such are not unfrequently the deplorable consequences of the prevalence of evil habits in parents."

([2]) Extract from John Scott, D.D. "Christian Life," Vol. I. p. 56. 8vo. Edit. printed 1704: or Vol. I. pp. 53, 54, and 55, of the Works of John Scott, D.D. printed 1826.

See also Monro's "Just Measures for the Pious Institution of Youth," Vol. I. Part I. p. 249. Second Edit.

([3]) 2 Tim. i. 7.

(H.)

As an instance of my father's thus outstripping his cotemporaries, I adduce his opinion on the subject of the prohibition, which exists among us, against the marriages of First-Cousins. He dictated the following Letter to a friend of his [2], when the "Book of Extracts" was undergoing revision. It is an opinion in which, however, many judicious and pious Friends coincide; though it does not appear that others can yet bear to rescind the rule.

"West Hill, 5 mo. 21, 1833.

"My dear Friend—The subject of the Marriage of First-Cousins, now under consideration, is one which has much engrossed my attention; and I feel it a very desirable thing that the prohibition of them should be removed in our Society. Thou art doubtless aware that our ancient friends forbid the marriages of first-cousins, and advised against that of second-cousins: the latter was omitted in the last revision of the Book of Extracts: and I cannot help thinking, that if the present opportunity of omitting this unscriptural prohibition be now lost, on the next revision of our Rules it will be discontinued.

"In the highly-important affair of Marriage, I consider it very much to be regretted that restrictions should be placed, which the Sacred Scriptures neither require nor warrant, nor does the law of the land sanction; and I think the continuance of them, by the Rules of our Society, an act of injustice towards its members, and a just ground of reproach on us, amongst others.

(1) See p. 217. (2) Not now living.

"This rule has not unfrequently driven members from amongst us, who formed connections of this kind, at least apparently, truly eligible; and such have often more desirable opportunities of previous acquaintance with each other's characters, than those not so nearly connected.

"Our members being small, it is very desirable to afford as much liberty on such matters, in our own pale, as can with propriety be given.

"If these sentiments coincide with thy own, I hope thou wilt give this view of the subject all thy assistance, in its ensuing consideration amongst Friends."

(I.)[1]

COPY OF THE LETTER FROM ONE OF THE SECRETARIES OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY, ENCLOSING A COPY OF THE "MEMORIAL" TO THE AUTHOR.

At a Meeting of the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, held at the Society's House, London, Feb. 1, 1836,

The Right Hon. Lord Bexley, President, in the Chair—

Read the Draft of a Testimonial proposed as a Tribute of Respect to the Memory of the late Richard Phillips, Esq., pursuant to Minute No. 7 of Committee Meeting of the 18th ult.

Resolved, That the above Testimonial be adopted and entered on the Minutes of this day's proceedings, and also

(1) See p. 225.

published in the Society's "Monthly Extracts"; and, further, that a Copy be forwarded to the surviving Daughter of the late Richard Phillips, Esq., accompanied with an expression, on the part of this Committee, of their deep regret for the loss of their late highly-respected friend.

Extracted from the Minutes,

JOHN JACKSON, *Assistant Foreign Secretary.*

"MADAM, "*Bible Society House, Feb.* 2, 1836.

"I have the pleasure of forwarding to you the enclosed Resolution and Memorial. They will tend to assure you of the respectful and affectionate remembrance in which your late honoured Father is held by the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

"While they mourn a loss which none can feel so sensibly as yourself, they rejoice to think that this is one added to the numberless happy cases, in which "to die is gain."

"I am, Madam,

"Yours respectfully,

"G. BROWNE, *Secretary.*"

(K.)[1]

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO J. J. GURNEY.

Dated 11th of 9th month, 1834.

My dear friend's Letter of the 27th ult. caused me to consider, whether many, and perhaps most, are not called upon, or required, to walk by faith more than by sight[2]; particularly those who have attained to the age of young men in the regeneration;—indeed, whether a large portion of the divine assistance granted to them does not operate insensibly, or is not felt by the natural man, who is consequently required to walk by faith, not by sight[3]; trusting, that if he is not justified in so doing, preventing grace will sensibly restrain him. Is there not high example to authorise such a belief? and can there be any doubt of the increase of strength which faith acquires by being thus tried?—while, by entertaining such an opinion, the discouragement often produced by the absence, in a considerable degree, of such feelings, during the pursuit of commendable undertakings (wherein there had been a Gospel freedom to engage), will be avoided: and, trusting in Him, "whose tender mercies are over all His works," they will perceive, and at length conclude, under (we may humbly conclude) a feeling of His approbation, which brings with

([1]) See p. 231. ([2]) 2 Cor. v. 7.

([3]) Here, I think, my father speaks of sight as describing that clear evidence and light which is only occasionally vouchsafed to point out our path.

it, life, strength, and encouragement for further beneficial pursuits.

Doubtless much encouragement would be experienced by the prevalence of feelings of divine approbation: yet I submit, they may be withheld; and yet, that it would be improper to desist, on that account, from beneficial pursuits entered into in that freedom which the Gospel permits, and to conclude that the absence of such feelings is a proof of divine disapprobation.

What encouragement is afforded to penitent, humble man, strenuously to seek, until he obtains the balm of Gilead and the waters of life; agreeably to the wonderful, unequalled pledge which a God of love and mercy has given to His fallen creature, man—that, with His well-beloved Son, He will give him freely all things necessary for his salvation (if sincerely petitioned for), and thus accomplish the great object of the glorious mission of the merciful Messiah to rebellious man. "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"[4]

([4]) Rom. viii. 32.

(L.)[1]

EXTRACTS FROM A MANUSCRIPT, ENTITLED "REMARKS ON THE OPERATION, OBJECT, AND EFFECT OF DIVINE LOVE."[2]

How manifold are the operations of Divine Love in the numerous and varied afflictive dispensations of the Great I AM, towards his fallen creature, man! Consider them in their commencement; watch them in their progress; and ponder well their glorious results.

In their commencement, how effectually do they check frail man in his evil ways, which lead to death and misery! How frequently is it seen, that they promote the fruits of righteousness, and conduct him into the paths of piety and peace—paths lamentably heretofore unknown and untrodden by him! Thus gradually purifying the soul, defiled by transgression, and consequently rendered incapable of enjoying or possessing real happiness, the way is prepared for the continued and increased operation of the Holy Spirit; whereby the capacity, destroyed by transgression, of participating and rejoicing in

(1) See p. 234.

(2) My father left this in an unfinished state, to be compiled from several Letters and Papers. It has been very difficult to follow his references from one to another; but I have, I believe, arranged it very nearly as he would have wished. Here and there, in one or two instances, the insertion or omission of a word or two has been resorted to, in order to render his meaning more plain.

those pure joys which the Holy Spirit only can produce, is regained: thus preparing the immortal spirit for an admission into the Blessed Saviour's kingdom, [which is] evidently the great uniform object of these afflictive dispensations; and abundantly proving that they proceed from, and are regulated by, Divine Love, working out for us an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. What though man, in his present dark state (where he can only see as through a glass darkly)[3], ascribes to many of these afflictive dispensations a very different design, yet this cannot set aside the strong evidence of facts as to the beneficial conversions which, not unfrequently, they have produced in the conduct of individuals; convincing them, that the rod, as well as the staff, may prove an invaluable comfort[4]; and also of incalculable advantage and benefit in preparing the immortal soul for an inheritance with the saints in light, in the kingdom of their dear Saviour, and of participating with them in the joys and glories and alleluias of eternity[5].

"Trials must and will befal;
But, with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me!" [6]

"Enough for us to know, that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
This infancy of being, cannot scan
The final issue of the works of God;
By boundless love and perfect wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind." [7]

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(3) 1 Cor. xiii. 12. (4) Psalm xxiii. 4.
(5) Rev. xix. 6. (6) Cowper. Olney Hymns.
(7) Thomson: Hymn at conclusion of the Seasons.

" 'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss." [8]

" My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him: for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." [9]

How wonderfully and effectually does Almighty Love (for God is Love[10], and His tender mercies are over all His works[11]), through the means of affliction, wean frail, fallen man from his evil, destructive ways and deadly habits; and, by the powerful operation of the Holy Spirit, lead him into the paths of righteousness, producing the invaluable, permanent, enriching fruits of righteousness, peace, and joy, in the Holy Ghost!

How invaluable is this great change, from thick, palpable darkness, to pure unmixed light—from the dominion of Satan to the power of God!—which encourages and enables the real penitent, aided by living faith, to raise his drooping head above the foaming billows of time, and, with reviving hope, to look beyond them, to the realms of serenity and peace.

" Toss'd by tempestuous waves, the voyage o'er,
Pleas'd he look'd back, and bless'd the happy shore,
Where storms have ceas'd, and billows beat no more."

([8]) Cowper.

([9]) Heb. xii. 5, 6. See also Job v. 17, 18. Rom. v. 3. 5. Psalm xciv. 12, 13. Prov. iii. 11, 12.

([10]) 1 John iv. 8. 16. ([11]) Psalm cxlv. 9.

To whom is frail, feeble, erring, sinning man indebted for the all-important and increased effusion of that great and mighty principle and power of regeneration, or of purification and sanctification, whereby the immortal soul is prepared for the possession and enjoyment of endless felicity?

The reply is evident; the declaration of Scripture being clear[12]. It is to the Blessed Saviour; who, urged by Almighty Love and Mercy for the recovery of perishing man from his fallen lost estate, left the ecstatic glory which He had with the Father before the world was[13], to endure on earth the most outrageous, brutal, and cruel treatment, and most agonizing sufferings. It is to the dear Redeemer's unequalled sufferings, crucifixion, His ascension[14], and intercession[15], that we are indebted for this Almighty boon of love—so consonant to, and worthy of, a God of love; and which is bestowed upon weak, worthless, sinning man, as being absolutely necessary to save him from endless misery, and to prepare him for everlasting bliss.

" Mercy is the sole fountain of every good gift for which we ask; and God's promise, the only ground upon which we ask it.—' Be merciful unto me according to Thy word!' "[16]

How very far exceeding the power of all created beings is it, to conceive, or fully comprehend, the depth, extent, power, or greatness of that love and mercy, or the mighty, all-important motive which could render an Omniscient, Almighty

([12]) See John xvi. 7—15. ([13]) John xvii. 5.

([14]) Psalm cx. 1. Mark xvi. 19.

([15]) Rom. viii. 34. Col. iii. 1. Heb. i. 3. vii. 25. viii. 1. xii. 2. 1 John ii. 1.

([16]) See Bishop Horne's Comment. on Psalm cix. 58.

Father (to whom are fully known all things, past, present, and to come) willing to part with His Companion, His Fellow in Eternity[17], and the Participator with Himself of the most ecstatic state of glory[18]; to surrender His well-beloved and only-begotten Son to the endurance of excruciating sufferings and misery among His fallen creatures; and that could induce the Lord of Glory[19] to become a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief[20]; the dear Redeemer willingly to leave His well-beloved, merciful Father, and the transcendent glory which He possessed with Him before the world was[21]; and to undergo the most brutal, cruel treatment, and even agonizing sufferings, from those whom He died to save—sufferings prodigiously increased by the immaculate state of His body and the perfect purity of His mind! Inconceivably dreadful must have been those sufferings, when even, at only the prospect of them, the soul of the agonized Saviour became exceeding sorrowful, even unto death[22]; and, while engaged in earnest prayer, his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground[23]! Such being the effect of the view and anticipation only of those excruciating sufferings (which to an Omniscient Being must have been correct), what must have been the dreadful, and, to all but a Saviour, the overwhelming reality, which no language can adequately describe, nor any created being fully comprehend! Indeed, how very incapable are all created beings of comprehending, even greatly short of the extent of that love and mercy of the Great I AM towards rebellious man, which

(17) Zech. xiii. 7.
(18) John xvii. 5.
(19) 1 Cor. ii. 8.
(20) Isaiah liii. 3.
(21) John xvii. 5.
(22) Matt. xxvi. 38.
(23) Luke xxii. 44.

induced Him to reject the repeated agonizing prayers of His well-beloved Son; who, when His soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, fell on His face, and prayed—"Abba, Father! all things are possible unto Thee: take away this cup from me! nevertheless, not what I will, but what Thou wilt."[24] And again the second time He prayed—"O my Father! if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, Thy will be done!"[25] which He repeated, praying the third time[26]: "and being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly, and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."[27] Yet even these repeated, earnest, and agonizing petitions did a merciful and beloved Father reject; though He sent an angel visibly from heaven to strengthen Him[28]: and a well-beloved and infinitely-merciful Son consented to endure such excruciating sufferings, for ensuring the eternal happiness of fallen, rebellious man! But even then, notwithstanding, the suffering Jesus had to bear the immense pressure of the sins of rebellious, unhappy man, the Lord having laid upon Him the iniquity of us all[29]. These dreadful mental sufferings had not attained to their full agonizing extent, but were continued during the excruciating pains sustained by the tormented body, and in the lingering, agonizing death of the cross; accompanied with the still more trying dispensation of the withdrawing or forsaking of the presence of His Omnipotent, Heavenly Father; greatly necessary as it was for support under sufferings so severe, that Omnipotence alone could sustain them; which forsaking induced the suffering Saviour, conscious of perfect

(24) Mark xiv. 36.
(25) Matt. xxvi. 42.
(26) Matt. xxvi. 44.
(27) Luke xxii. 44.
(28) See Luke xxii. 43.
(29) Isaiah liii. 6.

innocence, of having never offended, to exclaim, "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken me?"[30]

How very great, how invaluable, is the debt of gratitude and love and praise which perishing man has incurred by this wondrous, this astonishing sacrifice, proceeding from divine love and mercy!—a debt so immense, that eternity cannot discharge it! Yet even this debt is immeasurably increased (and with it our encouragement) by the daily forbearance, preservation, and mercies, which are bestowed upon us, poor impotent creatures (greatly unworthy and unprofitable as we are), by an Almighty hand of unceasing beneficence.

"O Lord, how great are Thy works, and Thy thoughts are very deep!"[31] "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and His greatness is unsearchable."[32] "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is high, I cannot attain unto it."[33]—What induced our merciful Blessed Saviour thus to suffer, and thus wonderfully to act—that gave him the victory over death, hell, and the grave, and placed him on the right hand of the Majesty on High, there to intercede for fallen, miserable, sinful, man[34]? Was it not love?—for "God is love."[35]

"Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold! I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me."[36]

([30]) Mark xv. 34. ([31]) Ps. xcii. 5.
([32]) Ps. cxlv. 3. ([33]) Ps. cxxxix. 6.
([34]) Mark xvi. 19. Rom. viii. 34. ([35]) 1 John iv. 7, 8.
([36]) Isaiah xlix. 15, 16; and see Ps. ciii. 17.

Do not these astonishing facts prove the all-powerful nature and influence of Almighty Divine love, and that it will ultimately obtain a complete and everlasting victory over every opposition? Such being the unutterable and astonishing greatness of the love and mercy of our Almighty Father and beloved Redeemer, how very great (may it prove irresistible!) is the encouragement to frail contrite sinners earnestly and perseveringly to seek for such mercy, and to confide in such love—ardently to appeal to this darling attribute of the great I AM, and of His well-beloved Son, our dear Redeemer—the most important and effective attribute in reference to frail man, as being best adapted to redeem and restore him to happiness and peace, lamentably fallen as he is from his high estate, and weltering in his blood. Thus greatly encouraged, let us perseveringly seek and pray for mercy and effective aid, and that patience may be continued until the time when perfect wisdom shall afford relief: then the day of power will be felt, when the Lord's people, subdued by all-powerful love, will become a "willing people," and at length attain to the strengthening triumphant faith of the Apostle Paul:—"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."[37] How strong is divine love, when it gains possession of the human soul!—a glorious possession, which it will retain for everlasting ages; and give it, even in this trying state of pilgrimage, to participate, in degree, of that gratitude and love and praise, which affords an earnest of celestial joy—a sweet prelibation of eternal bliss! How very far is this from dealing with us after

([37]) Romans viii. 38, 39.

our sins, or rewarding us according to our iniquities! "For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."[38]—"The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works."[39]—Therefore "Let Israel hope in the Lord; for with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption."[40]

As clear and strong evidence of the powerful operation of divine love in man, the case of the undaunted martyr Stephen may be adduced, who, while suffering excruciating pain (being stoned) from the cruel and bloody conduct of his murderers, kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge! and when he had said this, he fell asleep."[41] What, short of Almighty Redeeming Love would thus enable the dying martyr to imitate the glorious example of his beloved Master, and to overcome, under the most trying and cruel pressure, the greatest irritation and excitement, one of the strongest passions of man; and this even while the murderers were executing their bloody work? Is not such a fact irresistible, in proving the mighty power and energy of Divine Love, when operating in weak, feeble man, and rendering him an everlasting conqueror?—"Horror hath taken hold upon me, because of the wicked that forsake Thy law."[42] But if the spirit of David, renewed but in part, was thus filled with horror in the contemplation of the wicked, what must be the affliction, what the intensity of His sufferings, "who was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners,"[43] "yea, of purer

(38) Ps. ciii. 10, 11, 12, &c.
(39) Ps. cxlv. 9.
(40) Ps. cxxx. 7.
(41) Acts vii. 60.
(42) Ps. cxix. 53.
(43) Heb. vii. 26.

eyes than to behold iniquity [44]," during thirty-three years of continued contact with a world of sin!?

What shall we say of the condescension of His love, in wearing "the likeness of sinful flesh," [45] dwelling among sinners, yea, receiving sinners, and eating with them [46]! The incomprehensible nature of Divine Love, and the invaluable benefit to be derived therefrom, is forcibly described by the Apostle Paul, in his Epistle to the Ephesians: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." [47]

What an irresistible confirmation does such extraordinary and wonderful proceedings, on the part of a merciful Father and a beloved Saviour, afford to the great consoling and glorious truth proclaimed in the Inspired Scriptures, that "God is love," [48] and "His tender mercies are over all His works." [49]?

([44]) Hab. i. 13. Compare Ps. v. 5.

([45]) Rom. viii. 3.

([46]) Luke xv. 2. — See Brydge's Exposition of Ps. cix. 53. See also several other parts of Brydge's Exposition, as referred to by the Index, as relating to our Saviour's sufferings, conflicts, &c.

([47]) Eph. iii. 14—19.

([48]) 1 John iv. 8. 16.

([49]) Ps. cxlv. 9.

—— "I cannot go
Where Universal Love smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns,
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable :—
Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise!" [50]

How inexpressibly important do these texts declare to be the redemption of the immortal soul from the deadening, slaying effect of the Fall! Thus does Almighty Love powerfully and wonderfully declare its great and mighty object to be the restoration of fallen man to that pure, spotless, immaculate state in which he came from the hands of his Almighty Father; who, in that all-powerful love in which He created him, now seeks, through the expiatory sufferings and intercession of His well-beloved Son, and the effusion of the Holy Spirit, to redeem fallen man from his miserable death-like state, and deliver him "from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God," [51] hereby accomplishing the great and glorious object of his creation.

What great encouragement is afforded to penitent humbled man, strenuously to seek, until he obtains the balm of Gilead and the waters of life, agreeably to the wonderful, unequalled pledge which a God of love and mercy has given to His fallen creature man, that, with His well-beloved Son, He will give him freely all things necessary for his salvation (if sincerely petitioned for); and thus accomplish the great object of the glorious mission of the merciful Messiah to rebellious man! "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for

([50]) Conclusion of Thomson's Hymn on the Seasons.
([51]) Rom. viii. 21.

us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"[52]

The nature, operation, and result of such an invaluable gift (unto the penitent and obedient) is shewn in the blessed experience of a real cross-bearer, or Christian, who, when labouring under severe disease, and on the brink of eternity, triumphantly exclaimed: "Away with these filthy garments! I feel a fire kindled within me, which will consume every thing of a nature contrary to itself, and ascend, as a flame of divine love, to all eternity!"

Thus, through the powerful operation of this divine gift or assistance, the sting of death is removed, the power of hell destroyed, and the grave has no triumph[53]; but even weak, frail man is enabled to gain a complete, everlasting, and inexpressibly glorious victory, over death, hell, and the grave.

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!"[54]

How clearly does this declaration of the dying saint shew that the divine spirit of burning, cleansing, purifying, which occasionally operates, even sensibly, in man, is the same Spirit which, having perfected its merciful purifying office in the soul, will ascend as a flame, or spirit of Divine Love, to all eternity! It is all Divine Love, however diversified or varied in its operations in sinful man, for preparing and qualifying him to ascend, and for ever remain with his Heavenly Father and his beloved Redeemer, and uniting with the great multitude in the ecstatic exclamation of "Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"[55]

([52]) Rom. viii. 32.
([53]) See 1 Cor. xv. 54, 55.
([54]) 1 Cor. xv. 57.
([55]) Rev. xix. 6.

How just and beautiful is the description which Prior, at the conclusion of his Paraphrase of the Thirteenth Chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, gives of the employ and duration of Charity, or Divine Love, in the celestial regions, where all things liable to decay shall know their place no more!

> "Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die;
> One lost in certainty and one in joy:
> Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
> Triumphant sister, greatest of the three—
> Thy office and thy nature still the same,
> Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame—
> Shalt still survive——
> Shalt stand before the host of Heaven confest,
> For ever blessing, and for ever blest!"

In ancient ages, as well as in modern times, it has been mercifully given to frail man thus occasionally to feel, as a fire, the humbling, purifying, animating spirit of love. David, while musing, felt his heart hot within him; and, when under the influence of this purifying fire, petitioned his Supreme Lord with such wisdom and piety, as evinced the source whence it proceeded, and the great object which, however varied in its operations, or in the feelings it produces, has always in view the salvation of the immortal soul:—"Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am,"[57] or what time I have to live!

In the commencement of the Christian dispensation, the same feelings were produced—doubtless from the same cause—

([57]) Psalm xxxix. 3, 4.

in the Apostles:—"And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?"[58] Blessed be the God of Jeshurun! the same feelings and the same effects are experienced, even in the present day—I fear, of degeneracy—by humbled, attentive, and watchful individuals.

How animating and encouraging is this repetition of evidence, in remote and modern ages, of the Spirit of Divine Love operating in fallen man!—how convincing, that His tender mercies have been, and continue to be, over all His works!

Does not the conduct of David, on this occasion, teem with profitable instruction? First: "I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me." Secondly: "I held my peace, even from good; and my sorrow was stirred." Thirdly: "My heart was hot within me; while I was musing, the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue." Thus it appears, that although the mind of David was occupied with good thoughts, he restrained himself; he "kept his peace even from good"; and, notwithstanding "his sorrow was stirred," or he "was troubled," yet he spoke not until his "heart burned within him," or (may we not say?) until "necessity was laid upon him."

How beneficial a hint is this, for those who are engaged in the awful exercise of the Ministry, neither to commence before the necessity is laid upon them, nor to continue after such necessity has ceased![59]

([58]) Luke xxiv. 32.

([59]) See Selections from Letters and Papers (I).

Thus it appears, that man owes his origin to Divine Love, and that by the operation of Divine Love his happiness is obtained. "No argument is of more force with God, than that which is founded upon an appeal to His darling attribute of Mercy, and to the manifestations of it formerly made to persons in distress; for which reason, it is here repeated and dwelt upon." Mercy has misery for its object; and is that attribute, towards which the eyes of a fallen world must naturally be turned. The Psalmist has, accordingly, introduced her last, with great pomp and splendour, seated within her triumphal chariot, and invested with a supremacy over all the works of God. She is above the heavens, and over all the earth; so that the whole creation finds that refuge under the shadow of her wings, of which, by reason of man's transgression, it stands in need." [60]

The astonishing mercies manifested towards rebellious man by a God of love and a suffering Saviour, during His incarnation, far surpassing all mercies, however great, previously bestowed upon him; how much more strongly is he called upon, in this His day of Gospel light, than were Job and David in their day, to inquire what is man, that such inconceivably great love and mercy should be manifested towards him! —"that Thou shouldest set Thy heart upon him!"—and to unite with the pious, humble Psalmist, in the exclamation, "What is the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" [61]—and with Job: "What is man, that Thou shouldest magnify him, and that Thou shouldest set Thy heart upon him?" [62]— who, as his mortal body is justly described by the

([60]) See Horne on Psalm xxii. 6; and Psalm cxlv. 8, 9.
([61]) Psalm viii. 4. ([62]) Job vii. 17.

Psalmist to be like to vanity, his days are as "a shadow that passeth away:" [63]—and also stimulate him to unite, as with the Priests and Levites of ancient days, in calling on all to "stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever;" and, "Blessed be Thy glorious Name, which is exalted above all blessing and praise!" [64]

Praise the Lord! "for with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him there is plenteous redemption." [65]

In reference to such wonderful, such great, numerous, and invaluable mercies of HIM "whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain," [66] how just, how beautiful and emphatic are the words of the inspired Scriptures!

"Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods? Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?" [67]

"There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun." [68]

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" [69]

"He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about:" [70] or, as [Bishop] Horsley translates it, "Him who placeth trust in Jehovah, tender love embraceth him."

"The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation." [71]

([63]) Psalm cxliv. 4.
([64]) Neh. ix. 5.
([65]) Psalm cxxx. 7.
([66]) 1 Kings viii. 27.
([67]) Exod. xv. 11.
([68]) Deut. xxxiii. 26.
([69]) Psalm cvii. 15.
([70]) Psalm xxxii. 10.
([71]) Psalm cxviii. 14.

How frail and transient are our bodies! how inconceivably enduring are our immortal souls!

"How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!"

Oh that these awful considerations may sink into, and deeply humble and fill our hearts with gratitude and love and praise!

The following verses are said to have been written by a person commonly esteemed an absolute idiot:—

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Was the whole earth of parchment made,
Was every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;

"To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretch'd from sky to sky."

If inquiry be made of frail, fallen man, "How much owest thou unto thy Lord and Saviour?" what just reply could be made, than, "A debt so immense, that it cannot be paid even through eternity!—and this, exclusive of what we owe for innumerable daily mercies."

"When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

"Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise." [72]

([72]) Addison.

How necessary, how greatly important, then is it, that perishing man should be made fully aware of his present lost state; and be thereby induced, anxiously, zealously, and perseveringly, to seek effectual aid, where alone it can be obtained; and that, from true and deep feeling, he may be constrained to cry—"A Saviour, or I die!—a Redeemer, or I perish!"

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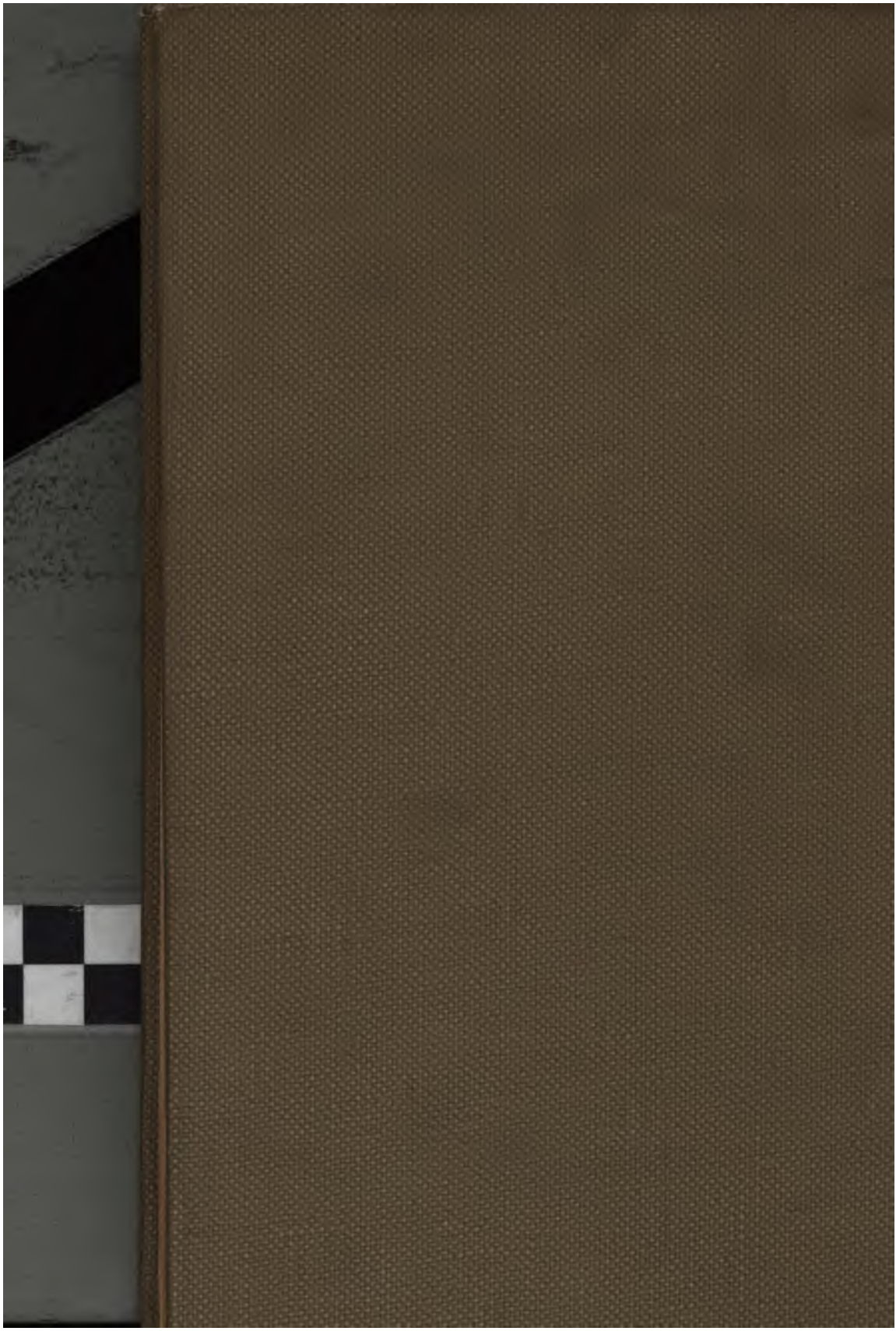
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